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FOR

Congregations,

Schools and the Home.

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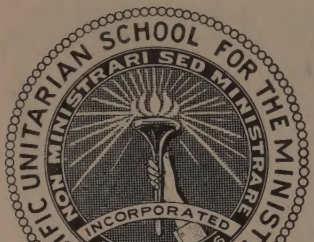

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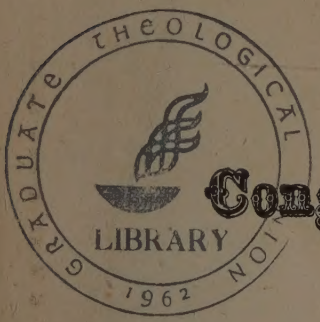

Words Compiled by
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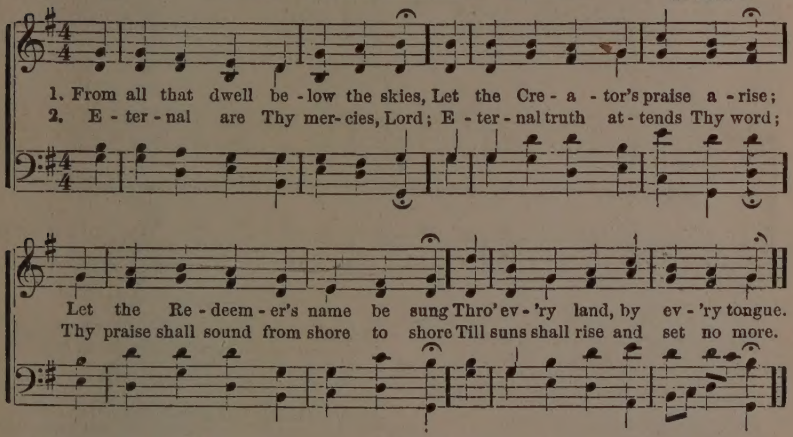
W. FRANC.


1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word;
Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2. *The Omnipresent God.*

1 Father and Friend! Thy light, Thy love,
Beaming through all Thy works we see;
Thy glory fills the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

2 Great Spirit! we Thy presence feel,
While Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
To human eyes invisible,
Reignest, the Lord of Life and Light.

3 Thy children shall not faint or fear,
Sustained by this inspiring thought,—
Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where *Thou* art not.

3. *The soul, God's Temple.*

1 In every human mind we see
A temple made for Deity,
And righteous thoughts and acts declare
His holy Spirit's presence there.

2 The living God whom Moses saw,
Whose mind revealed the ancient law,
Within the reason and the will
Makes known His truth and goodness still.

3 In every age the hallowed light
Of revelation gilds the night;
Our creeds, like meteors, rise and fall:
Faith, Hope, and Love survive them all.

4. *The Rest of the Weary.*

1 Eternal Source of light divine!
Fountain of unexhausted love!
O, let Thy glories on me shine,
From earth beneath, from heaven above!

2 Thou art the weary wanderer's rest;
Give me Thine easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

3 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages! nigh,
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief and fear and care shall fly,
As clouds before the midday sun.

5. *The Lord's Prayer.*

1 Father, adored in worlds above!
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come in truth and love,
And earth, like heaven, obey Thy will.

2 Lord, make our daily wants Thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake;
In Thy compassion let us share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour;
Thy kind protection we implore,
Thine is the kingdom, Thine the power,
The glory Thine forever more.

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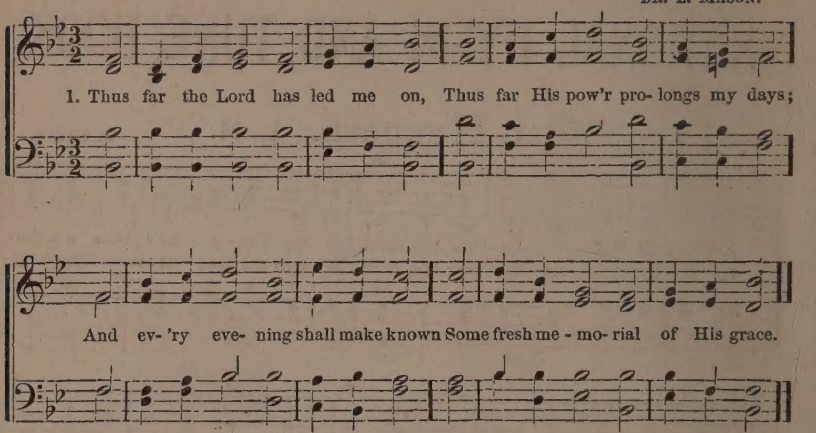
HEBRON. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.


1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far His pow'r pro- longs my days;
And ev- 'ry eve- ning shall make known Some fresh me - mo- rial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in His name forbids my fear:
Oh, may Thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
Thy love and kindness in my heart.

7. *Our Guide and Stay.*

1 For mercies past we praise Thee, Lord,
The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven,
Thy helping arm, Thy guiding word,
And answered prayers, and sins forgiven.

2 Whene'er we tread on danger's height,
Or walk temptation's slippery way,
Be still, to lead our steps aright,
Thy word our guide, Thine arm our stay!

3 Be ours Thy blessed presence still;
United hearts, unchanging love;
No thought that contradicts Thy will,
No wish that centres not above!

8. *I will arise and go unto my Father.*

1 To Thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, Thine erring children, in;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wand'ring thot's and dreams of sin.

2 Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be;
O leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without Thee!

3 We trusted hope and pride and strength;
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length,—
We come to Thee, O Lord, again!

4 A guide to trembling steps yet be!
Give us of Thine eternal powers!
So shall our paths all lead to Thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours

9. *Independence.*

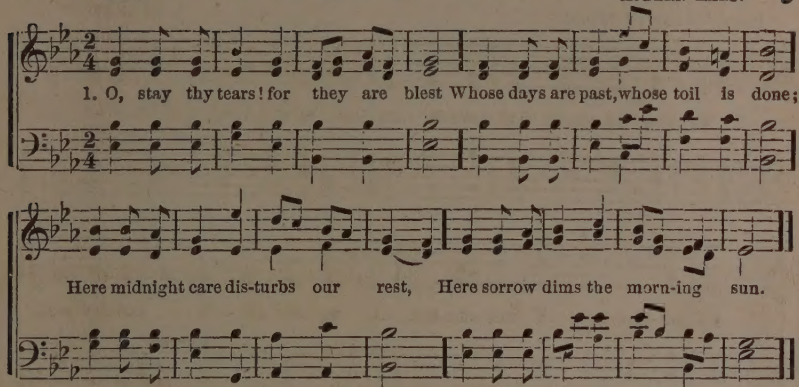
1 How happy is he born or taught
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill.

2 Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath;

3 Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than goods to lend,
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend!

4 This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

10. DOANE. L. M.


1. O, stay thy tears! for they are blest Whose days are past, whose toil is done;
Here midnight care dis-turbs our rest, Here sorrow dims the morn-ing sun.

2 How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight,
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears,
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright!

3 O, cheerless were our lengthened way,
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And sheds a glory round the tomb!

4 Then stay thy tears,—the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
Sung a new song of joy and love;
Then why should anguish reign on earth?

11. *All things work for good.*

1 We all, O Father, all are Thine;
All feel Thy providential care;
And, through each varying scene of life,
Alike Thy constant love we share.

2 And whether grief oppress the heart;
Or whether joy elate the breast;
Or life still keep its little course;
Or death invite the heart to rest;—

3 All are Thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey;
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to heaven, and nearer Thee.

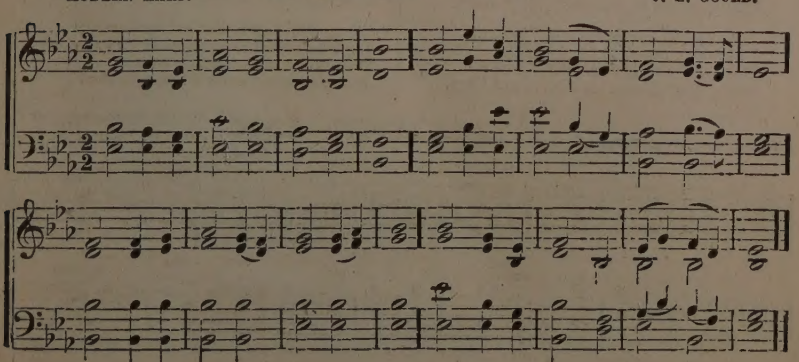
12. *The Seed.*

1 Now is the seed-time; God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest time is hid with Him.

2 Yet unforgotten where it lies,
The seed of generous sacrifice,
Though seeming on the desert cast,
Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.

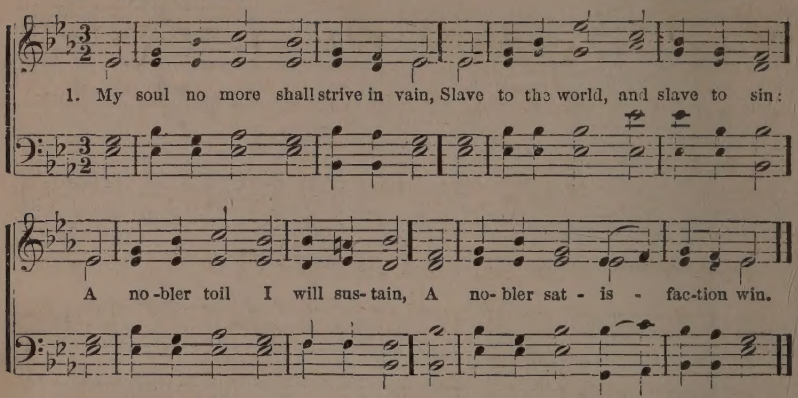
"MODERN HARP." J. E. GOULD.

EVENING. L. M.



13. GRINNELL. L. M.

FROM "HARP OF JUDAH." L. O. EMERSON.


1. My soul no more shall strive in vain, Slave to the world, and slave to sin:
A no-bler toil I will sus-tain, A no-bler sat-is-fac-tion win.

2 I will resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from His precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 Oh, be His service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

4 Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave His sacred ways;
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy praise.

14. *The Beneficence of God.*

1 God of the universe, whose hand
Hath sown with suns the fields of space,
Round which, obeying Thy command,
Unnumbered worlds fulfil their race!

2 How vast the region where Thy will
Existence, form, and order gives,
Pleased the wide cup with joy to fill,
For all that grows, and feels, and lives.

3 Lord! while we thank Thee, let us learn
Beneficence to all below:
They praise Thee best whose bosoms burn
Thy gifts on others to bestow.

15. *Grateful reliance on God.*

1 How rich the blessings, O my God!
Which teach this grateful heart to glow;
How kindly poured, and free bestowed,
The rivers of Thy mercy flow!

2 How calmly rolls the sea of life!
Secure in Thine immortal trust,
The soul has hushed her secret strife,
Nor longer shudders at the dust.

3 Though sorrow's cloud awhile o'ercast
The dawn of earthly hope and joy,
She knows that it must soon be past,
And will unveil eternity.

4 Then virtue's humble toil and prayer
Shall stand acknowledged at Thy throne,
Triumphant over earthly care;
And the blest record Thou wilt own.

REDEMPTION. L. M.

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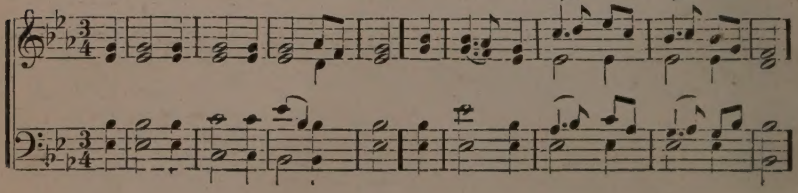

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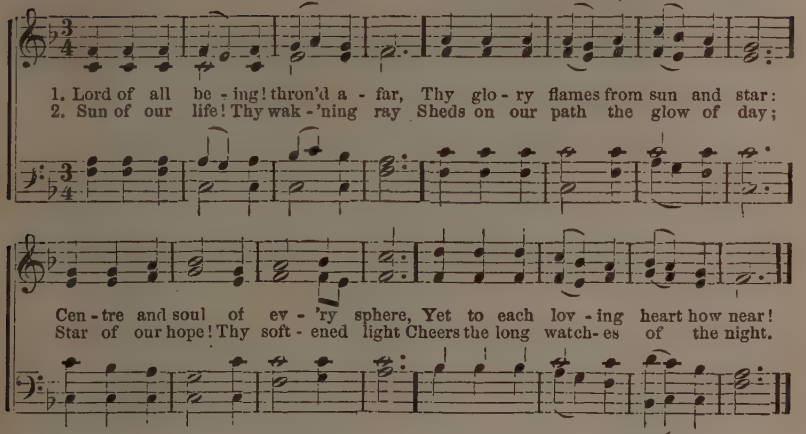
1. Lord of all be - ing! thron'd a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star:
2. Sun of our life! Thy wak - 'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Cen - tre and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!
Star of our hope! Thy soft - ened light Cheers the long watch - es of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow's arch Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love;
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

17. *Universal love.*

1 O Father! when the softened heart
Is lifted up in prayer to Thee,
When earthly thoughts awhile depart,
And leave the mounting spirit free;

2 Then teach us that our love, like Thine,
O'er all the realms of earth should flow,
A shoreless stream, a flood divine,
No lines of race or hue should know;

3 Not bound by party, caste or creed,
All narrow realms of self above;
For whoso of our love hath need,
To him we owe the dues of love.

4 Into the circle lift us up
Of Thy divine beneficence;
And, freely as Thou fill'st our cup,
Freely may we to all dispense.

18. *Commune with thine own heart.*

1 O Thou great God! whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with Thy presence fill the place.

2 Through all the mazes of my heart
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

3 Then with the visits of Thy love
Do Thou mine inmost spirit cheer,
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fixed His dwelling here.

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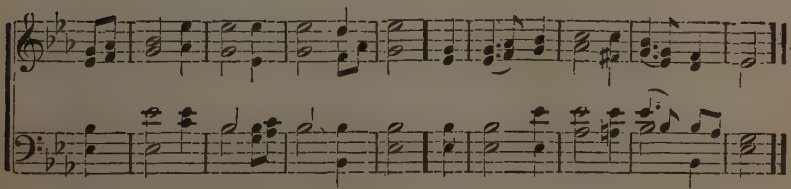
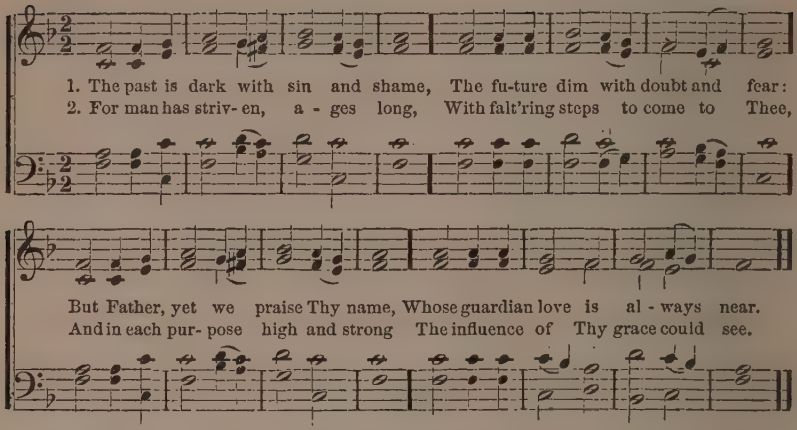


19. HAMBURG. L. M.

ARR. BY DR. L. MASON.


1. The past is dark with sin and shame, The fu-ture dim with doubt and fear:
2. For man has striv- en, a - ges long, With falt'ring steps to come to Thee,
But Father, yet we praise Thy name, Whose guardian love is al - ways near.
And in each pur- pose high and strong The influence of Thy grace could see.

3 He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
But Thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still Thy kingdom seemed.

4 But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now;—
Shall not the weary find a rest?
Father, Preserver, answer Thou!

5 'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun;
We cannot doubt Thy certain love;
And man's true aim shall yet be won.

20. *Under His wings shalt thou trust.*

1 Father! beneath Thy sheltering wing
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring;
In life, in death, supremely blest.

2 For life is good, whose tidal flow
The motions of Thy will obeys;
And death is good, that makes us know
The Life divine which all things sways.

3 And good it is to bear the cross,
And so Thy perfect peace to win;
And naught is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

4 Redeemed from that, we ask no more,
But trust the Love that saves, to guide;
The Grace that yields so rich a store
Will grant us all we need beside.

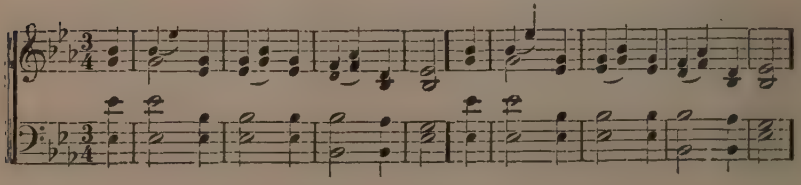
21. *The true use of time.*

1 Like shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass;
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.

2 O Father! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us Thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly.

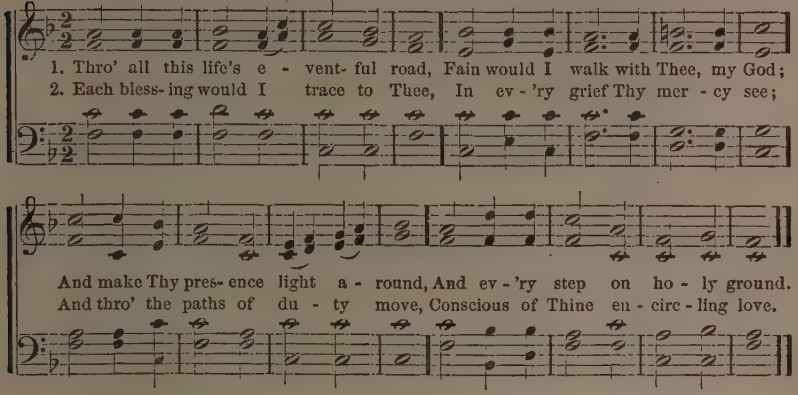
3 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds:
And so shall death but lead us on
To nobler service that succeeds.

GRATITUDE. L. M.



22. FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.


1. Thro' all this life's e - vent- ful road, Fain would I walk with Thee, my God;
2. Each bless- ing would I trace to Thee, In ev - 'ry grief Thy mer - cy see;
And make Thy pres- ence light a - round, And ev - 'ry step on ho - ly ground.
And thro' the paths of du - ty move, Conscious of Thine en - circ - ling love.

3 And when the angel Death stands by,
Be this my strength, that Thou art nigh;
And this my joy, that I shall be
With those who dwell in light with Thee.

23. *Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth.*

1 While now Thy throne of grace we seek,
O God! within our spirits speak;
For we will hear Thy voice to-day,
Nor turn our hardened hearts away.

2 Speak in Thy gentlest tones of love,
Till all our best affections move;
We long to hear no meaner call,
But feel that Thou art all in all.

3 To conscience speak Thy quickening word,
Till all its sense of sin is stirred;
For we would leave no stain of guile,
To cloud the radiance of Thy smile.

4 Speak, Father, to the anxious heart,
Till every fear and doubt depart:
For we can find no home or rest,
Till with Thy Spirit's whispers blest.

5 Speak to convince, forgive, console:
Childlike we yield to Thy control:
These hearts, too often closed before,
Would grieve Thy patient love no more.

24. *In Spirit and in Truth.*

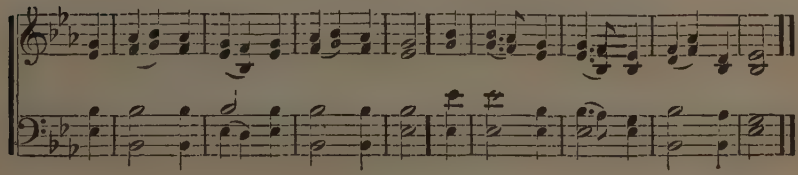
1 O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, Thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

2 That Truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received;
Our spirit's light, Thy Spirit's grace.

3 That Love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free;
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with Thee.

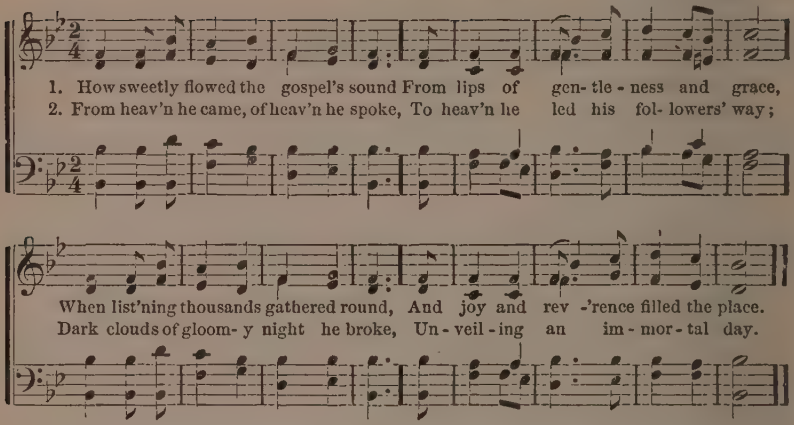
4 Send down its angel to our side;
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

GRATITUDE. Concluded.



25. WARD. L. M.

ARR. BY DR. MASON.


1. How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound From lips of gen- tle - ness and grace,
2. From heav'n he came, of heav'n he spoke, To heav'n he led his fol- lowers' way;
When list'ning thousands gathered round, And joy and rev -'rence filled the place.
Dark clouds of gloom- y night he broke, Un - veil - ing an im - mor - tal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

26. *Good life, long life.*

1 He liveth long, who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

2 Then fill each hour with what will last,
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

3 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

27. *Parting Hymn.*

1 Thy presence, ever-living God!
Wide through all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In every place Thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and powers sustain;
When separate, we rejoice to share
Thy counsels, and Thy gracious care.

3 To Thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore Thy heavenly grace;
Still cause Thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as Thine.

28. *Not in Temples made with Hands.*

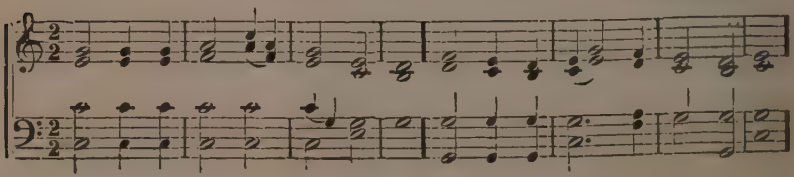
1 O Lord! where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

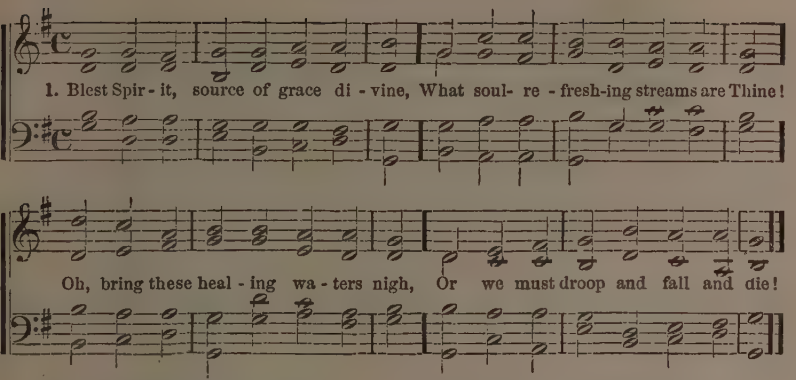
2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.




1. Blest Spir - it, source of grace di - vine, What soul- re - fresh-ing streams are Thine!
Oh, bring these heal - ing wa - ters nigh, Or we must droop and fall and die!

2 No traveller, through desert lands,
'Mid scorching suns and burning sands,
More eager longs for cooling rain,
Or pants the current to obtain.

3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial fountain, spring;
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.

4 May this blest river, near my side,
Through all my journey gently glide;
Then, in Emmanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

30. *In whose hand are all thy ways.*

1 God of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head!

2 In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to Thee.

3 Whither, Oh, whither should I fly,
But to my loving Father's breast;
Secure within Thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest!

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But Thou, O God! my wisdom art,
I ever into ruin run:
But 'Thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish and ignorant and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving Thee alone.

31. *Living to the Glory of God.*

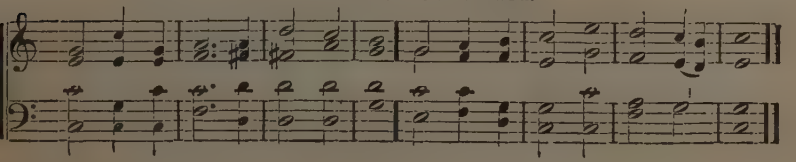
1 O Thou, who hast at Thy command
The hearts of all men in Thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To know no other will but Thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and Thee.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to Thee,
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude and praise.

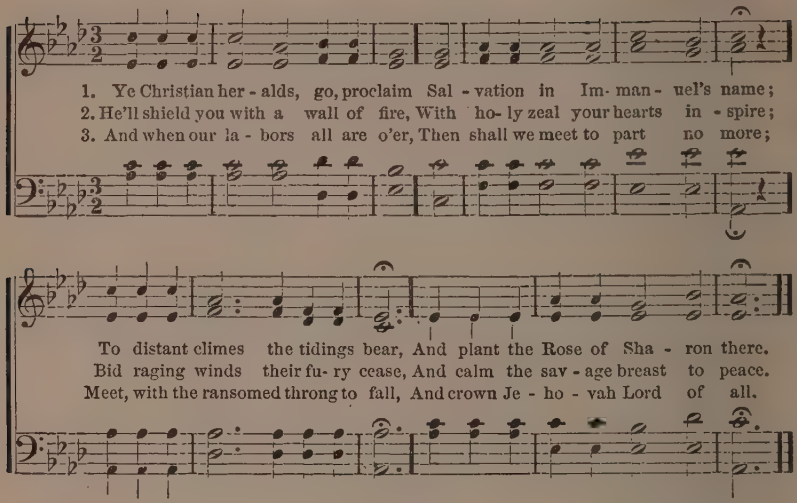
4 And while we to Thy glory live,
May we to Thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls Thy willing servants home.

ZEPHYR. Concluded.



32. Missionary Chant. L. M.

CHAS. ZEUNER.


1. Ye Christian her - alds, go, proclaim Sal - vation in Im- man - uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With ho- ly zeal your hearts in - spire;
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more;
To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha - ron there.
Bid raging winds their fu- ry cease, And calm the sav - age breast to peace.
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall, And crown Je - ho - vah Lord of all.

33.

He spake by His holy Prophets.

1 O for that flame of living fire
Which shone so bright in saints of old;
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold!

2 O for the spirit which of old
Proclaimed Thy love, and taught Thy ways;
Forth in Isaiah's thunder rolled,
And breathed in David's tenderest lays!

3 O for that spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Jesus' breast and sealed him Thine;
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine!

4 Is not Thy word as mighty now
As when those prophets felt its power?
The ancient days remember Thou,
The ancient inspiration shower!

34.

Thou hast beset me behind and before.

1 Within Thy circling arms we lie,
O God! in Thy infinity;
Our souls in quiet shall abide
Beset with love on every side.

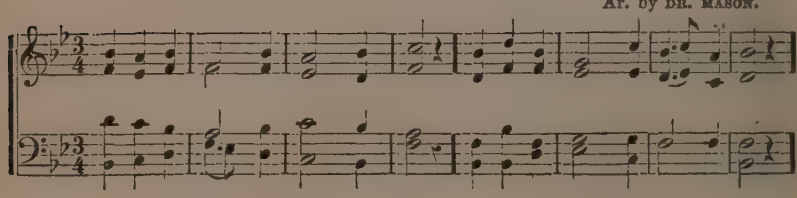
2 Within Thy circling power we stand;
On every side we see Thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
We are surrounded still with God.

3 How sure His law, how great His might!
His holiness, how infinite!
How reverend is His majesty!
His wisdom, O, how deep and high!

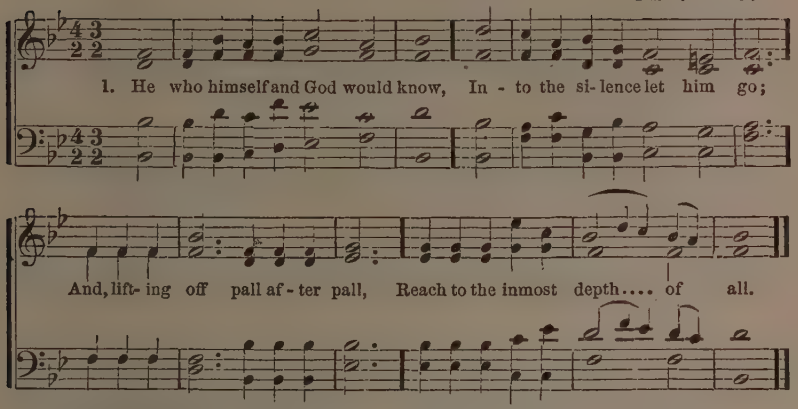
4 O may these thoughts possess our breast,
Where'er we rove, wher'er we rest;
Nor let our lower passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there!

Mendon. L. M.

Ar. by DR. MASON.



DR. L. MASON.


1. He who himself and God would know, In - to the si- lence let him go;
And, lift- ing off pall af - ter pall, Reach to the inmost depth.... of all.

2 Let him look forth into the night;
What solemn depths, what silent might!
Those ancient stars, how calm they roll,—
He but an atom 'mid the whole!

3 And, as the evening wind sweeps by,
He needs must feel his God as nigh;
Must needs that unseen Presence own,
Thus always near, too long unknown.

4 How small, in that uplifted hour,
Temptation's lure, and passion's power!
How weak the foe that made him fall,
How strong the soul to conquer all!

5 A mighty wind of nobler will
Sends thro' his soul its quick'ning thrill;
No more a creature of the clod,
He knows himself a child of God.

36.

Self-Dedication.

1 O Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee.

3 Thy glorious life pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath Thy sheltering wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee.

37.

Children of the day.

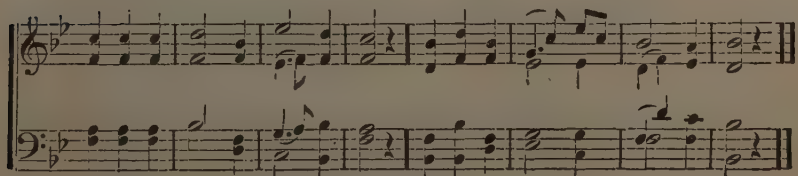
1 Now with creation's morning song
Let us, as children of the day,
With wakened heart and purpose strong,
The works of darkness cast away.

2 O may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil,—
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

3 And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein,
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.

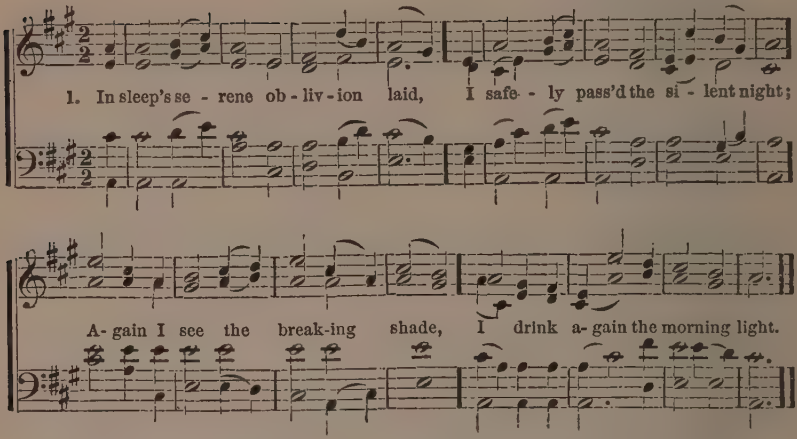
4 Grant us, O God! in love to Thee,
Clear eyes to measure things below;
Faith, the invisible to see,
And wisdom, Thee in all to know.

MENDON. Concluded.



38. WIMBORNE. L. M.

"GREATOREX'S COLL."


1. In sleep's se - rene ob - liv - ion laid, I safe - ly pass'd the si - lent night;
A- gain I see the break-ing shade, I drink a- gain the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoiced to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God! to Thee.

3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread Thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

39. *The Spirit itself prayeth for us.*

1 Our Father, God, who lovest all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend Thy children's yearning call,
Instruct and move their hearts to pray.

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
But Thou, who callest worlds from naught
The power dost in our hearts inspire.

3 Come in Thy pleading Spirit down
To us who for Thy coming stay;
Of all Thy gifts we ask but one,
We ask the constant power to pray.

40. *My soul waiteth for the Lord.*

1 At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, Sweet Spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails and speed my way!

2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail,— [gale,
Thou, Thou, must breathe the auspicious

41. *Spiritual communion.*

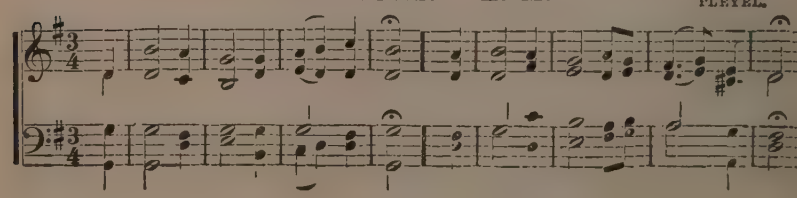
1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Leave my religious hours alone!
From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with Thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire,
To find Thy peace, to taste Thy love,
And feel Thy presence from above.

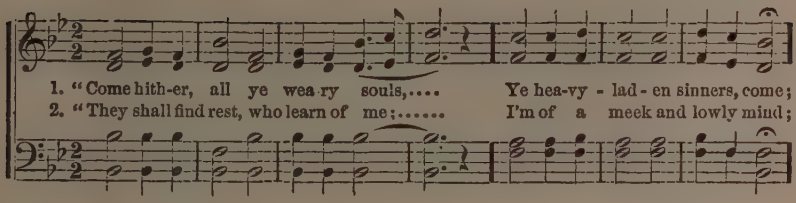
3 When I can know that God is mine,
And feel my kindred so divine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.

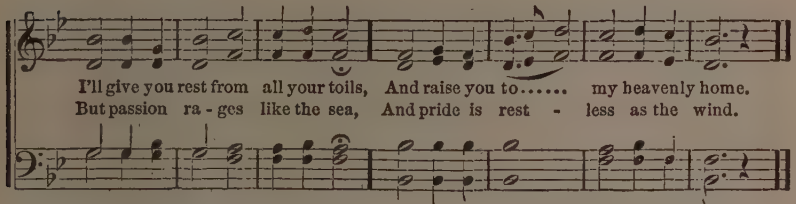
SEASONS. L. M.

PLEYEL.



L. O. EMERSON.


1. "Come hith-er, all ye wea-ry souls,.... Ye hea-vy - lad - en sinners, come;
2. "They shall find rest, who learn of me;..... I'm of a meek and lowly mind;


I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to..... my heavenly home.
But passion ra - ges like the sea, And pride is rest - less as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith and hope and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

43. *Teachings of the Spirit.*

1 Come, blessed Spirit, Source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,—
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 Thine inward teachings make me know
The wonders of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
The excellence of things above.

3 While through these dubious paths I stray,
Spread, like the sun, Thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

44. *Light of souls.*

1 O Thou pure light of souls that love,
True joy of every human breast,
Sower of life's immortal seed,
Our Father and Redeemer blest!

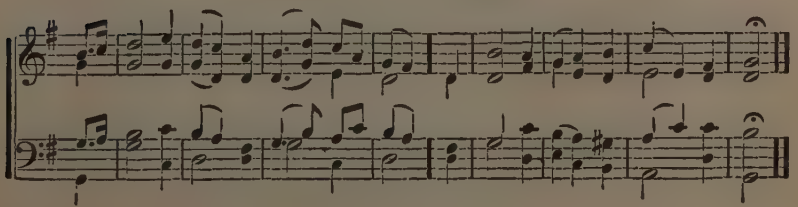
2 Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal,
Be Thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy when sorrow fills the soul,
In death our everlasting prize.

45. *Daily Bread.*

1 Thy name be hallowed evermore;
O God! Thy kingdom come with power;
Thy will be done, and day by day
Give us our daily bread, we pray.

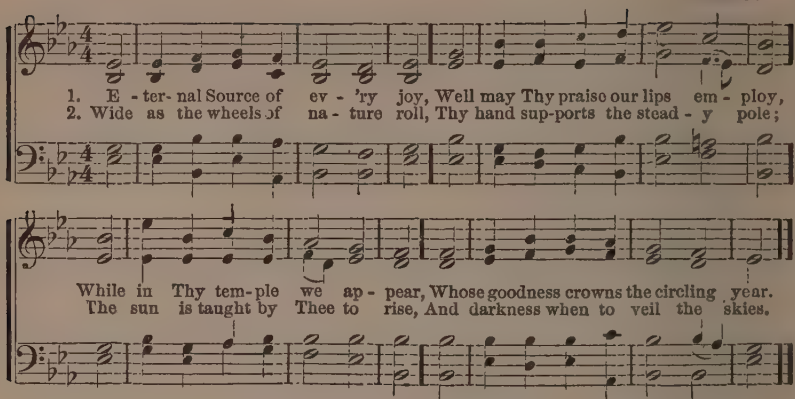
2 Lord! evermore to us be given
The living bread which comes from heaven;
Eternal life on us bestow;
Thou art the Gift, the Giver Thou.

SEASONS. Concluded.



46. UXBRIDGE. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.


1. E - ter- nal Source of ev - 'ry joy, Well may Thy praise our lips em - ploy,
2. Wide as the wheels of na - ture roll, Thy hand sup-ports the stead - y pole;
While in Thy tem-ple we ap - pear, Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
The sun is taught by Thee to rise, And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

4 Oh, may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

47.

The Bread of Life.

1 Father, supply my every need;
Sustain the life Thyself hast given;
Oh! grant the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from heaven!

2 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase,
Nor ever let me hunger more!

48.

The spread of Truth.

1 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year doth Knowledge soar;
And as it soars, Religion's light
Doth onward grow, from more to more.

2 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world;—

3 Flow to restore, but not destroy:
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

49.

The Lord is in His Holy Temple.

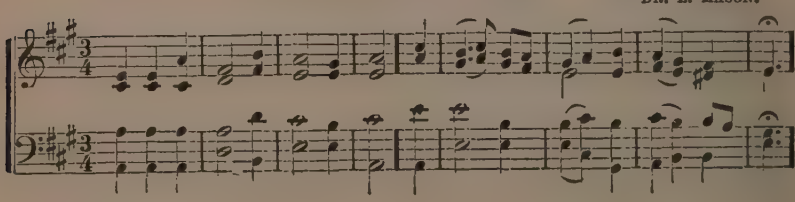
1 Lo! God is here; let us adore,
And humbly bow before His face;
Let all within us feel His power,
Let all within us seek His peace.

2 Lo! God is here; Him day and night
United choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

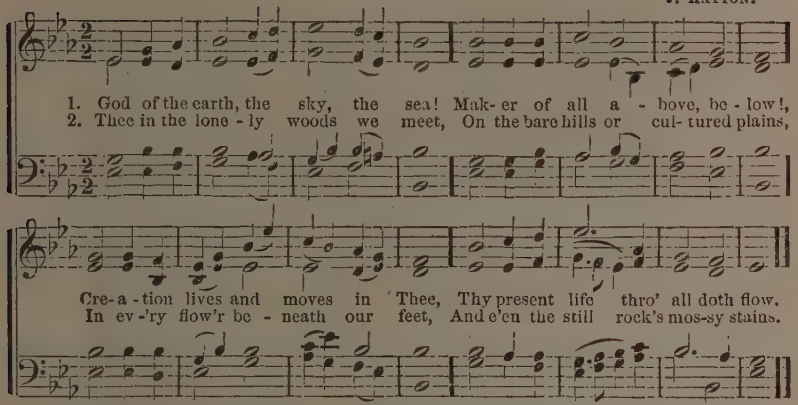
3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

MIGDOL L. M.

DR. L. MASON.



J. HATTON.


1. God of the earth, the sky, the sea! Mak-er of all a - bove, be - low!,
2. Thee in the lone - ly woods we meet, On the bare hills or cul- tured plains,
Cre-a - tion lives and moves in Thee, Thy present life thro' all doth flow.
In ev -'ry flow'r be - neath our feet, And e'en the still rock's mos-sy stains.

3 Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quick'ning air; [blow,
When lightnings flash and storm-winds
There is Thy power; Thy law is there.

4 We feel Thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night;
And, when the morning breaks in power,
We hear Thy word: Let there be light!

5 But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold;
Thine image and Thyself are there,—
The Indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

51. *God is good.*

1 Yes, God is good: in earth and sky,
From ocean-depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
"God made us all, and God is good."

2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

3 I hear it in the rushing breeze:
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, "God is good."

4 Yes, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued,
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

5 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord;
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning love, Thy quickening word:
These prompt our song, that God is good.

52. *He sendeth Sun and Rain.*

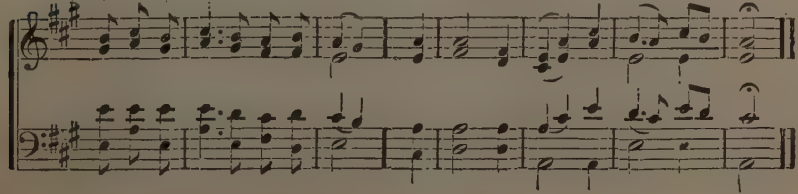
1 Father of lights! we sing Thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams Thy power and love display.

2 Fountain of good! from Thee proceed
The copious drops of genial rain,
Which o'er the hill and through the mead
Revive the grass and swell the grain.

3 O may not our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of Thy care;
But what Thy liberal hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer!

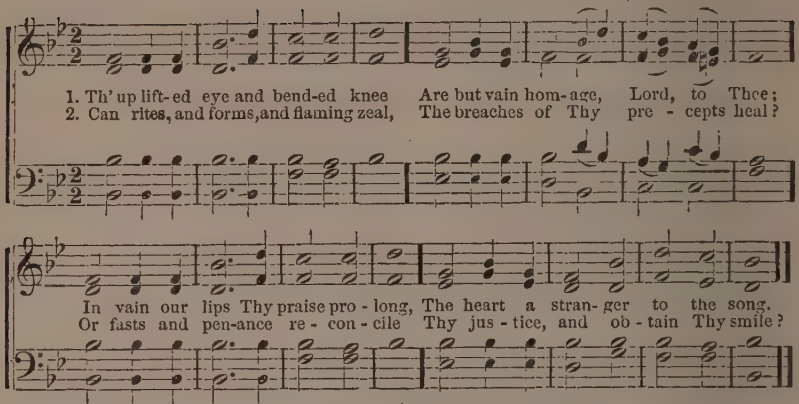
4 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are Thine,
And Thou, O God! enjoyed in all.

MIGDOL. Concluded.



53. WELTON. L. M.

ARR. FROM MALAN, BY DR. MASON.


1. Th' up lift-ed eye and bend-ed knee Are but vain hom-age, Lord, to Thee;
2. Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal, The breaches of Thy pre - cepts heal?
In vain our lips Thy praise pro - long, The heart a stran-ger to the song.
Or fasts and pen-ance re - con - cile Thy jus - tice, and ob - tain Thy smile?

3 The pure, the humble, loving mind,
Sincere, and to Thy will resigned,
To Thee a nobler offering yields
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.

4 Love God and man,—this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand;
This did Thine ancient prophets teach,
And this Thy well-beloved preach.

54. *It is God who worketh in you.*

1 Thou strong and loving God in man,
Who free'st us from the bonds of sin,
'Tis Thou the living spark dost fan
That sets my heart on fire within.

2 In Thee I find a nobler birth,
A glory o'er the world I see.
And Paradise springs up on earth
And blooms for those who live in Thee.

3 Thou openest Thy heaven in men,
The soul's true home, Thy kingdom, Lord;
And I can trust and hope again,
And feel myself akin to God.

55. *Thy Kingdom come.*

1 Father, whose heavenly kingdom lies
In every meek, believing breast,
Reveal before Thy children's eyes
That kingdom's coming and its rest.

2 And while Thy people bend and pray
Towards Thy benignant throne of light,
Give answer in the dawning day
Of Freedom, Mercy, Truth and Right.

56. *The perfect Sacrifice.*

1 Thou, Lord, art Light; Thy native ray
No shade nor variation knows;
To darkened souls Thy light display,
The glory of Thy face disclose.

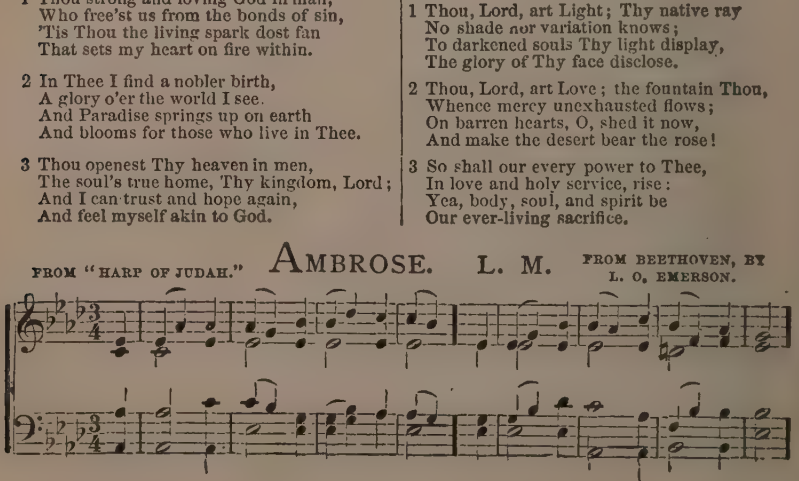
2 Thou, Lord, art Love; the fountain Thou,
Whence mercy unexhausted flows;
On barren hearts, O, shed it now,
And make the desert bear the rose!

3 So shall our every power to Thee,
In love and holy service, rise:
Yea, body, soul, and spirit be
Our ever-living sacrifice.

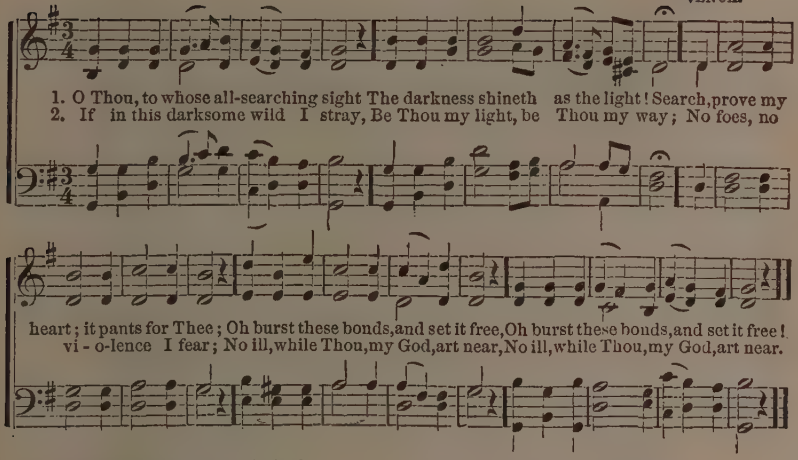
AMBROSE. L. M.

FROM "HARP OF JUDAH."

FROM BEETHOVEN, BY L. O. EMERSON.



VENUA.


1. O Thou, to whose all-searching sight The darkness shineth as the light! Search, prove my
2. If in this darksome wild I stray, Be Thou my light, be Thou my way; No foes, no
heart; it pants for Thee; Oh burst these bonds, and set it free, Oh burst these bonds, and set it free!
vi - o-lence I fear; No ill, while Thou, my God, art near, No ill, while Thou, my God, art near.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
O God! Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

4 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

58. *Seeing the Invisible.*

1 Eternal and immortal King!
Thy peerless splendors none can bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all His glory's there.

2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fixed regard, great God! to Thee.

3 Then every tempting form of sin,
Shamed in Thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing, raptured soul
The likeness it contemplates, wears.

4 O ever conscious to my heart!
Witness to its supreme desire;
Behold it presseth on to Thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

5 This one petition would it urge—
To bear Thee ever in its sight;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight.

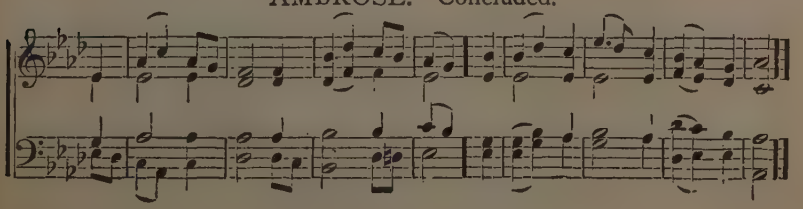
59. *Lift up your heads, ye gates.*

1 O blest the souls, forever blest,
Where God as sovereign is confessed!
O happy hearts, the blessed homes
To which the King in glory comes!

2 Fling wide thy portals, O my heart!
Be thou a temple set apart;
So shall thy Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

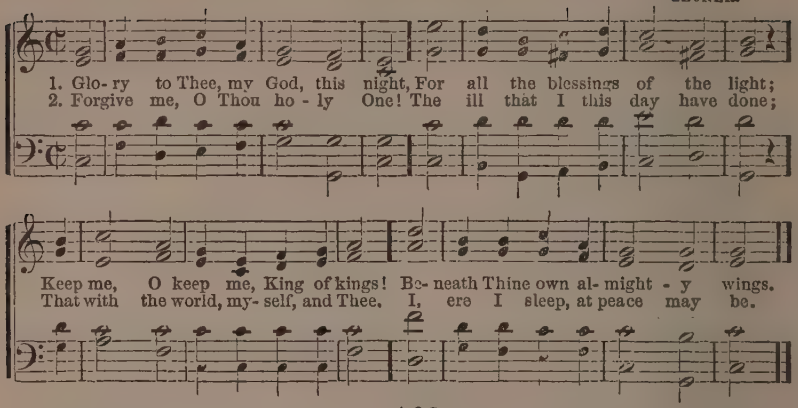
3 Deliverer, come! we open wide
Our hearts to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let all Thy glorious presence feel;
O King of souls! Thyself reveal.

AMBROSE. Concluded.



60. Luther's Chant. L. M.

ZEUNER.


1. Glo- ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;
2. Forgive me, O Thou ho - ly One! The ill that I this day have done;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings! Be- neath Thine own al- might - y wings.
That with the world, my- self, and Thee. I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

4 May guardian angels, while I sleep,
Around my bed their vigils keep;
Guard all the avenues of ill,
And love angelical instil.

61. *His tender mercies are over all.*

1 Our God is good; in every place
His love is known, His help is found;
His mighty arm and tender grace
Bring good from ills that hem us round.

2 He who doth earth and heaven control,
Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,
Whose presence fills the mighty Whole,
In each true heart is close at hand.

3 Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,
Who stand bewildered with their woe,
He gently to His bosom takes
And bids them all His fulness know.

4 What tho' thou tread'st with bleeding feet
A thorny path of grief and gloom;
Thy God will make that way most meet
To lead thee heavenward, lead thee home.

62. *God in all.*

1 There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity.

2 There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,
And meekly wait the moment when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.

3 The heavens, the earth, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of Thy wondrous name.

63. *Morning or Evening Song.*

1 My God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil, like early dew.

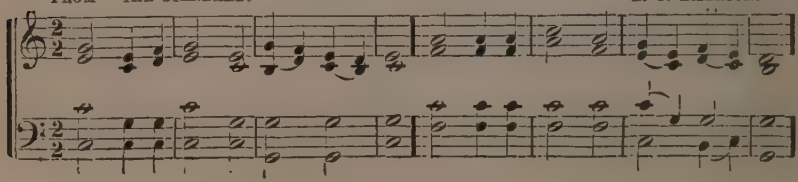
2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command;
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

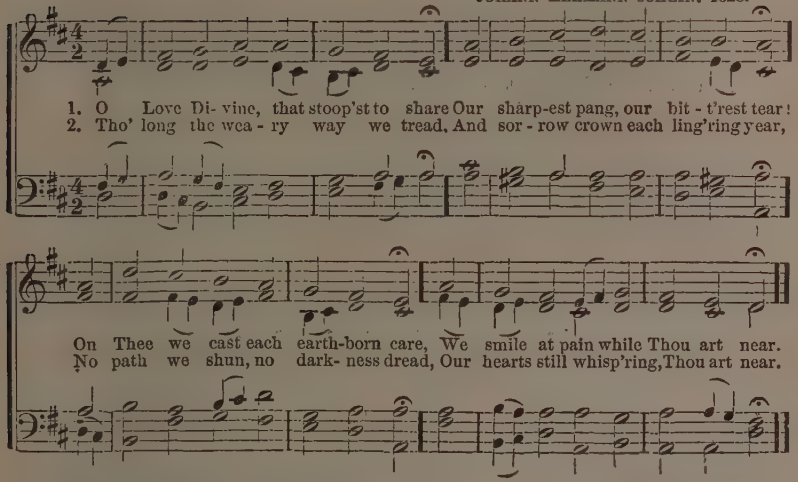
Sardius. L. M.

FROM "THE STANDARD."

L. O. EMERSON.



JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN. 1628.


1. O Love Di- vine, that stoop'st to share Our sharp-est pang, our bit - t'rest tear!
2. Tho' long the wea - ry way we tread, And sor - row crown each ling'ring year,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near.
No path we shun, no dark- ness dread, Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

4 On Thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

65.

Walking by Faith.

1 O Friend of souls! 'tis well with me
Whene'er Thy love my spirit calms;
From sorrow's dark I upward flee,
And hide me in Thy sheltering arms.

2 Through deserts of the cross Thou lead'st;
I follow, holding by Thy hand; [feed'st,
With bread of heaven Thy child Thou
And giv'st him water from the sand.

3 O Friend of souls! 'tis well indeed
With me when on Thy love I lean;
The world, nor pain, nor death I heed,
Since Thou, my God, in all art seen.

66.

The bitter Cup.

1 Thy will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by Thy love;
Tho' clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

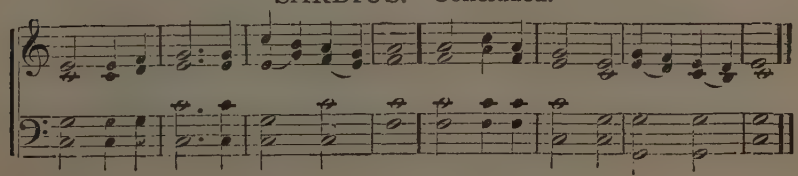
2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Tho' these frail eyes are dimmed with tears;
And though the hopes of earth be gone,
Yet are not ours the immortal years?

3 Father! forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid the soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

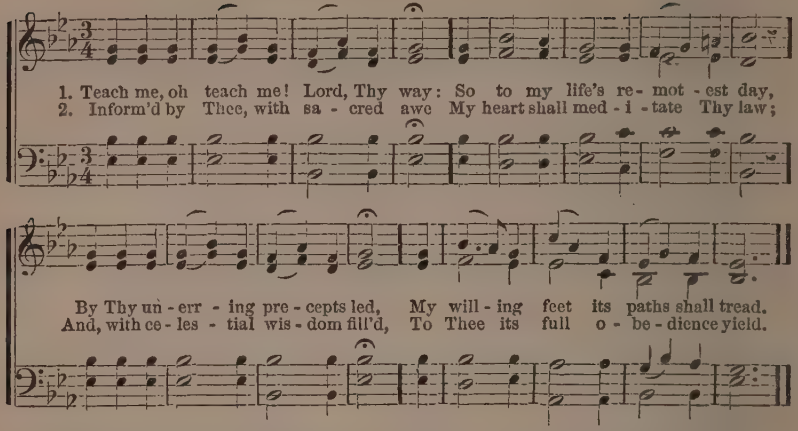
5 That glorious life will well repay
This life of toil and care and woe;
O Father! joyful on my way,
To drink Thy bitter cup, I go.

SARDIUS. Concluded.



67. ROSEDALE. L. M.

G. F. ROOT.


1. Teach me, oh teach me! Lord, Thy way: So to my life's re- mot - est day,
2. Inform'd by Thee, with sa - cred awe My heart shall med - i - tate Thy law;
By Thy un - err - ing pre - cepts led, My will - ing feet its paths shall tread.
And, with ce - les - tial wis - dom fill'd, To Thee its full o - be - dience yield.

3 Give me to know Thy words aright,
Thy words, my soul's supreme delight;
That, purged from thirst of gold, my mind
In them its better wealth may find.

4 Oh turn from vanity mine eye!
To me Thy quickening strength supply;
And with Thy promised mercy cheer
A heart devoted to Thy fear.

68.

Faith and Works.

1 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One offering laid on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to Thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

2 In true and inward faith we trace
The source of every outward grace;
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.

3 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream has found its way;
But, where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

69.

Give us each day our daily Bread.

1 Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and barren wilderness,
And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

2 And O, when through the wilds we roam
That part us from our heavenly home;
When, lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow;

3 Do Thou Thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul can live;
And grant Thy children, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day.

70.

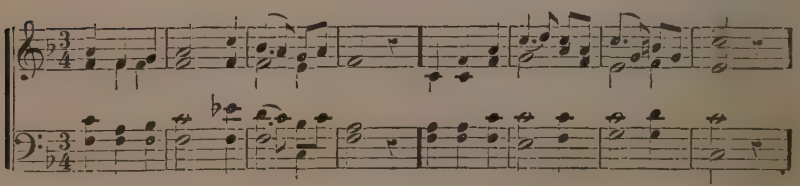
Home in God.

1 Thou, Great Creator, art possessed,
And Thou alone, of perfect rest;
But we must toil and toil again,
With wearied strength and frequent pain.

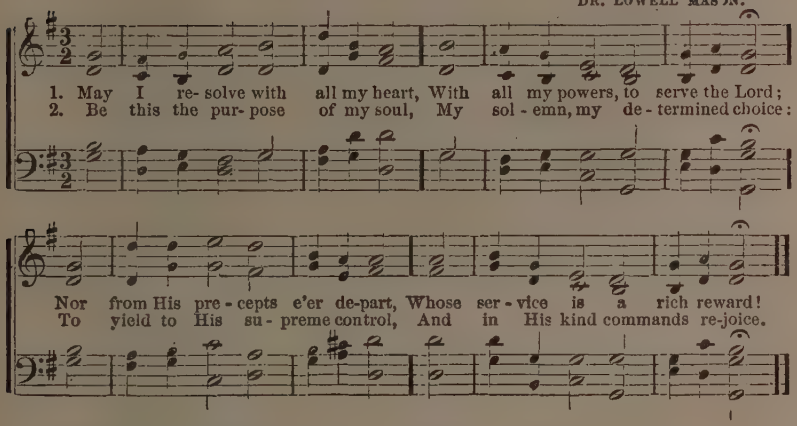
2 And yet our hearts that love Thee well,
Still long with Thee in peace to dwell;
Nor dost Thou cease, where'er we roam,
To bid us rest in Thee, our home.

LINWOOD. L. M.

"MODERN HARP."



DR. LOWELL MASON.


1. May I re- solve with all my heart, With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
2. Be this the pur- pose of my soul, My sol - emn, my de - termined choice:
Nor from His pre - cepts e'er de-part, Whose ser - vice is a rich reward!
To yield to His su - preme control, And in His kind commands re-joice.

3 Oh may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave His sacred ways!
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy praise.

72. *Choosing the Better Part.*

1 Beset with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Father Divine! diffuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
Wisely to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If Thou, my Father, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

73. *The Heavenly Spirit.*

1 Fountain of life, most pure, most bright!
Sun of the soul, the spirit's light!
Great Source of joy, the End of rest,
For every blessing, ever blest!

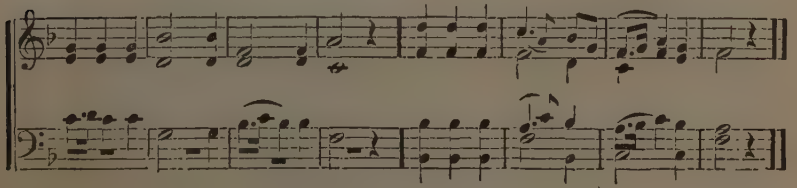
2 As the young dayspring's glorious birth
Calls into life rejoicing earth,
And with new beauty, love, and power,
Robes field and stream and tree and flower:

3 As cooling dews, like gentle sleep,
On hearts that bleed and eyes that weep,
In the sweet hour of evening's calm
On feverish earth shed heavenly balm:

4 Shine on our souls, in mercy shine,
Thou living Beam, thou Fire divine!
Bid sin's distracting turmoil cease,
Thou Comforter, Thou God of peace.

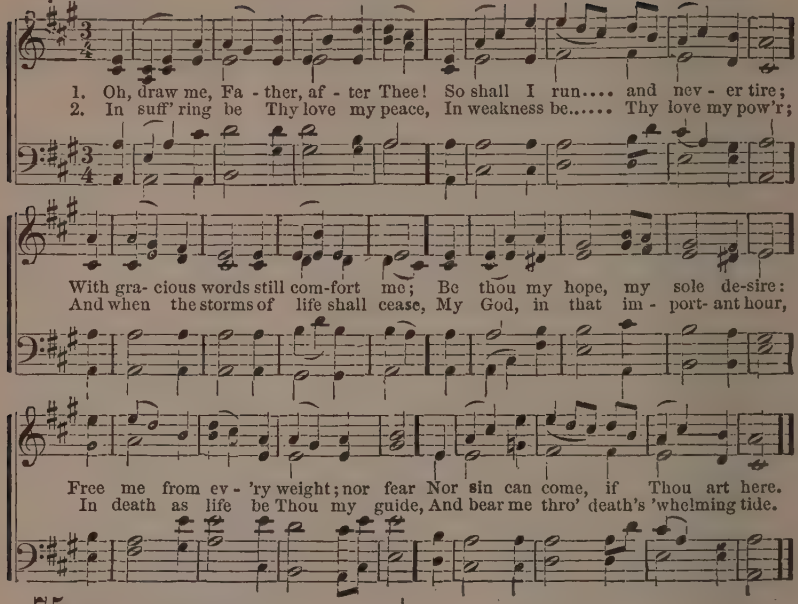
5 Descend, Almighty, from above,
On beams of light, on wings of love;
And every soul a temple be,
Meet, holy Lord, for heaven and Thee!

LINWOOD. Concluded.



74. MILTON. L. M.

HAYDN.


1. Oh, draw me, Fa - ther, af - ter Thee! So shall I run.... and nev - er tire;
2. In suff' ring be Thy love my peace, In weakness be..... Thy love my pow'r;
With gra- cious words still com-fort me; Be thou my hope, my sole de-sire:
And when the storms of life shall cease, My God, in that im - port- ant hour,
Free me from ev - 'ry weight; nor fear Nor sin can come, if Thou art here.
In death as life be Thou my guide, And bear me thro' death's 'whelming tide.

75.

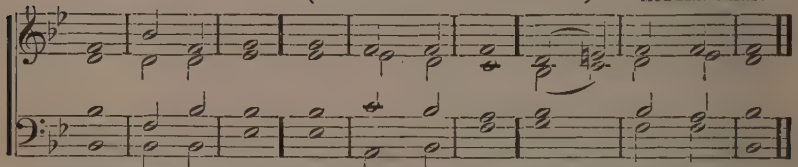
For union with God.

1 O Love! how cheering is Thy ray;
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise:
O Father! nothing may I see,
And naught desire or seek, but Thee.

2 O that I as a little child,
May follow Thee, and never rest,
Till sweetly Thou hast breathed a mild
And lowly mind into my breast!
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become at one with Thee.

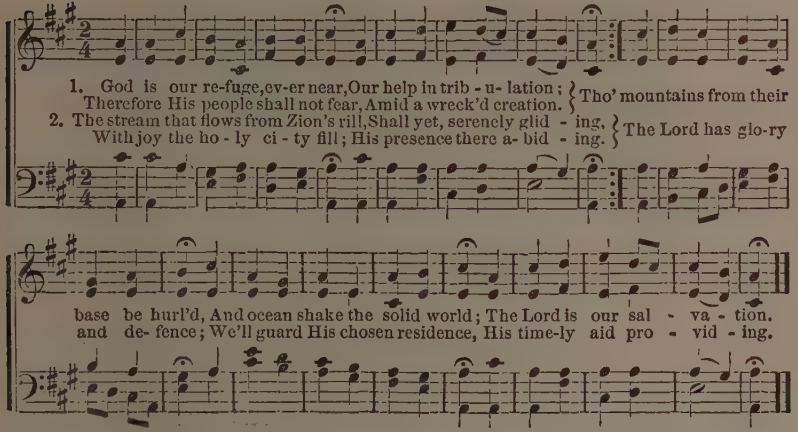
76. CHANT.—(A LOWLY SPIRIT.)

"MODERN HARP."



1 From the recesses of a lowly spirit, Our humble prayer ascends, O | Fa .. ther, | hear it;
Borne on the trembling wings of | fear .. and | meekness; For- | give .. its | weakness.
2 We see Thy hand—it leads us—it supports us:—We hear Thy voice—it | counsels, .. and it | courts us;—
And then we turn away!—yet | still .. Thy | kindness For- | gives .. our | blindness.
3 Who can resist Thy gentle call,—appealing To every generous thought, and | grateful | feeling?
Oh, who can hear the accents | of .. Thy | mercy And | nev-er | love Thee?
4 Kind Benefactor!—plant within this bosom The | seeds .. of | holiness, || and let them blossom
In fragrance,—and in beauty | bright .. and | vernal,—And | spring .. e- | ternal.
5 Then place them in those everlasting gardens Where angels walk—and | seraphs .. are the | wardens:—
Where every flower,—brought safe thro' | death's .. dark | portal,—Be- | comes .. im- | mortal.

77. JUDGMENT HYMN. L. M. 6 lines. M. LUTHER.


1. God is our re-fuge, ev-er near, Our help in trib - u- lation; Therefore His people shall not fear, Amid a wreck'd creation. } Tho' mountains from their
2. The stream that flows from Zion's rill, Shall yet, serenely glid - ing, With joy the ho - ly ci - ty fill; His presence there a- bid - ing. } The Lord has glo-ry
base be hurl'd, And ocean shake the solid world; The Lord is our sal - va - tion.
and de- fence; We'll guard His chosen residence, His time-ly aid pro - vid - ing.

78.

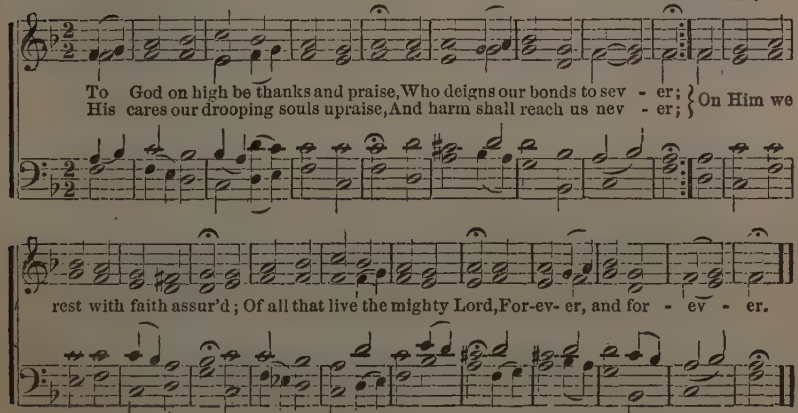
The Peace of God.

1 O Father! lift our souls above,
Till we find rest in Thy dear love;
And still that Peace divine impart
Which sanctifies the inmost heart,
And makes each morn and setting sun
But bring us nearer to Thy throne.

2 May we our daily duties meet,
Tread sin each day beneath our feet,
And win that strength which doth Thy will
And seeth Thee, and so is still;
And, fixed on Thy sustaining arm,
Find daily food and know no harm.

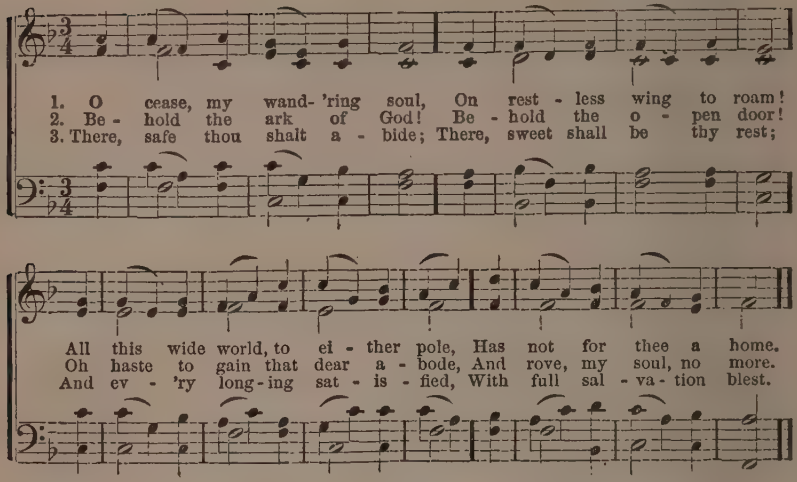
3 Help us with man in peace to live,
Our brother's wrong in love forgive,
And day and night the tempter flee
Through strength which comes alone from Thee!
Thus will our spirits find their rest,
In Thy deep Peace forever blest.

79. TO GOD ON HIGH. L. M. 6 lines. GERMAN.


To God on high be thanks and praise, Who deigns our bonds to sev - er; His cares our drooping souls upraise, And harm shall reach us nev - er; } On Him we
rest with faith assur'd; Of all that live the mighty Lord, For-ev- er, and for - ev - er.

80. DENNIS. S. M.

ARR. BY DR. MASON.


1. O cease, my wand-'ring soul, On rest-less wing to roam!
2. Be-hold the ark of God! Be-hold the o-pen door!
3. There, safe thou shalt a-bide; There, sweet shall be thy rest;
All this wide world, to ei-ther pole, Has not for thee a home.
Oh haste to gain that dear a-bode, And rove, my soul, no more.
And ev-'ry long-ing sat-is-fied, With full sal-va-tion blest.

81.

God will provide.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, leave your burdens to the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

2 His bounty will provide;
Ye shall securely dwell;
The hand that bears creation up
Shall guard His children well.

3 O, why should anxious thought
Press down your weary mind?
Come, seek your heavenly Father's face,
And peace and gladness find.

4 His goodness stands for all
Unchanged from day to day;
We'll drop our burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

82.

The Kingdom of Love.

1 Come, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

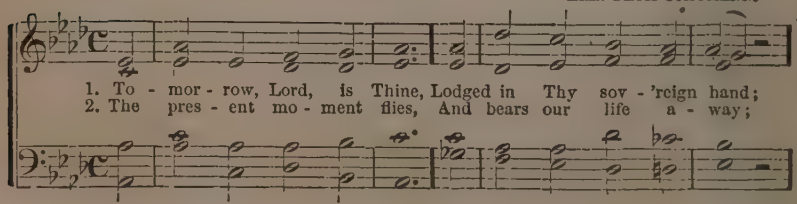
2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

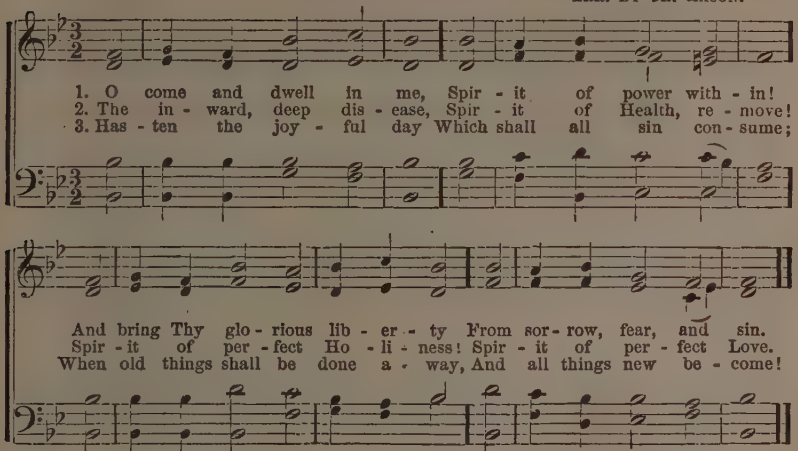
4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

83. SCHUMANN. S. M.

ARR. FROM SCHUMANN.



ARR. BY DR. MASON.


1. O come and dwell in me, Spir - it of power with - in!
2. The in - ward, deep dis - ease, Spir - it of Health, re - move!
3. Has - ten the joy - ful day Which shall all sin con - sume;
And bring Thy glo - rious lib - er - ty From sor - row, fear, and sin.
Spir - it of per - fect Ho - li - ness! Spir - it of per - fect Love.
When old things shall be done a - way, And all things new be - come!

85. *The bow in the cloud.*

1 Out of the depths of woe,
To Thee, O Lord! I cry;
Darkness surrounds Thee, but I know
That Thou art ever nigh.

2 Like them I watch and pray,
Who for the morning long;
Catch the first gleam of welcome day,
Then burst into a song.

3 Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease;
For lo, the swift-returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace!

4 Though storms Thy face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Thy holy covenant is sure;
Thy bow is in the cloud!

86. *The Truth which maketh free.*

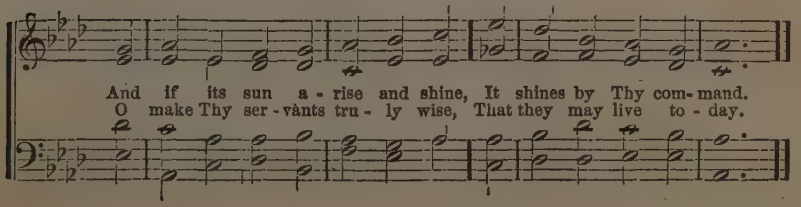
1 O true One! give me truth;
And let it quench in me
The thirst of this long-craving heart,
And set my spirit free.

2 Truth which contains true rest,
Which is the grave of doubt,
Which ends uncertainty and gloom,
And casts all falsehood out:

3 Calm faith which grasps the word
Of Him who cannot lie;
Which hears alone the voice divine,
Though crowds be standing by.

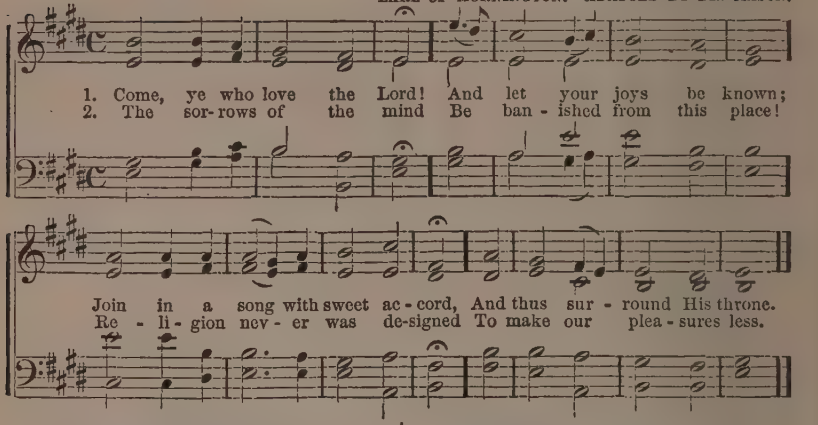
4 O truth of God! destroy
The cloud, the chain, the war;
Dawn to this stormy midnight be;
My bright and morning star.

SCHUMANN. Concluded.



87. MORNINGTON. S. M.

EARL OF MORNINGTON. ADAPTED BY DR. MASON.


1. Come, ye who love the Lord! And let your joys be known;
2. The sor-rows of the mind Be ban-ished from this place!
Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round His throne.
Re-li-gion nev-er was de-signed To make our plea-sures less.

3 The sons of God have found
That heaven begins below:
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

4 Then let our sorrows cease,
And every tear be dry;
We're travelling thro' the paths of peace
To fairer worlds on high.

88. *Doing all to God.*

1 Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do be Thou the way;
In all be Thou the end.

3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

4 If done beneath Thy laws,
Even servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The humblest work divine.

89. *O send out Thy Light and Thy Truth.*

1 O everlasting Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay!

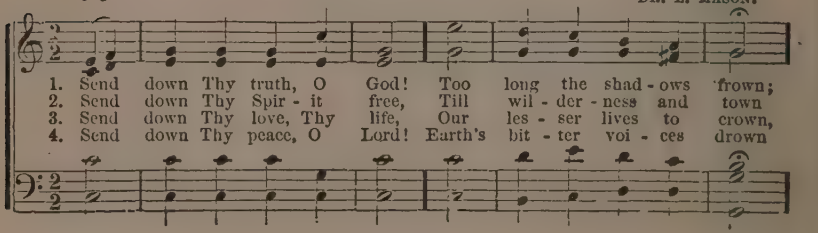
2 O everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide for erring age and youth,
Lead me and teach me too!

3 O everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length,
To joy, and light, and day!

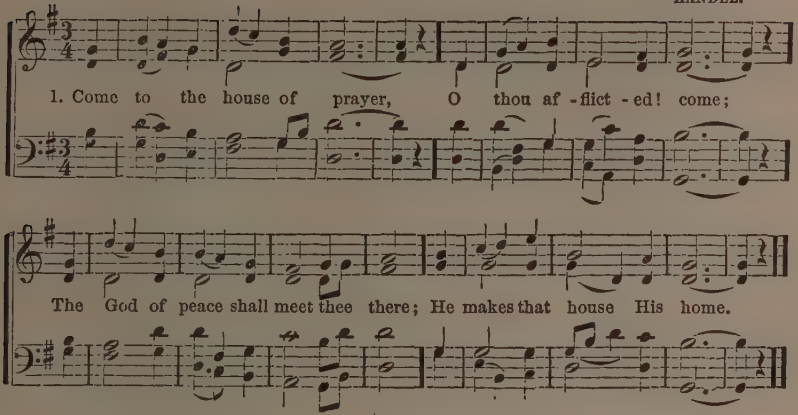
4 O everlasting Love,
Well-spring of grace and peace;
Pour down Thy fullness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease!

90 LABAN. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.


1. Send down Thy truth, O God! Too long the shad-ows frown;
2. Send down Thy Spir-it free, Till wil-der-ness and town
3. Send down Thy love, Thy life, Our les-ser lives to crown,
4. Send down Thy peace, O Lord! Earth's bit-ter voi-ces drown

HANDEL.



2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye young, before His throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts His praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

4 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all;
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call,—

5 Up to Thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

92. *The Spirit saith, Come!*

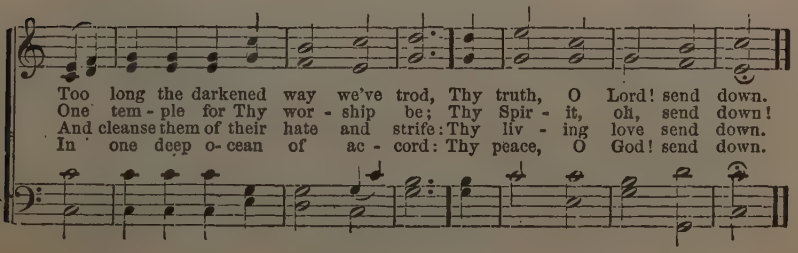
1 The Spirit in our hearts
Is ever whispering, Come!
And still the Church of God proclaims
To all His children, Come!

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come!
Let him that thirsts for righteouness,
To God, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life!
The Spirit bids him come.

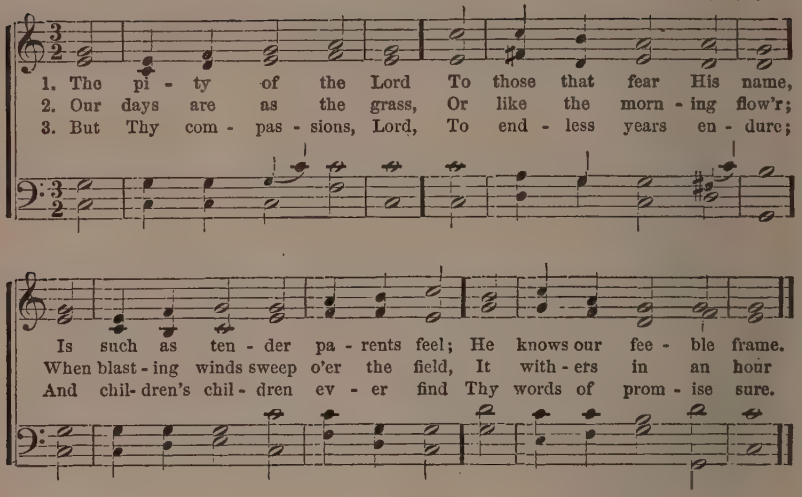
4 The Spirit, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; I wait Thine hour,
O holy Spirit, Come.

LABAN. Concluded.


Too long the darkened way we've trod, Thy truth, O Lord! send down.
One tem - ple for Thy wor - ship be; Thy Spir - it, oh, send down!
And cleanse them of their hate and strife: Thy liv - ing love send down.
In one deep o- cean of ac - cord: Thy peace, O God! send down.

93. Boylston. S. M.

DR. MASON.


1. The pi - ty of the Lord To those that fear His name,
2. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn - ing flow'r;
3. But Thy com - pas - sions, Lord, To end - less years en - dure;
Is such as ten - der pa - rents feel; He knows our fee - ble frame.
When blast - ing winds sweep o'er the field, It with - ers in an hour
And chil - dren's chil - dren ev - er find Thy words of prom - ise sure.

94.

United Hearts.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in purest love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

95.

Reliance.

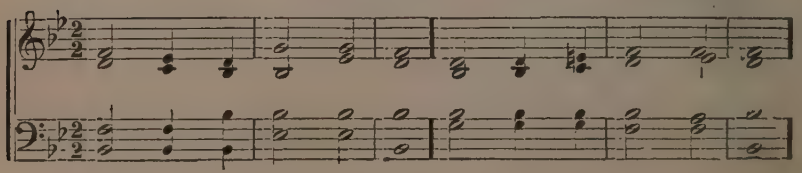
1 Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands;

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

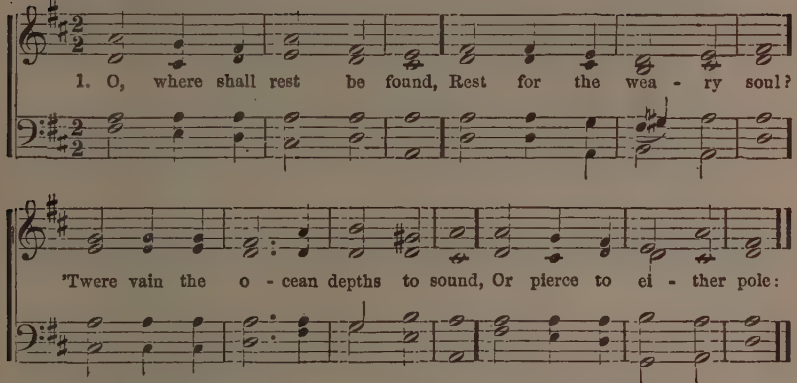
3 Then on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

Pelham. S. M.

"MODERN HARP."



FROM "SACRED STAR." L. MARSHALL



2 The world can never give
The rest for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 In Thee we end our quest;
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

5 My God, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
In vain the creature-streams are dry,
I have the Fountain still.

6 Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One,
And peace and joy that never ends,
And heaven, in God alone.

97. *Rest in God.*

1 Thou very present aid
In suffering and distress!
The soul which still on Thee is stayed
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined
On Thy paternal breast,
'Midst raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone
Where'er Thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross,
It sweetly comforts me,
And makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in Thee.

98. *For a holy Heart.*

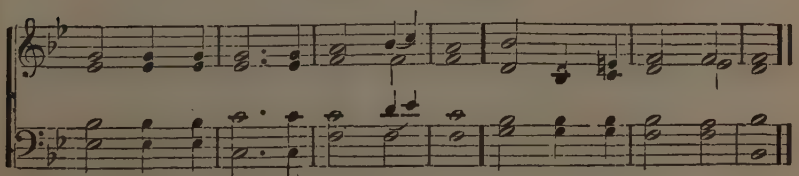
1 Great Source of life and light!
Thy heavenly grace impart,
And by Thy holy Spirit write
Thy law upon my heart.

2 My soul would cleave to Thee;
Let naught my spirit move;
O, let my faith more steadfast be,
And more intense my love!

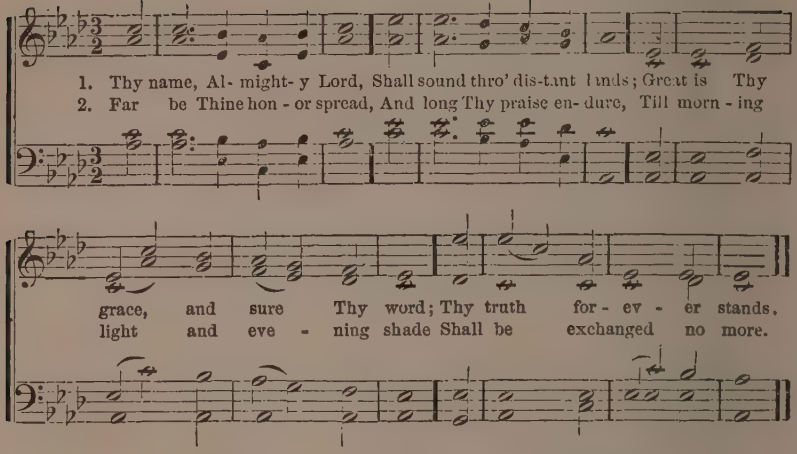
3 Long as my trials last,
Long as the cross I bear,
O, let my soul on Thee be cast
In confidence and prayer!

4 Conduct me to the shore
Of everlasting peace,
Where storm and tempest rise no more,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

PELHAM. Concluded.



GREATOREX COLLECTION.


1. Thy name, Al- might- y Lord, Shall sound thro' dis-tant lands; Great is Thy
2. Far be Thine hon - or spread, And long Thy praise en- dure, Till morn - ing
grace, and sure Thy word; Thy truth for - ev - er stands.
light and eve - ning shade Shall be exchanged no more.

100. *Trust in God.*

1 My spirit on Thy care,
My Father, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest:
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure in having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

101. *Forever with the Lord.*

1 Forever with the Lord!
So, Father, let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Seeking for Thee I roam;
And nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

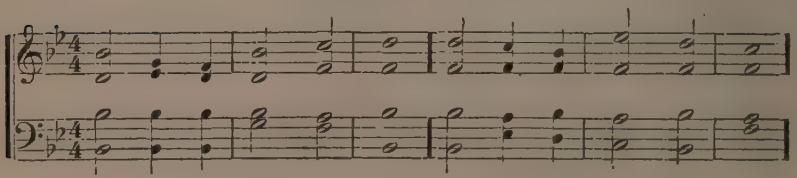
3 My Father's house so nigh!
Home of my soul, how clear
At times to faith's all-seeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

4 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

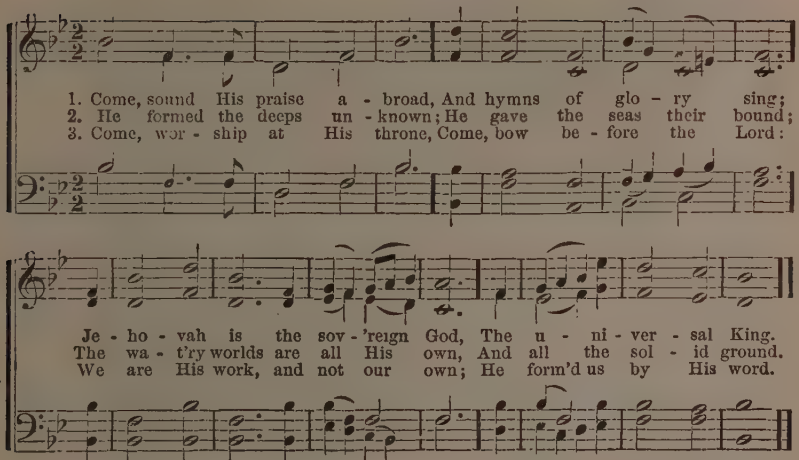
5 And then I feel, that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

6 Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that blessed word
Even here to me fulfil.

LISBON. S. M.



ISAAC SMITH.


1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing;
2. He formed the deeps un - known; He gave the seas their bound;
3. Come, wor - ship at His throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord:
Je - ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
The wa - t'ry worlds are all His own, And all the sol - id ground.
We are His work, and not our own; He form'd us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

103.

Praise.

1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 Oh for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And raise to heaven our thought!

4 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

104.

For the Spirit.

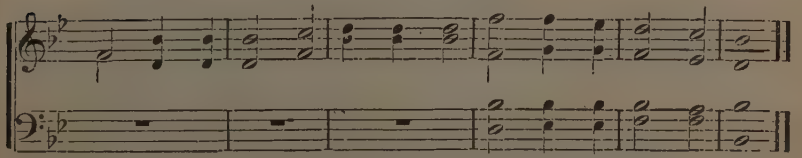
1 Come, Holy Spirit, come!
Let Thy bright beam arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin;
Lead us to Thine abode:
And to our wondering view reveal
Thy mercies, O our God!

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

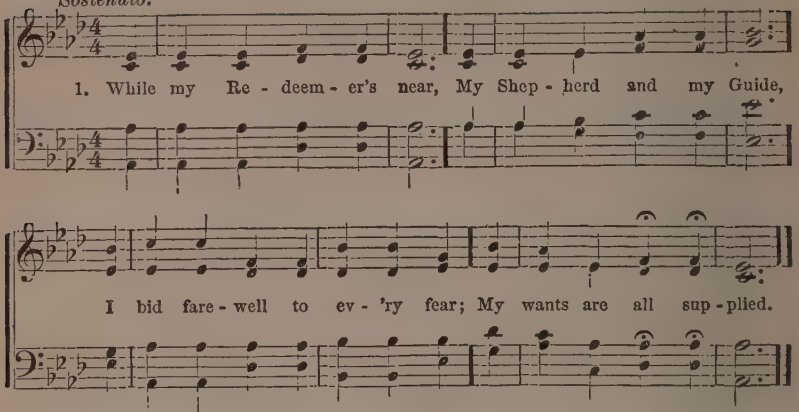
4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit! in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
And rise at length to Thee.

LISBON. Concluded.

105. BEETHOVEN. S. M.

ARR. FROM BEETHOVEN.

Sostenuto.



2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
And guard me with Thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

106.

God our Shepherd.

1 The Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear:
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

107.

The new Life.

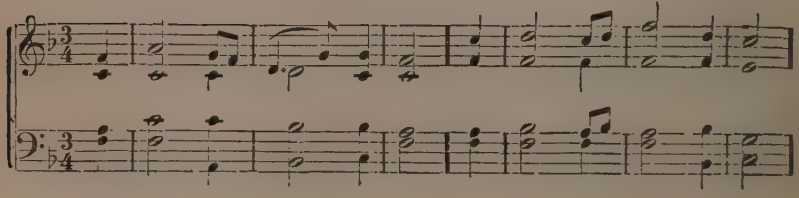
1 How glorious is the hour
When first our souls awake,
And, thro' Thy Spirit's quick'ning pow'r,
Of the new life partake!

2 With richer beauty glows
The world, before so fair;
Her holy light Religion throws,
Reflected everywhere.

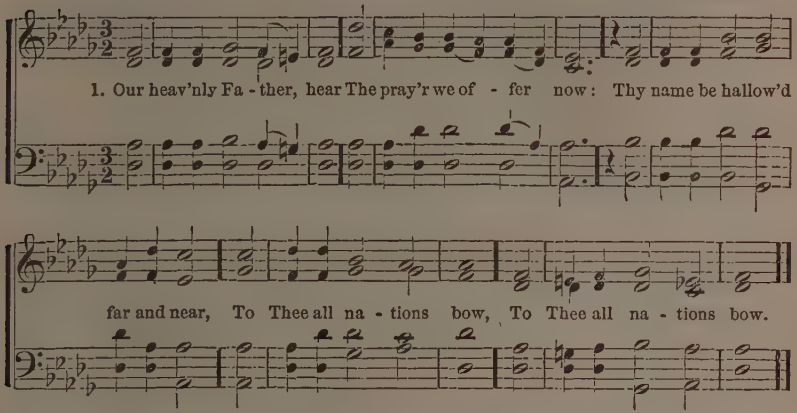
3 Amid repentant tears,
We feel sweet peace within;
We know the God of mercy hears,
And pardons every sin.

4 Born of Thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy Spirit may we share!
Deep in our hearts inscribe Thy word,
And place Thine image there.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.



FROM "HARP OF JUDAH." L. O. EMERSON.


1. Our heav'nly Fa - ther, hear The pray'r we of - fer now: Thy name be hallow'd
far and near, To Thee all na - tions bow, To Thee all na - tions bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; Thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by Thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are Thine.

109. *For help in Temptation.*

1 Thou seest my feebleness;
Father! be Thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower!

2 Give me to trust in Thee;
Be Thou my sure abode;
My helm, and sword and buckler be,
My Saviour and my God!

3 Myself I cannot save;
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in Thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

4 My soul to Thee alone,
For always, I commend;
Thou lovest me, Father, as Thine own,
And lovest to the end.

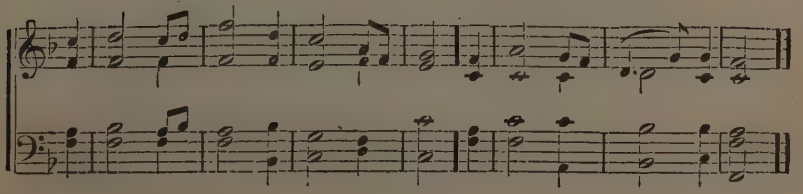
110. *I will write it in their hearts.*

1 That blessed law of Thine,
Father, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
Oh, write it it in my heart!

2 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,—
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

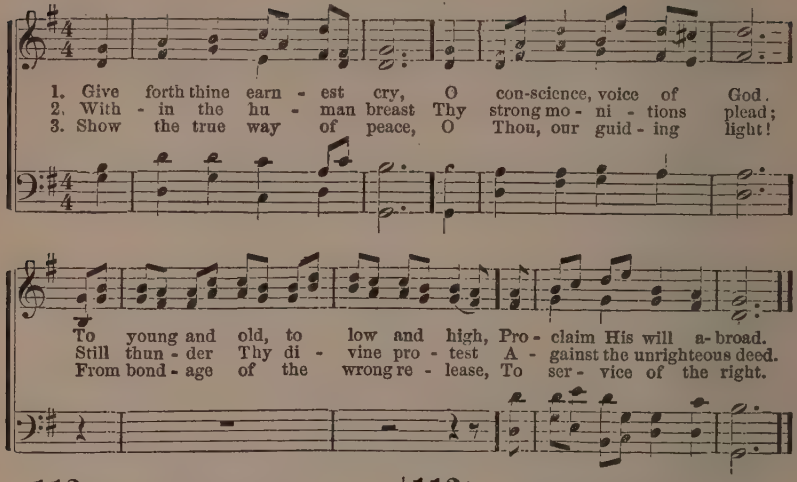
3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to Thee.

GOLDEN HILL. Concluded.



111. SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.


1. Give forth thine earn - est cry, O con-science, voice of God.
2. With - in the hu - man breast Thy strong mo - ni - tions plead;
3. Show the true way of peace, O Thou, our guid - ing light!
To young and old, to low and high, Pro - claim His will a- broad.
Still thun - der Thy di - vine pro - test A - gainst the unrighteous deed.
From bond - age of the wrong re - lease, To ser - vice of the right.

112.

Power of God's Word.

1 Behold! the morning sun
Begins His glorious way;
His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light:
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is Thy word,
And all Thy judgments just!
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are Thy directions given!
Oh, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

113.

God our Father.

1 My Father,—cheering name,—
Oh! may I call Thee mine?
Give me the humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

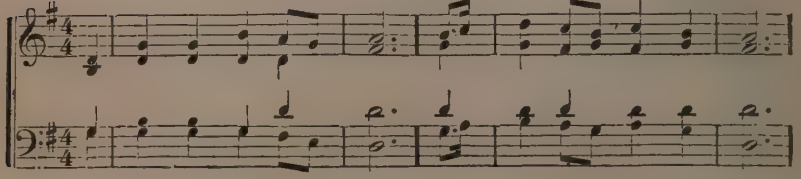
2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What real harm can reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er Thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For Thou art just and good and wise:
Oh bend my will to Thine!

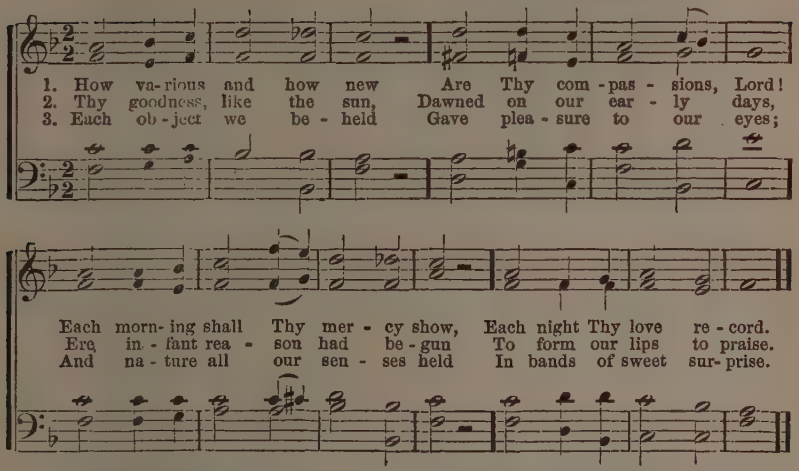
4 Whate'er Thy will ordains,
Oh give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a Father reigns,
And trust a Father's care!

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.



FROM "GREATOREX COLLECTION."


1. How va-rious and how new Are Thy com-pas-sions, Lord!
2. Thy goodness, like the sun, Dawned on our ear-ly days,
3. Each ob-ject we be-held Gave plea-sure to our eyes;
Each morn-ing shall Thy mer-cy show, Each night Thy love re-cord.
Ere in-fant rea-son had be-gun To form our lips to praise.
And na-ture all our sen-ses held In bands of sweet sur-prise.

4 But pleasures more refined
Await that blessed day
When light arises in the mind,
To chase our sins away.

5 How various and how new
Are Thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity Thy love shall show,
And all Thy truth record.

115. *For Heavenly thoughts.*

1 Come to me, thoughts of heaven!
My fainting spirit bear
On your bright wings, by morning given,
Up to celestial air,
Away, far, far away,
From thoughts by passion given,
Fold me in pure, still, cloudless day,
O blessed thoughts of heaven!

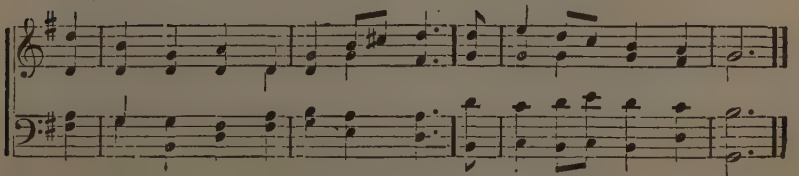
2 Come in my tempted hour,
Sweet thoughts! and yet again
O'er sinful wish and memory, shower
Your soft, effacing rain;
Waft me where gales divine
With dark clouds ne'er have striven;
Where living founts forever shine;
O blessed thoughts of heaven!

116. *The pure in Heart.*

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is His abode.

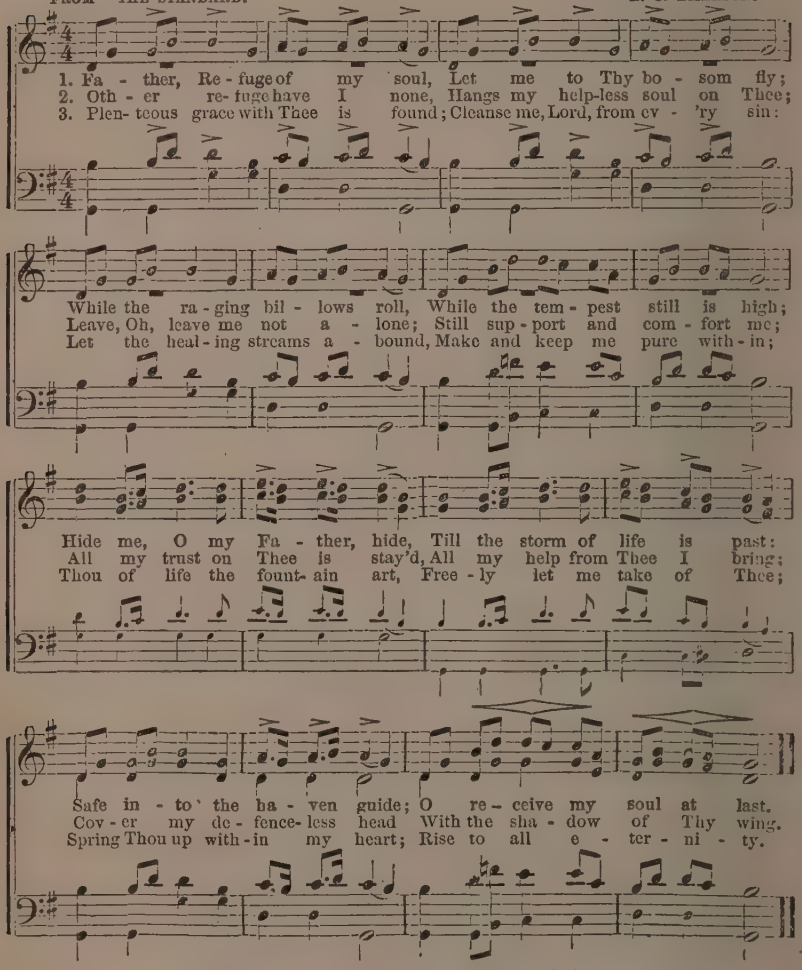
2 Still to the lowly soul
God doth Himself impart,
And for His temple and His throne
Doth choose the pure in heart.

ST. THOMAS. Concluded.



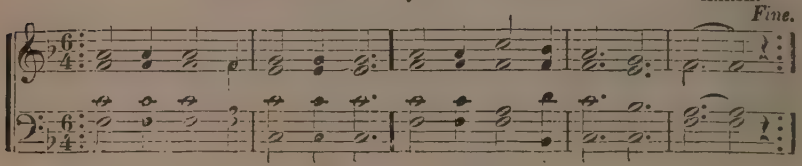
117. Heavenly Comfort. 7s. Double.

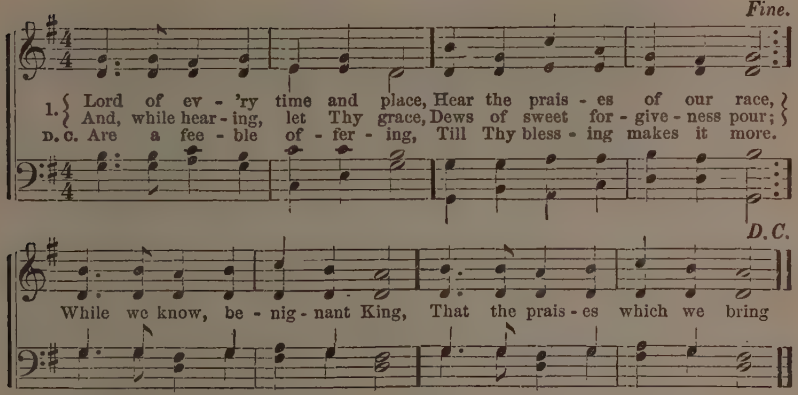
FROM "THE STANDARD." L. O. EMERSON.


1. Fa - ther, Re - fuge of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly;
2. Oth - er re - fuge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
3. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found; Cleanse me, Lord, from ev - 'ry sin:
While the ra - ging bil - lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, Oh, leave me not a - lone; Still sup - port and com - fort me;
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in;
Hide me, O my Fa - ther, hide, Till the storm of life is past:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the sha - dow of Thy wing.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart; Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Martyn. 7s. Double.

MARSH.




Fine.
1. { Lord of ev - 'ry time and place, Hear the prais - es of our race,
And, while hear - ing, let Thy grace, Dews of sweet for - give - ness pour;
D. C. Are a fee - ble of - fer - ing, Till Thy bless - ing makes it more.
D. C.
While we know, be - nig - nant King, That the prais - es which we bring

2 More of truth, and more of might,
More of love, and more of light,
More of reason, and of right
From Thy pardoning grace be given!
This can make the humblest song
Sweet, acceptable, and strong,
As the strains the angels' throng
Pour around the throne of heaven.

119. *Prayer for Inspiration.*

1 Holy Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and Inward Light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

3 Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

120. *A life hidden in God.*

1 Let my life be hid in Thee,
Life of life, and Light of light!
Love's illimitable Sea!
Depth of peace, of power the Height!

2 Let my life be hid in Thee,
From vexation and annoy;
Calm in Thy tranquility,
All my mourning turned to joy.

3 Let my life be hid in Thee;
When my strength and health shall fail,
Let Thine immortality
In my dying hour prevail.

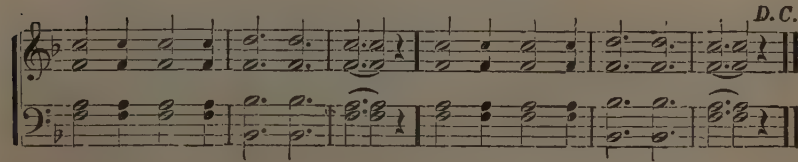
4 Let my life be hid in Thee;
In the world, and yet above;
Hid in Thine eternity,
In the ocean of Thy love.

121. *Steadfastness.*

1 God of truth! Thy sons should be
Firmly grounded upon Thee;
Ever on the Rock abide,
High above the changing tide.

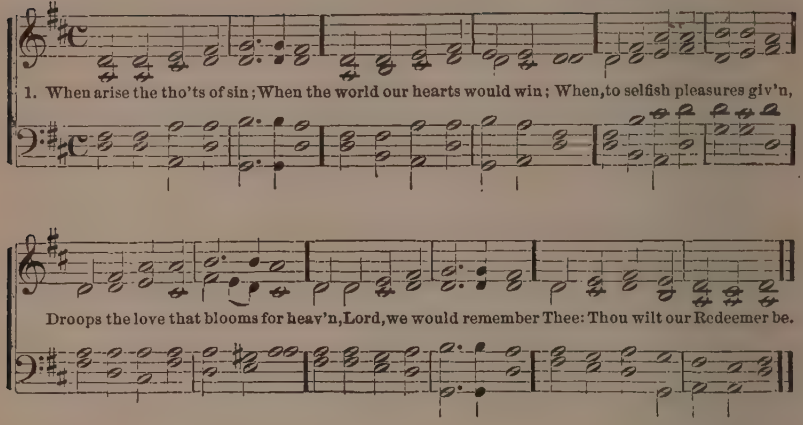
2 Theirs is the unwavering mind,
No more tossed with every wind;
No more doth their 'stablished heart
From the living God depart.

MARTYN. Concluded.



122. CHATHAM. 7s. 6 lines.

REDHEAD. (No. 76.)


1. When arise the tho'ts of sin; When the world our hearts would win; When, to selfish pleasures giv'n,
Droops the love that blooms for heav'n, Lord, we would remember Thee: Thou wilt our Redeemer be.

2 When, with footsteps faint and slow,
Duty's upward path we go;
When, by toils and hardship pressed,
Round we turn to look for rest,—
Lord, we would remember Thee:
Thou our Guide and Strength wilt be.

3 When the day grows dark and drear;
When, beset by doubt and fear,
We can see no beam of light
Struggling thro' the thickening night,—
Lord, we would remember Thee:
Thou our Comforter wilt be.

123.

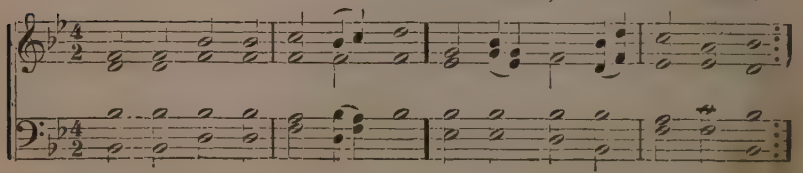
The Soul thirsting for God.

1 As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for Thee,
Pants the living God to see;
When, O, when, without a fear,
Lord, shall I to Thee draw near.

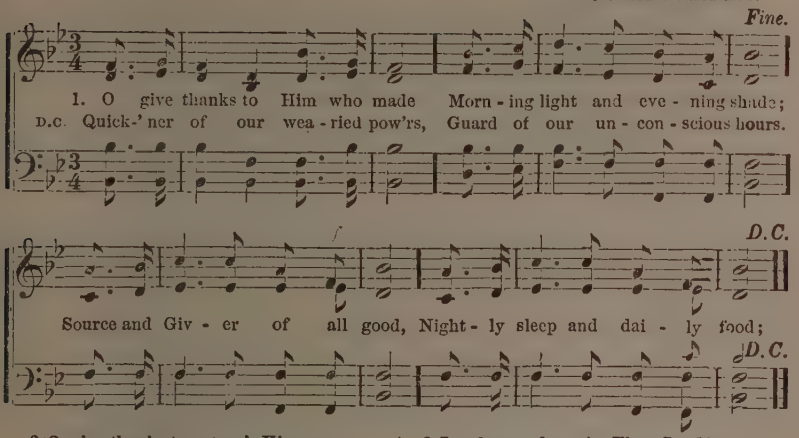
2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole;
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And His countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.

ARR. FROM MALAN, BY DR. LOWELL MASON.



DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.


Fine.
1. O give thanks to Him who made Morn - ing light and eve - ning shade;
D.C. Quick-'ner of our wea - ried pow'rs, Guard of our un - con - scious hours.
D.C.
Source and Giv - er of all good, Night - ly sleep and dai - ly food;
D.C.

2 O, give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing;
His our warm and sentient frame;
His the mind's immortal flame;
O, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

3 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship,
And all creatures are His care;
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed;—but who can
Speak the Father's love to man!

125. *Thy Kingdom come.*

1 God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Father, shine,
Fill us with Thy light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord!
Let Thy love on all be poured;
Let awakened nations sing
Glory to their heavenly King,
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord!
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man his blessing give,
Man to God devoted live,
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

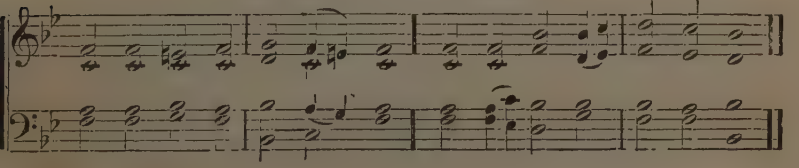
126. *Our Father, who art in Heaven.*

1 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
In the highest heaven adored,
Dwelling in the loving heart,
Surely Thou our Father art:
From Thy love our spirits came;—
Father, hallowed be Thy name!

2 In our spirits may we feel
Filial love, Thy spirit's seal;
Then, in all our want or wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
Still our prayer shall be the same:—
Father, hallowed be Thy name!

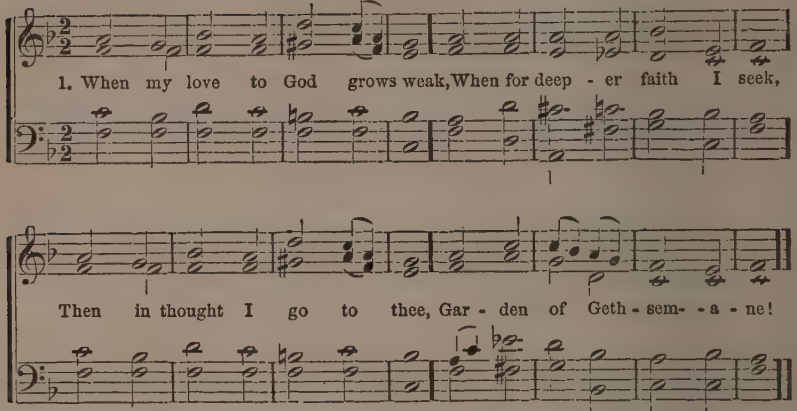
3 Living near to Thee alway,
Thy command may we obey,
Gladly by Thy hand be led,
Seek from Thee our daily bread,
While our daily prayer we frame,—
Father, hallowed be Thy name!

ROSEFIELD. Concluded.



127. SEYMOUR. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER. ARRANGED BY GREATOREX.



2 There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades,
See that suffering, friendless one
Weeping, praying there alone.

3 When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe;—

4 There behold his agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith;
Love triumphant still in death.

5 Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

128. *The Fruit of the Spirit is Joy.*

1 Lo, the Eternal is our Lord,
Ever loving, ever just!
We will lean upon His word,
In His faithfulness will trust.

2 Therefore do we draw with joy
Water from salvation's well;
Praise shall every heart employ,
While His gladdening life we feel.

3 O the grace unsearchable!
While eternal ages roll,
God delights in man to dwell;
Soul of each believing soul!

129. *The fields are white.*

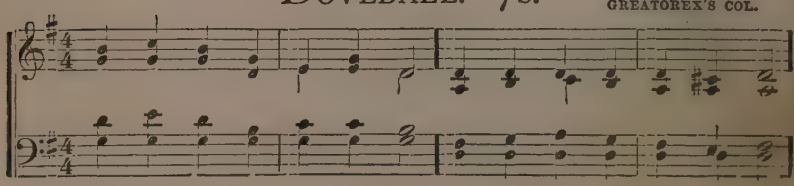
1 Word of Life, most pure, most strong!
Lo! for Thee the nations long;
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

2 Lo! the ripening fields we see;
Mighty shall the harvest be:
But the reapers still are few;
Great the work they have to do.

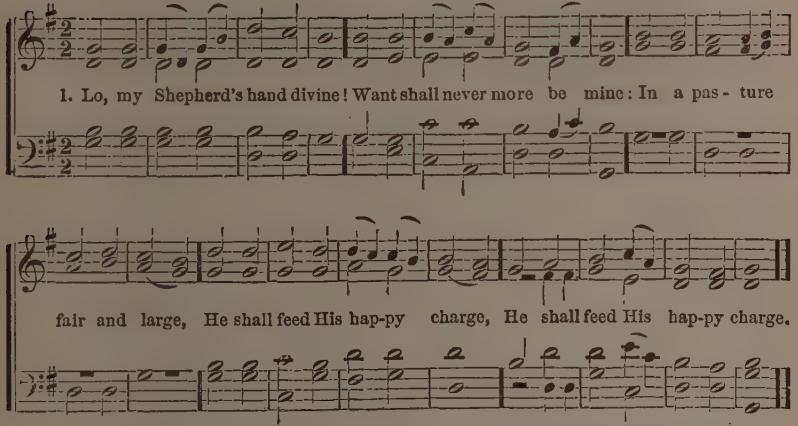
3 Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee,
Till the nations far and near
See Thy Light, Thy Law revere.

DOVEDALE. 7s.

GREATOREX'S COL.



ARR. FROM MALAN, BY DR. L. MASON.


1. Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine! Want shall never more be mine: In a pas - ture
fair and large, He shall feed His hap-py charge, He shall feed His hap-py charge.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 He my soul anew shall frame;
And, His mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.

4 Constant, to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid Thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

131. *God everywhere present.*

1 They who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;—
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer;—
God is present everywhere.

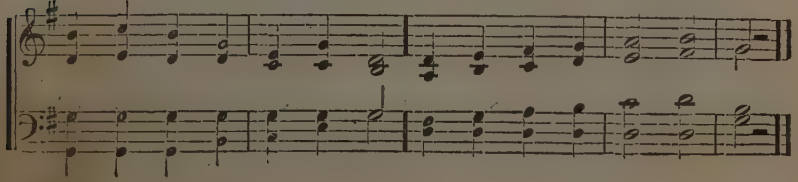
132. *Even Song.*

1 Lord! a happy child of Thine,
Patient through the love of Thee,
In the light, the life divine,
Lives and walks at liberty.

2 Leaning on Thy tender care,
Thou hast led my soul aright;
Fervent was my morning prayer,
Joyful is my song to-night.

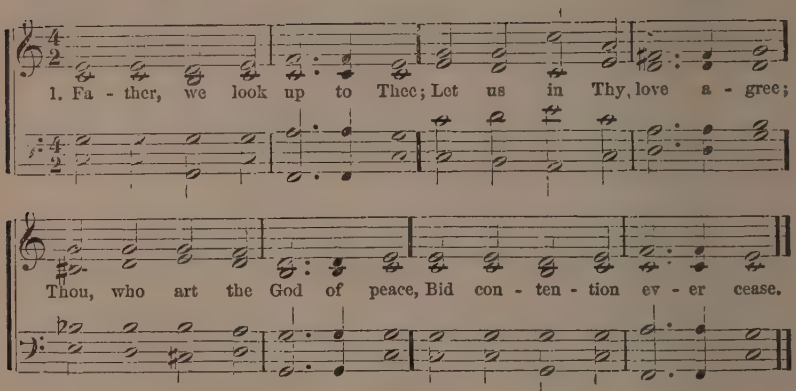
3 O my Father, Guardian true!
All my life is Thine to keep;
At Thy feet my work I do,
In Thine arms I fall asleep.

DOVEDALE. Concluded.



133. PATIENCE. 7s.

REDHEAD.



2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Self-forgetful, true and kind:
Strong, yet meek in thought and word,
Like to Thee, our blessed Lord.

3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
Ready, when reviled, to bless;
Studious of the law of peace.

4 Father! all our souls inspire,
Fill us with love's sacred fire;
Guided by that blessed light,
Order all our steps aright.

5 Free from anger, free from pride,
Let us thus in Thee abide;
All the depths of love express,—
All the heights of holiness.

134. *He shall give His angels charge over thee.*

1 They, who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell, though danger's nigh;
Lo, His sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.

2 Vain temptation's wily snare;
They shall be the Father's care:
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.

3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep;
Death and danger may be near,
Faith and love can never fear.

135. *It is God who worketh in you.*

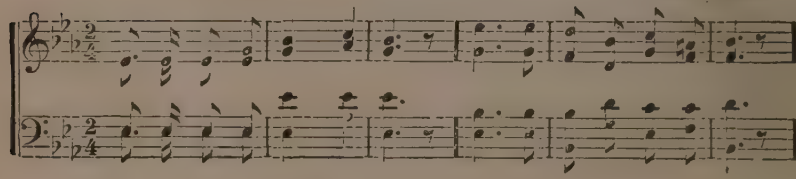
1 Human soul, to whom are given
Holy hungerings after heaven,
Faithful to the end endure;
Make thy heavenly calling sure.

2 God, to keep thee safe from harms,
Spreads His everlasting arms,
Feeds with secret strength divine,
Waits to whisper, Thou art mine.

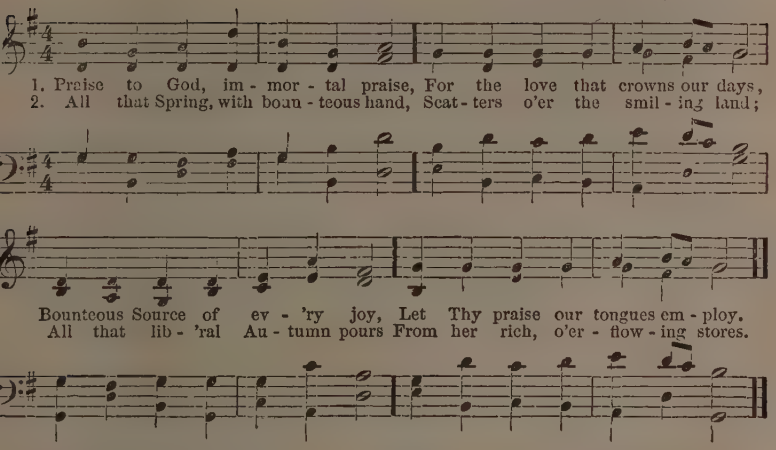
3 Gently will he lead the weak;
Bruised reeds he ne'er will break;
He will bless thee with His peace,
Fill with all His righteousness.

TELEMANN'S CHANT. 7s.

CH. ZEUNER.



ARR. BY DR. L. MASON.


1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days,
2. All that Spring, with boun - teous hand, Scat - ters o'er the smil - ing land;
Bounteous Source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy.
All that lib - 'ral Au - tumn pours From her rich, o'er - flow - ing stores.

3 These to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 Yes, to Thee my soul shall raise
Grateful, never-ending praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone.

137. *Praise the Lord.*

1 All ye nations, praise the Lord;
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise.

2 For His truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of His right hand,
Like His own eternity.

3 Praise Him, ye who know His love;
Praise Him, from the depths beneath;
Praise Him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe!

138. *Our Heavenly Father.*

1 Heavenly Father, God of Love!
Send Thy blessing from above;
Light and life to all impart;
Shine on each believing heart.

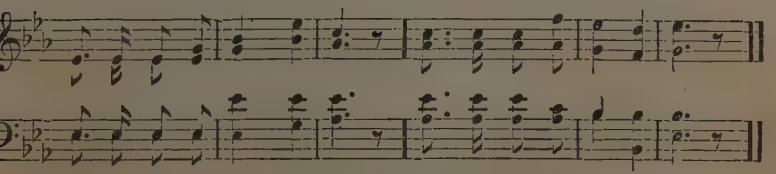
2 Kindly comfort all who mourn;
Into joy their sorrow turn;
Joy which none can take away,
Joy that shall forever stay.

3 Glorious in Thy sons appear;
Plant Thy heavenly kingdom here;
All Thy kingdom from above,
All the blessedness of love.

4 Plant in us an humble mind,
Patient, pitiful and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of Thee.

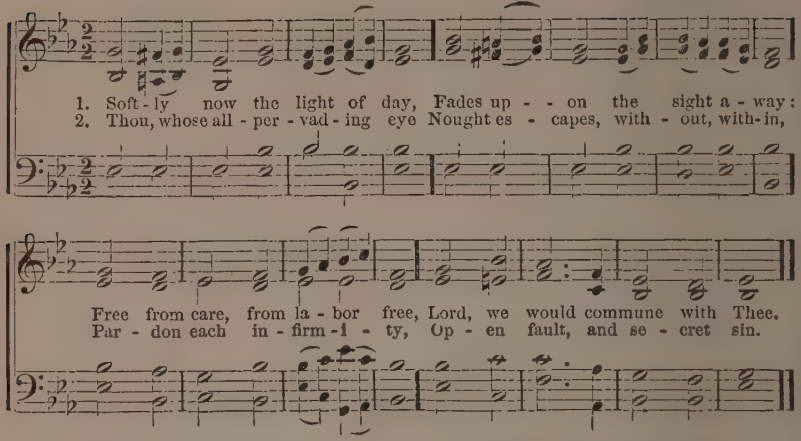
5 Let us in our spirits prove
All the depths of lowly love;
Let us in our lives express
All the heights of holiness.

TELEMANN'S CHANT. Concluded.



138. a HOLLEY. 7s.

GEO. HEWS.


1. Soft - ly now the light of day, Fades up - - on the sight a - way:
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Nought es - capes, with - out, with-in,
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, Op - en fault, and se - cret sin.

3 When from us the light of day
Shall on earth have passed away,
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

139. *Thanks for daily Mercies.*

1 Tender mercies, on my way
Falling softly, like the dew,
Sent me freshly every day,
I will bless the Lord for you.

2 Though I have not all I would,
Though to greater bliss I go,
Every present gift of good
To eternal Love I owe.

3 Source of all that comforts me,
Well of joy for which I long,
Let the song I sing to Thee
Be an everlasting song.

140. *Devotion.*

1 Lord, before Thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that Thou art near.

2 Wand'ring thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

3 At the portals of Thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares;
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

141. *The only Refuge.*

1 Holy Father, heavenly King!
O'er me spread Thy guardian wing:
When by trembling fears distressed,
Let me flee to Thee and rest.

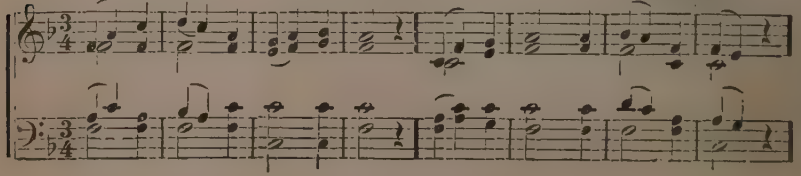
2 Call me, keep me by Thy side,
Teach me there alone to hide:
Where for safety should I flee,
If my footsteps strayed from Thee?

3 Warn me with Thy gentle voice;
Point my path, and guide my choice;
Let me, Lord, in Thee possess
Wisdom, peace, and righteousness.

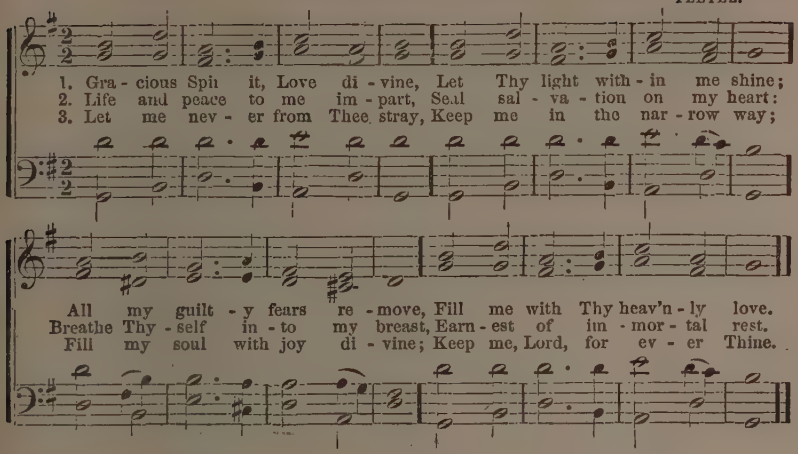
FROM "HARP OF JUDAH."

BURNET. 7s.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY L. O. EMERSON.



PLEYEL.


1. Gra - cious Spir it, Love di - vine, Let Thy light with - in me shine;
2. Life and peace to me im - part, Seal sal - va - tion on my heart:
3. Let me nev - er from Thee stray, Keep me in the nar - row way;
All my guilt - y fears re - move, Fill me with Thy heav'n - ly love.
Breathe Thy - self in - to my breast, Earn - est of im - mor - tal rest.
Fill my soul with joy di - vine; Keep me, Lord, for ev - er Thine.

143.

Come home!

1 Soul! celestial in thy birth,
Dwelling yet in lowest earth,
Panting, shrinking to be free,
Hear God's spirit whisper thee.

2 Thus it saith, in accents mild,—
"Weary wanderer, wayward child,
From Thy Father's earnest love
Still forever wilt thou rove?

3 "Turn to hope, and peace, and light,
Freed from sin, and earth, and night;
I have called, entreated thee,
In my mercies gentle, free.

4 "Human soul, in love divine
I have sought to make thee mine;
Still for thee good angels yearn;
Human soul, return, return!"

144.

Morning Hymn.

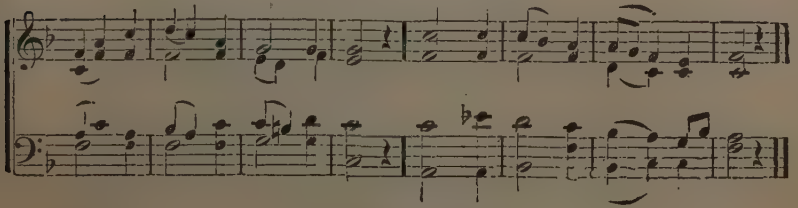
1 In the morning I will pray
For God's blessing on the day;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.

2 Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow, gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, Oh, shine!

3 Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in Thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

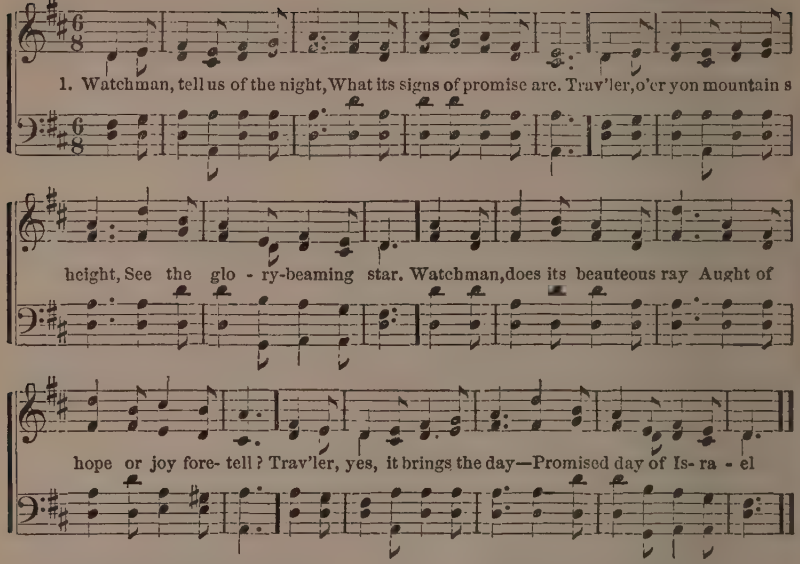
4 Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep mine eyes, O God, from tears!
Every step Thy love attend,
And my soul from death defend.

BURNET. Concluded.



145. Watchman. 7s. Double.

DR. L. MASON.

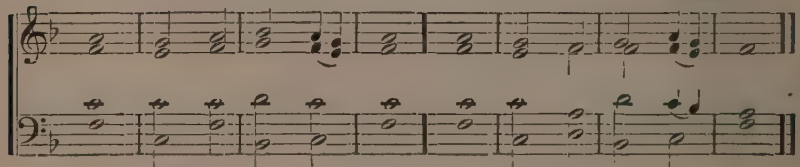

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain s
height, See the glo - ry-beaming star. Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of
hope or joy fore- tell? Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day—Promised day of Is- ra - el

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends,
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight:
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

146. Chant. (The Lord's Prayer.)

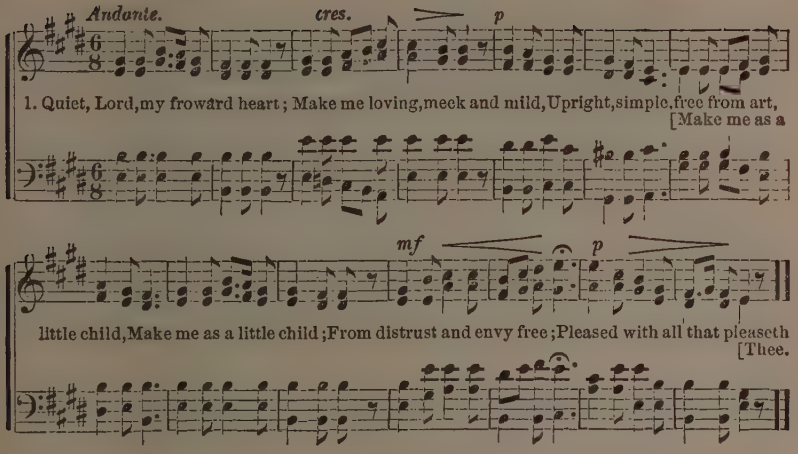
GREGORIAN.



1 Our Father, who art in heaven, | Hallowed | be Thy | name; ‖
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on | earth, · as it | is in | heaven:

2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | tres- · pass a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil;
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A.— | MEN.


Andante.
cres.
p
1. Quiet, Lord, my froward heart; Make me loving, meek and mild, Upright, simple, free from art,
[Make me as a
mf
p
little child, Make me as a little child; From distrust and envy free; Pleased with all that pleaseth
[Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave; : ‖
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

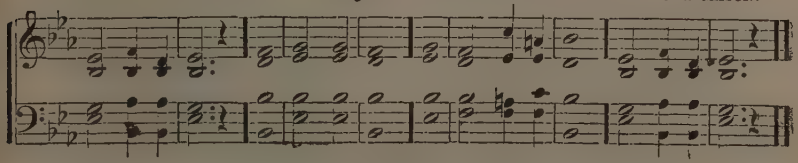
3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows beneath his father's eyes
He is never left alone; : ‖
So would I with Thee abide,
Thou, my Father, Guard, and Guide!

148. *The Pilgrim's Prayer.*

1 Lead us with Thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led;
Speed us on our upward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped, : ‖
Who with prayers and helps divine
Seeks a consecrated shrine.

2 Lead us, Father! Thou dost know
All the way; but, wanderers, we
Often miss our way below,
And stretch out our hands to Thee; : ‖
Guide us, save us, and prepare
Our appointed mansion there!

149. CHANT. Thy Will be done. DR. L. MASON.



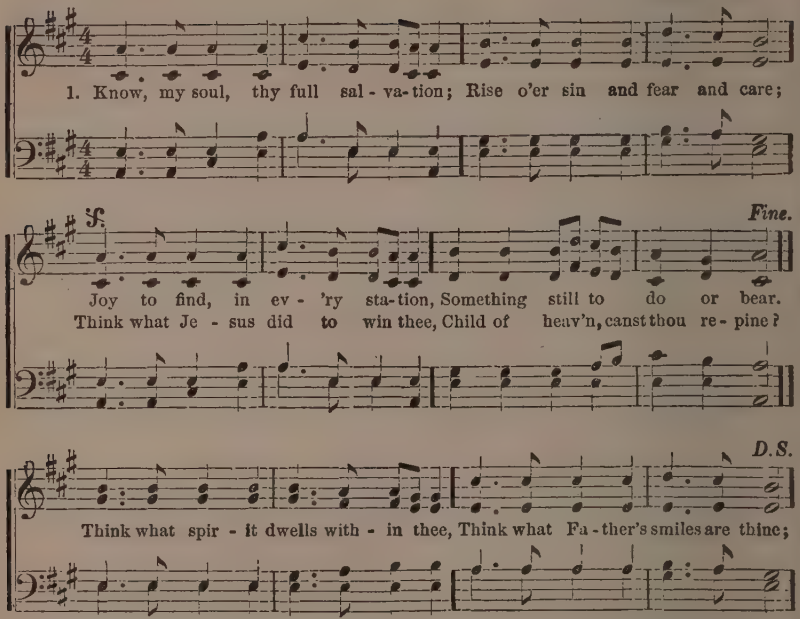
1 Thy will be done. In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
Thy will be done.

2 Thy will be done. If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun,
This prayer shall make it more divine, — |
Thy will be done.

3 Thy will be done. Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, | —one comfort, one,
Is ours,—to breathe, while we adore, |
Thy will be done!

50 150. LINCOLN. 8s & 7s. Double.

ARR. FROM MOZART.


1. Know, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find, in ev - 'ry sta - tion, Something still to do or bear.
Think what Je - sus did to win thee, Child of heav'n, canst thou re - pine?
Think what spir - it dwells with - in thee, Think what Fa - ther's smiles are thine;
Fine.
D.S.

2 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor loss is gain.
I have learned to call Thee Father,
I have fixed my heart on thee; [gather,
Storms may howl, and clouds may
All must work for good to me.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Thou canst give me sweetest rest.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

151. *The Fruit of the Spirit is Joy and Peace.*

1 Holy Spirit, source of gladness!
Come with all Thy radiance bright;
O'er our weariness and sadness
Breathe Thy life, and shed Thy light!
Send us Thine illumination,
Banish all our fears at length;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of unfailing Strength!

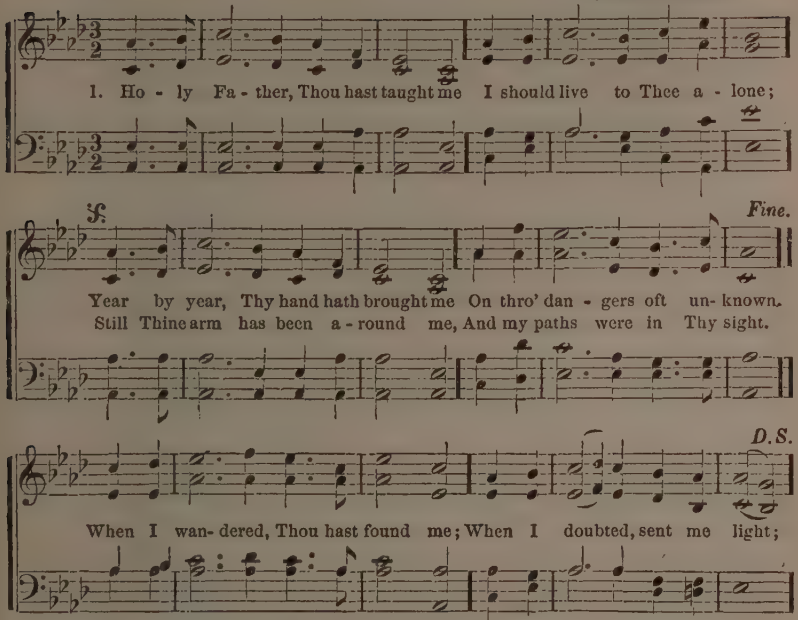
2 Let that love, which knows no measure,
Now in quickening showers descend,
Bringing us the richest treasure
Man can wish or God can send;
Hear our earnest supplication;
Every struggling heart release;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of untroubled Peace.

152. *Vesper Hymn.*

1 Now, on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound;
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story,
Their Creator's changeless love.

2 Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To His care, who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
At His touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo, eternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

SPANISH MELODY.


1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Thou hast taught me I should live to Thee a - lone;
Year by year, Thy hand hath brought me On thro' dan - gers oft un- known.
Still Thine arm has been a - round me, And my paths were in Thy sight.
When I wan- dered, Thou hast found me; When I doubted, sent me light;
Fine.
D.S.

2 I would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine arm,
Follow wholly Thy directing,
Thou mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to Thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at Thy side!

154. *The Word of the Lord abideth forever.*

1 God of ages and of nations!
Every race, and every time,
Hath received Thine inspirations,
Glimpses of Thy truth sublime.
Ever spirits, in rapt vision,
Passed the heavenly veil within,
Ever hearts, bowed in contrition,
Found salvation from their sin.

2 Reason's noble aspiration,
Truth in growing, clearness saw;
Conscience spoke its condemnation,
Or proclaimed the Eternal law.
While Thine inward revelations [heard,
Told Thy saints their prayers were
Prophets to the guilty nations
Spoke Thine everlasting word.

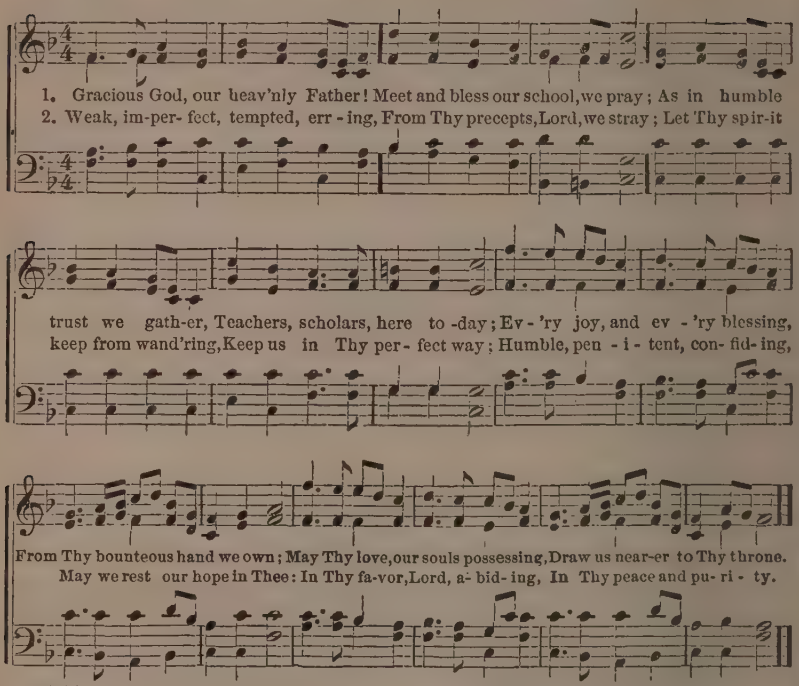
3 Lord, that word abideth ever;
Revelation is not sealed;
Answering unto man's endeavor,
Truth and Right are still revealed.
That which came to ancient sages,
Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,
Written in the heart's deep pages,
Shines to-day, forever new!

155. *God is Love and Love alone.*

1 Lord and Father, great and holy!
Fearing naught, we come to Thee;
Fearing naught, though weak and lowly,
For Thy love has made us free.
By the blue sky bending o'er us,
By the green earth's flowery zone,
Teach us, Lord, the angel chorus,
"Thou art Love and Love alone."

2 Tho' the worlds in flame should perish,
Suns and stars in ruin fall,
Trust in Thee our hearts should cherish,
Thou to us be all in all.
And tho' heavens Thy Name are praising,
Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone,
Than the strain our hearts are raising,—
"Thou art Love and Love alone."

156. BLESSING. 8s & 7s. Double.


1. Gracious God, our heav'nly Father! Meet and bless our school, we pray; As in humble
2. Weak, im-per- fect, tempted, err - ing, From Thy precepts, Lord, we stray; Let Thy spir-it
trust we gath-er, Teachers, scholars, here to -day; Ev - 'ry joy, and ev - 'ry blessing,
keep from wand'ring, Keep us in Thy per - fect way; Humble, pen - i - tent, con- fid- ing,
From Thy bounteous hand we own; May Thy love, our souls possessing, Draw us near-er to Thy throne.
May we rest our hope in Thee: In Thy fa-vor, Lord, a- bid- ing, In Thy peace and pu- ri - ty.

157.

1 Father, lead us with Thy power
Safe into the promised rest;
Hide our souls within Thy shelter,
In Thine arms securely blest.

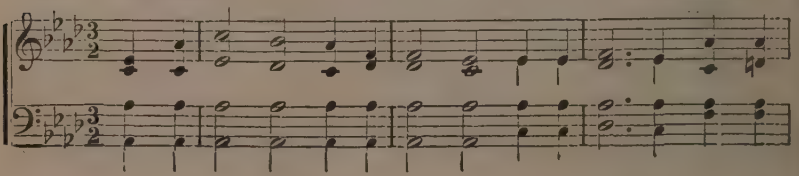
2 Feed us with the heavenly manna,
Bread of angel-life above;
Send us from the holy fountain
Draughts of everlasting love.

3 In Thy presence we are happy,
In Thy presence we're secure;
In Thy presence all afflictions
We can patiently endure.

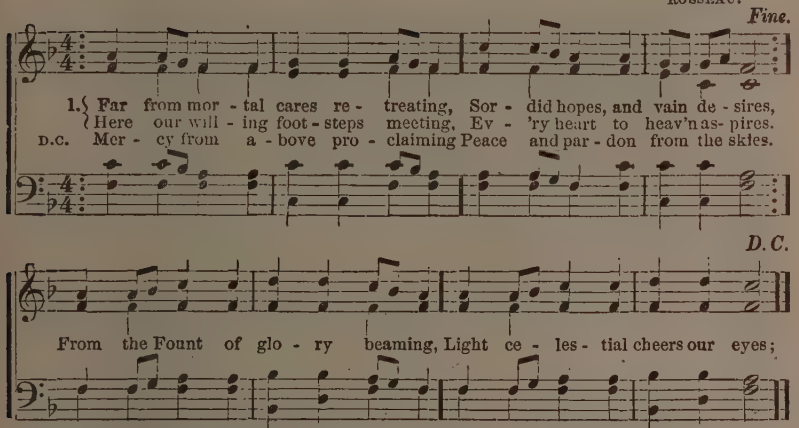
4 In Thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die;
Far from Thee, we faint and languish;
Fount of blessing! keep us nigh.

FROM "HARP OF JUDAH."

REDEEMER. 8s & 7s. L. O. EMERSON.



ROSSEAU.


Fine.
1. Far from mor - tal cares re - treating, Sor - did hopes, and vain de - sires,
Here our will - ing foot - steps meeting, Ev - 'ry heart to heav'n as- pires.
D.C. Mer - cy from a - bove pro - claiming Peace and par - don from the skies.
D.C.
From the Fount of glo - ry beaming, Light ce - les - tial cheers our eyes;

2 Who may share this great salvation?—
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds His care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of His throne.

159. *The Peace of God.*

1 Peace of God, which knows no measure,
Heavenly sunlight of the soul,
Peace beyond all earthly treasure,
Come, and all our hearts control!
Come, almighty to deliver!
Naught shall make us then afraid;
We will trust in Thee forever,
Thou on whom our hope is stayed!

160. *Heavenly Shepherd.*

1 Heavenly Shepherd, guide us, feed us,
Through our pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead us,
Where Thy flock rejoicing go.

2 Lord, Thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly bending, we implore;
We have found Thee, and would never,
Never wander from Thee more.

161. *Peace be with you.*

1 Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

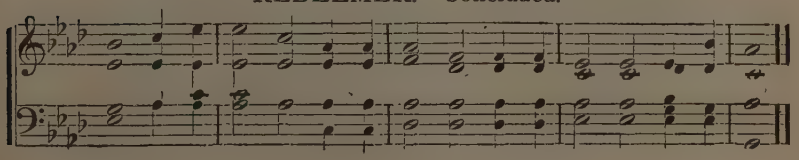
2 Part in peace! such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

162. *Love Divine.*

1 Love Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Father! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

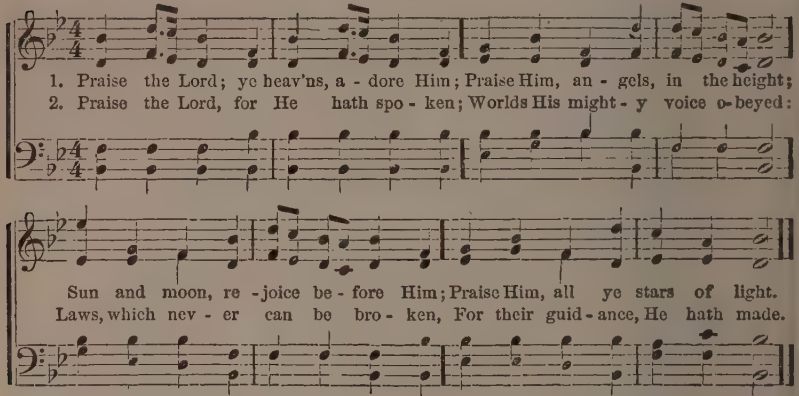
2 Breathe, O, breathe Thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave!

REDEEMER. Concluded.



163. WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

FROM C. M. VON WEBER.


1. Praise the Lord; ye heav'ns, a - dore Him; Praise Him, an - gels, in the height;
2. Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might - y voice o-beyed:
Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Laws, which nev - er can be bro - ken, For their guid - ance, He hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify His name.

164. *Psalm of Life.*

1 Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

2 Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day.

4 Lives of true men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

5 Footprints which perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

6 Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

165. *Redeeming Love.*

1 Father, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays!
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

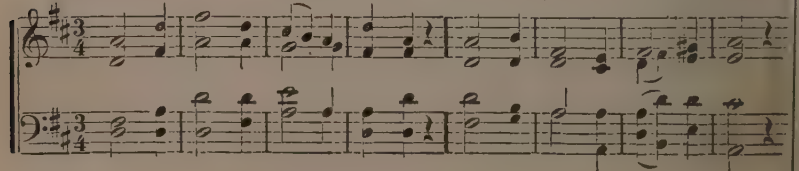
2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold above;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy love.

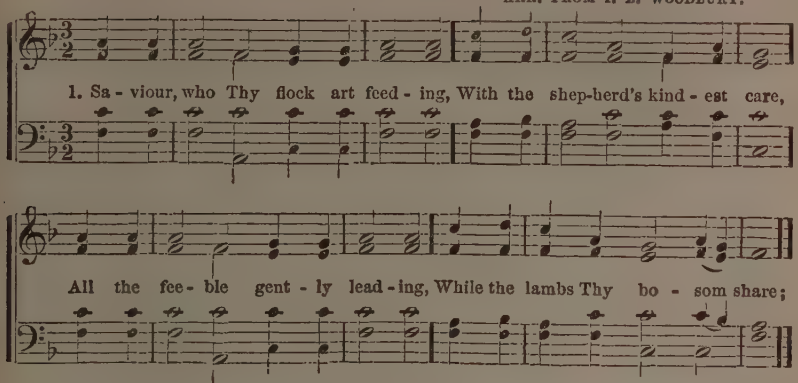
4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.

GREATOREX'S COL. I. CONKEY.



ARR. FROM I. B. WOODBURY.


1. Sa - viour, who Thy flock art feed - ing, With the shep-herd's kind - est care,
All the fee - ble gent - ly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share;

2 Thou, our little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know,—Thy word believing,—
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be to sin a prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them in life's doubtful way;

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

167. *Life's Work.*

1 All around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

2 Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of Heaven.

3 Following every voice of mercy,
With a trusting, loving heart;
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.

4 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

5 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,—
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
We too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

168. *The City of God.*

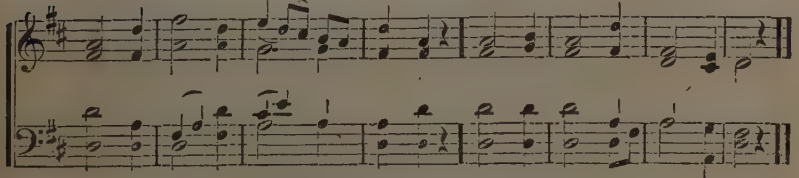
1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
O thou city of our God:
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

3 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

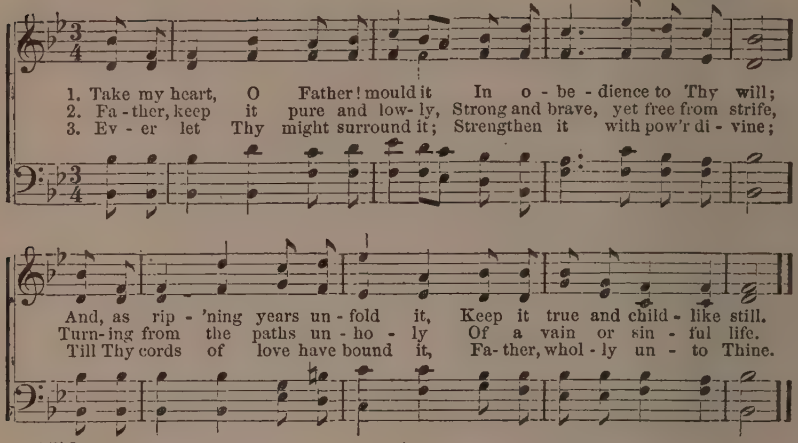
4 Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assauge?—
Love, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

RATHBUN. Concluded.



169. STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

D. E. JONES.


1. Take my heart, O Father! mould it In o - be - dience to Thy will;
2. Fa - ther, keep it pure and low- ly, Strong and brave, yet free from strife,
3. Ev - er let Thy might surround it; Strengthen it with pow'r di - vine;
And, as rip - 'ning years un - fold it, Keep it true and child - like still.
Turn- ing from the paths un - ho - ly Of a vain or sin - ful life.
Till Thy cords of love have bound it, Fa- ther, whol - ly un - to Thine.

170.

The Heavenly Father.

1 Yes, for me, for me He careth,
With a Father's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me He beareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, in me abroad He sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me He spreadeth
His love-brooding wing of might.

3 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;
I in Him, and He in me:
And my longing soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

171.

Stayed on God.

1 Quiet as a peaceful river,
Quiet as the wind-hushed seas,
In the Eternal trusting ever,
We are kept in perfect peace.

2 Deep beneath the warring ocean,
Deep beneath the howling flood,
All unmoved by its commotion,
Lie the promises of God.

3 We are anchored firmly to them;
Though in tatters hang our shrouds,
Calmly we look up, and through them
View the thunder-riven clouds.

4 This our constant heart consoleth,
And we will not be afraid;—
God, our heavenly Father, ruleth,
All our hope on Him is stayed.

172.

Go in Peace.

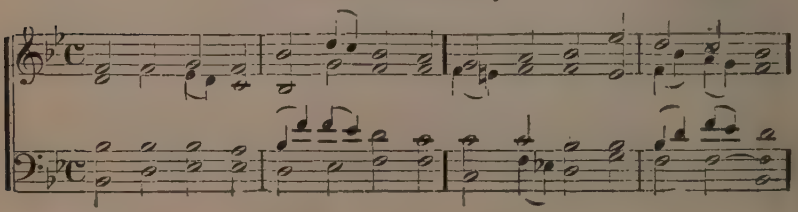
1 Go in peace! serene dismission
To the loving heart made known,
When it pours in deep contrition
Prayer before the eternal Throne.

2 Go in peace! thy sins forgiven,
God hath healed thee, set thee free;
Every spirit-fetter riven,
Go in peace, and liberty!

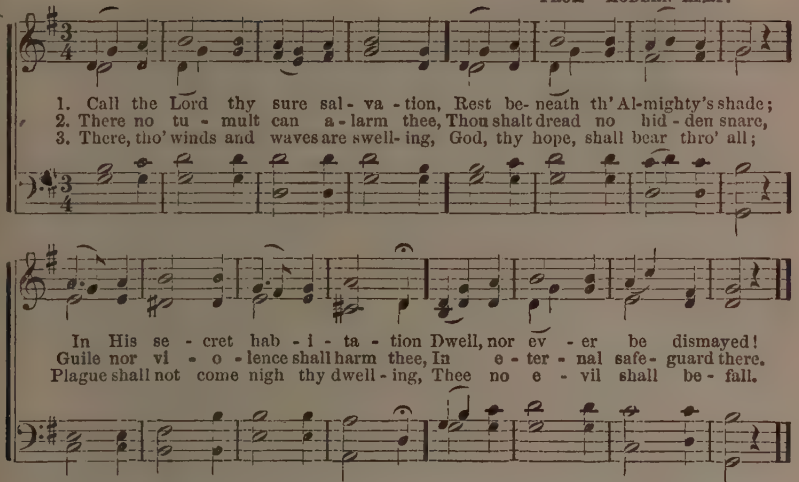
3 Father! breathe this benediction
O'er our spirits while we pray;
Let us part in sweet conviction
Thou hast blessed our souls to-day.

TRUST. 8s & 7s.

MENDELSSOHN.



FROM "MODERN HARP."


1. Call the Lord thy sure sal - va - tion, Rest be- neath th' Al-mighty's shade;
2. There no tu - mult can a - larm thee, Thou shalt dread no hid - den snare,
3. There, tho' winds and waves are swell- ing, God, thy hope, shall bear thro' all;
In His se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, nor ev - er be dismayed!
Guile nor vi - o - lence shall harm thee, In e - ter - nal safe- guard there.
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwell - ing, Thee no e - vil shall be - fall.

4 He shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk thro' hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

5 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wing of His protection
He shall shield thee from above.

174. *The Prayer of Life.*

1 Father, hear the prayer we offer:
Not for ease that prayer shall be;
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not forever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

3 Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

4 Be our strength in hours of weakness;
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side!

175. *God is Truth and Love.*

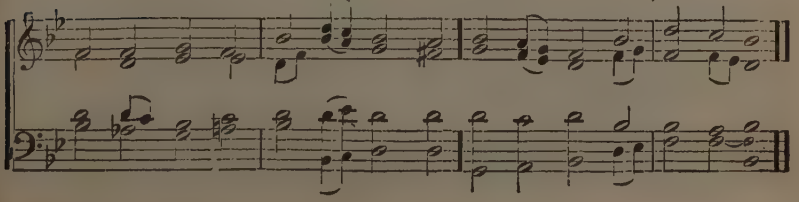
1 God is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we move;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens,
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

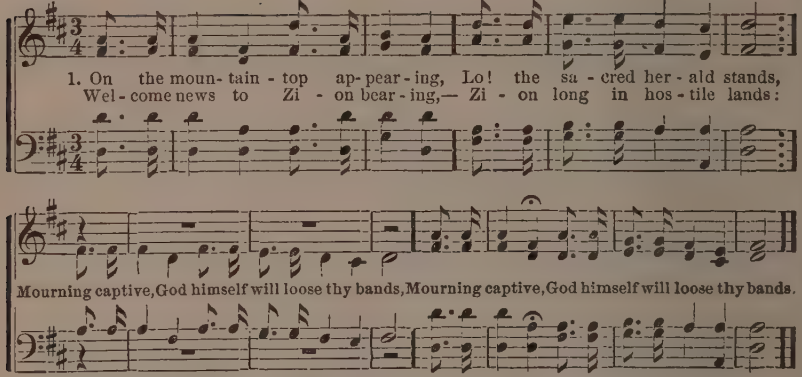
4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

TRUST. Concluded.



176. Zion. 8s, 7s & 4.

T. HASTINGS.


1. On the moun - tain - top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands,
Wel - come news to Zi - on bear - ing,— Zi - on long in hos - tile lands:
Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy bands.

2 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before Thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

177. *Dismission.*

1 Lord! dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each, Thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love:
Still support us
While in duty's path we move.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found!

178. *God the Pilgrim's Friend.*

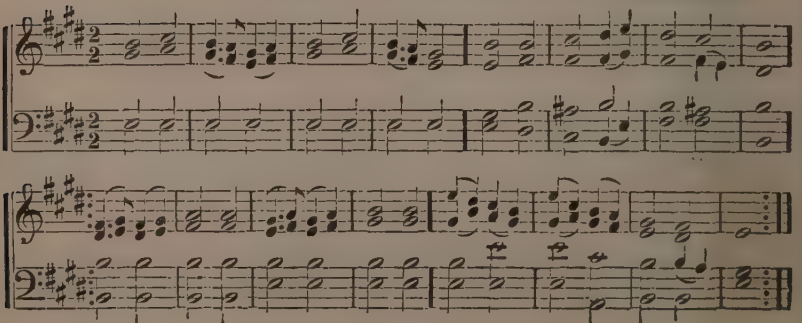
1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through a weary land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the living fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

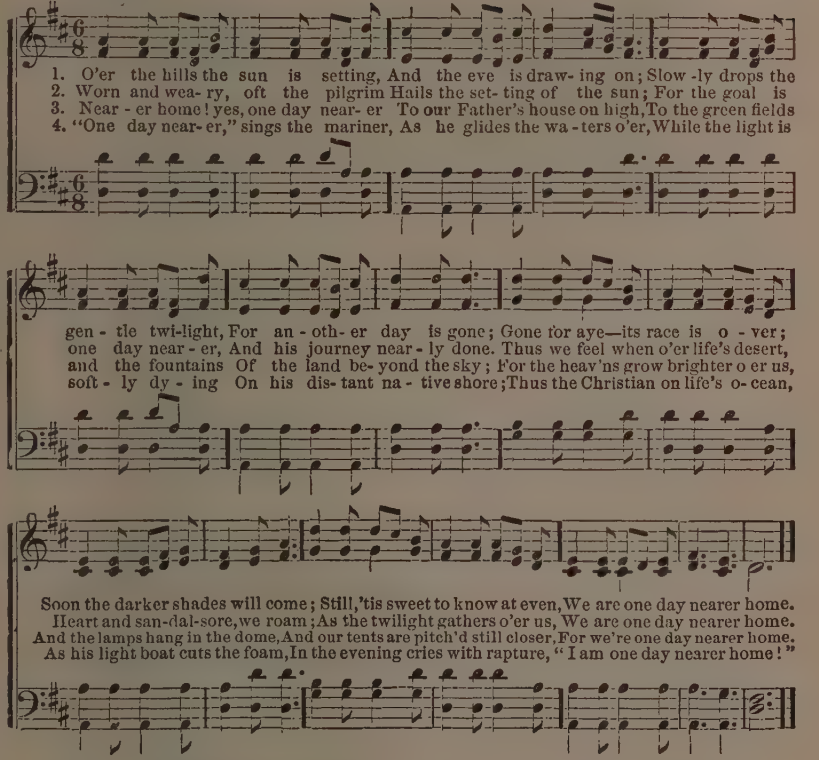
Sicily. 8s, 7s & 4.

SICILIAN MELODY.

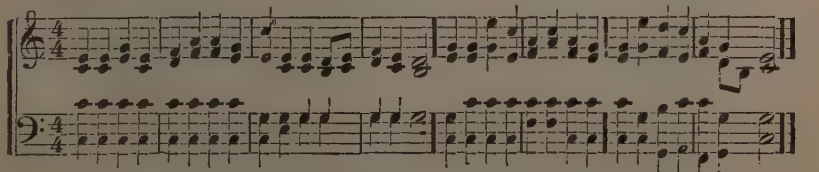


179. NEARER HOME. 8s & 7s. A. HULL.

Moderato.


1. O'er the hills the sun is setting, And the eve is draw- ing on; Slow -ly drops the
2. Worn and wea- ry, oft the pilgrim Hails the set- ting of the sun; For the goal is
3. Near - er home! yes, one day near- er To our Father's house on high, To the green fields
4. "One day near- er," sings the mariner, As he glides the wa - ters o'er, While the light is
gen - tle twi-light, For an - oth- er day is gone; Gone for aye—its race is o - ver;
one day near - er, And his journey near - ly done. Thus we feel when o'er life's desert,
and the fountains Of the land be- yond the sky; For the heav'ns grow brighter o er us,
soft - ly dy - ing On his dis- tant na - tive shore; Thus the Christian on life's o- cean,
Soon the darker shades will come; Still, 'tis sweet to know at even, We are one day nearer home.
Heart and san-dal-sore, we roam; As the twilight gathers o'er us, We are one day nearer home.
And the lamps hang in the dome, And our tents are pitch'd still closer, For we're one day nearer home.
As his light boat cuts the foam, In the evening cries with rapture, "I am one day nearer home!"

180. MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s. DR. L. MASON.



1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

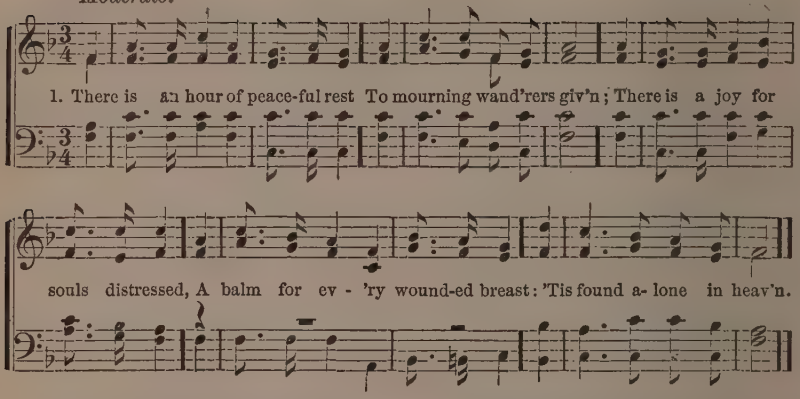
3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then, in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

181. WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.

Moderato.


1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest To mourning wand'rers giv'n; There is a joy for
souls distressed, A balm for ev - 'ry wound-ed breast: 'Tis found a- lone in heav'n.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sins and sorrows driven; [shoals,
When tossed on life's tempestuous
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart no longer riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

182. *Doing all for God.*

1 Shine on our souls, Eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine;
O, let Thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be Thine!

2 Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give
If Thou Thy love restrain.

3 With Thee let every day begin,
With Thee each day be spent,
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.

4 Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense at Thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be Thine alone.

183. *For God's Presence.*

1 Father in heaven, to whom our hearts
Would lift themselves in prayer,
Drive from our souls each earthly tho't,
And show Thy presence there.

2 Each moment of our lives renews
The mercies of the Lord;
Each moment is itself a gift
To bear us on to God.

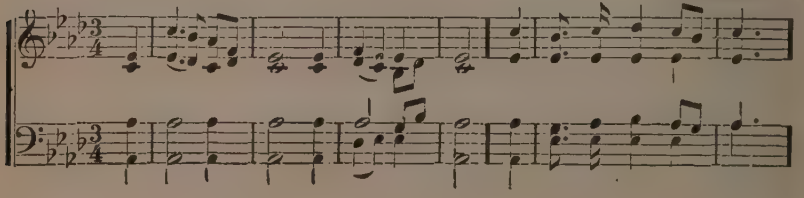
3 Help us to break the galling chains
This world has round us thrown;
Each passion of our hearts subdue,
Each cherished sin disown.

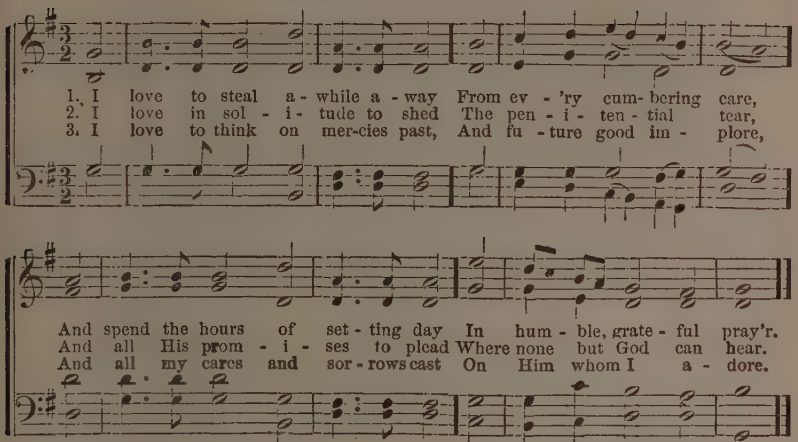
4 O Father! kindle in our souls
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust,
In Thine almighty name.

SERENITY. C. M.

FROM "HARP OF JUDAH."

L. O. EMERSON.




1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - 'ry cum- bering care,
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear,
3. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore,
And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r.
And all His prom - i - ses to plead Where none but God can hear.
And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's little day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day!

185. *Prayer for Faith.*

1 That might of faith, O Lord! bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain;
Which will not let the angel go
Until the prayer it gain.

2 On me the faith divine bestow
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my spotless life shall show
The omnipotence of love.

3 And, Father, when I doubt that I
Can live, and sing no more;
Then if on Thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.

186. *Whose service is perfect freedom.*

1 Father, Thy presence, ever near,
Help us to feel and know,
That we may find Thy kingdom here,
And walk with God below.

2 Help us to find, in Thy great love,
Our dearest hope and guide:
Who rests on wisdom from above
Can need no help beside.

3 Help us to trust that mighty hand
Which leads us on our way:
When perfect justice gives command,
'Tis freedom to obey.

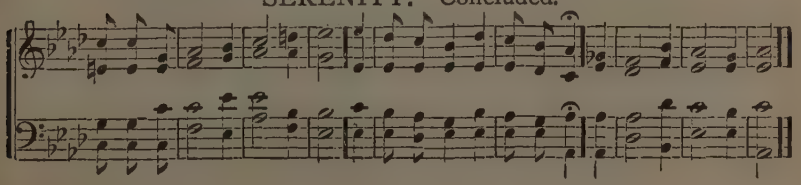
187. *Thy Kingdom come.*

1 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace
To every heart of man;
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign!

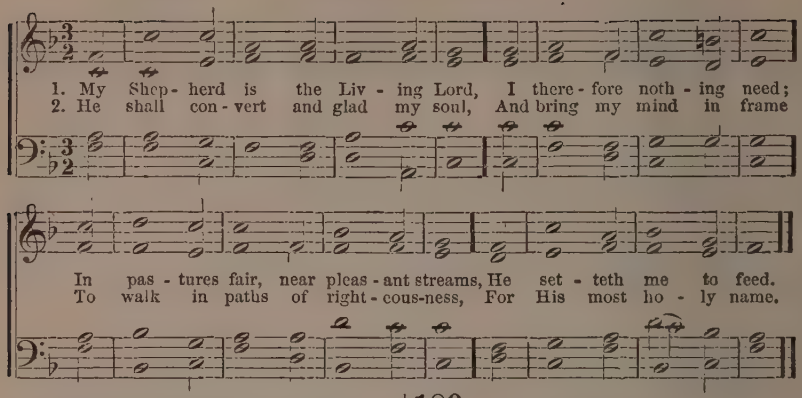
2 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin,
The joy that human thought transcends
Now to our souls bring in:

3 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect powers of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

SERENITY. Concluded.



188. MEAR. C. M.


1. My Shep - herd is the Liv - ing Lord, I there - fore noth - ing need;
2. He shall con - vert and glad my soul, And bring my mind in frame
In pas - tures fair, near pleas - ant streams, He set - teth me to feed.
To walk in paths of right - cous-ness, For His most ho - ly name.

3 Yea, though I walk the darksome vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
Thy rod and staff they comfort me,
And Thou art with me still.

4 Even in the presence of my foes,
My table Thou shalt spread;
Thou wilt fill full my cup, and Thou
Anointed hast my head.

5 Through all my life Thy favor is
So frankly shown to me,
That in Thy house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

189.

Jesus of Nazareth.

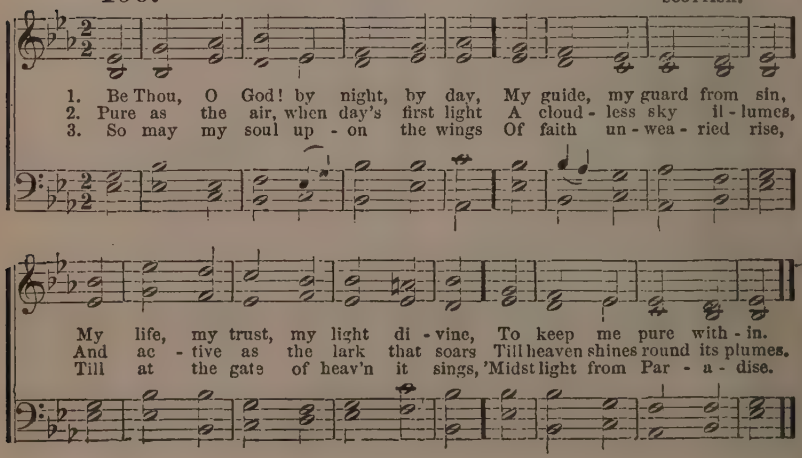
1 The loving Friend to all who bowed
Beneath life's weary load,
From lips baptized in humble prayer,
His consolations flowed.

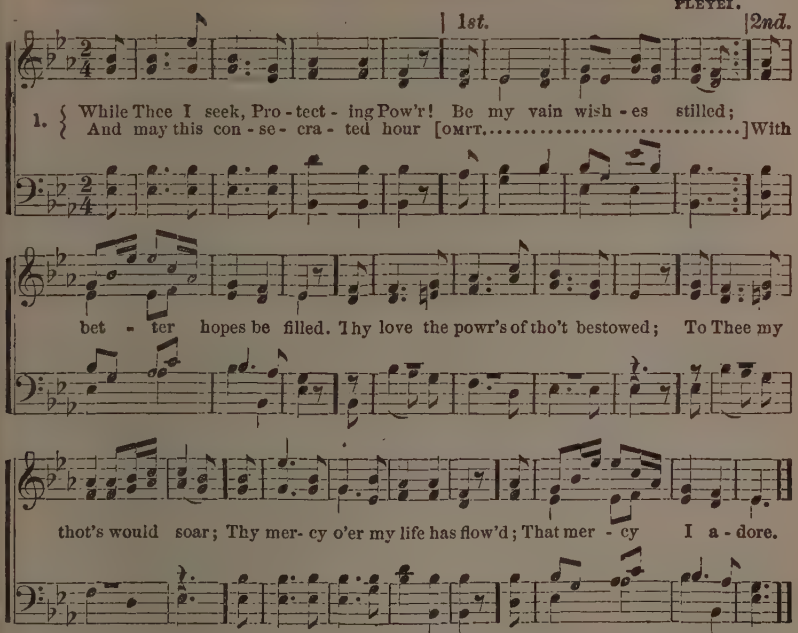
2 The faithful Witness to the Truth,
His just rebuke was hurled
Out from a heart that burned to break
The fetters of the world.

3 No hollow rite, no lifeless creed,
His piercing glance could bear; [found
But longing hearts which sought him
That God and heaven were there.

190. DUNDEE. C. M.

SCOTTISH.

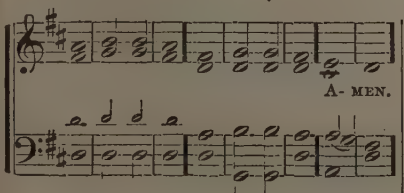

1. Be Thou, O God! by night, by day, My guide, my guard from sin,
2. Pure as the air, when day's first light A cloud - less sky il - lumes,
3. So may my soul up - on the wings Of faith un - wea - ried rise,
My life, my trust, my light di - vine, To keep me pure with - in.
And ac - tive as the lark that soars Till heaven shines round its plumes.
Till at the gate of heav'n it sings, 'Midst light from Par - a - dise.


PLEYEL.
1st.
2nd.
1. While Thee I seek, Pro - tect - ing Pow'r! Be my vain wish - es stilled;
And may this con - se - cra - ted hour [OMIT.] With
bet - ter hopes be filled. Thy love the powr's of tho't bestowed; To Thee my
thot's would soar; Thy mer- cy o'er my life has flow'd; That mer - cy I a - dore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on Thee.

192. CHANT. (The Lord is my Shepherd.)



1 The Lord is my shepherd: I | shall not | want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still | wa- — | ters.

3 He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His | name's — | sake.

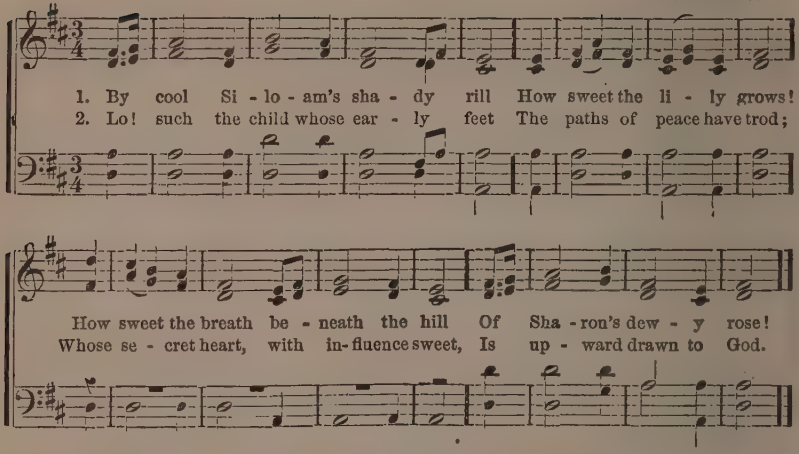
4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they | comfort | me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup runneth | over.

6 Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for- | ev- — | er. ‖A- | MEN.

193. SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.


1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How sweet the li - ly grows!
2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod;
How sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!
Whose se - cret heart, with in-fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.

3 O Thou who giv'st us life and breath!
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

194.

Prayer for Help.

1 O, help us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, in word, in deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O, help us, when our spirits bleed,
With doubt and anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O, help us, Lord, the more.

3 O, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O, help us, Father! from on high;
We know no help but Thee;
O, help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be!

195.

Abide with us.

1 Thou art, O Lord! our safest home,
Our sure abiding-place,
And to Thy heart of love we come
To find protecting grace.

2 Abiding in Thy love, we stand
Encompassed by Thy power;
And feel that Thine almighty hand
Defends us every hour.

3 We would not seek another rest,
In all this weary world,
Than we have found upon Thy breast,
With holy peace impearled.

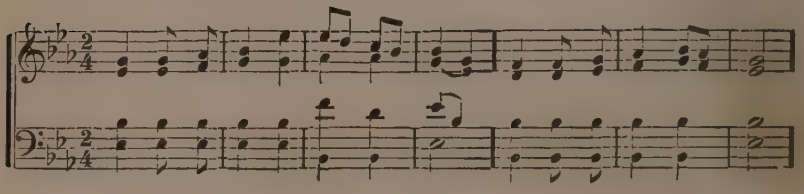
4 Abide with us, dear Lord, we pray,
Till, free from tears and sighs,
We enter the unclouded day
Of endless paradise.

5 There, with the vast, uncounted throng
Who walk in garments white,
Thy love shall tune our flowing song,
While dwelling in Thy light.

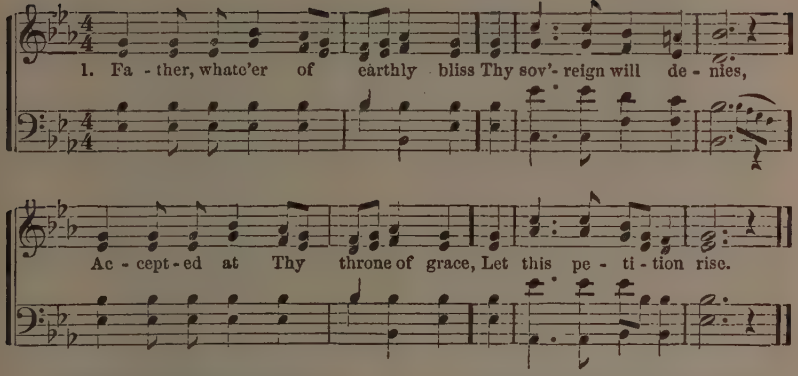
GOODWIN. C. M.

FROM "THE JUBILATE."

F. S. DAVENPORT.



DR. L. MASON



2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee;—

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless my journey's end.

197. *Praising God in Life and Death.*

1 My soul shall praise Thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, Thy boundless praise.

2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ:
Devotion heightens all my bliss,
And sanctifies my joy.

3 When gloomy care or keen distress
Invades my throbbing breast, [praise,
My tongue shall learn to speak Thy
And soothe my pains to rest.

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God:
My life, with all my active powers,
Shall spread Thy praise abroad.

198. *The Spirit of Truth.*

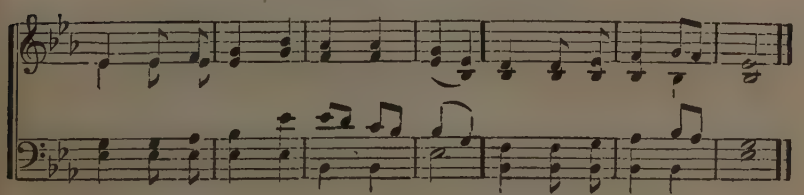
1 Spirit of Truth! be Thou my guide!
Oh, clasp my hand in Thine,
And let me never quit Thy side!
Thy comforts are divine.

2 Pride scorns Thee for Thy lowly mien;
But who like Thee can rise
Above this toilsome, sordid scene,
Beyond the holy skies?

3 Meek is Thine eye and soft Thy voice;
But wondrous is Thy might
To make the wretched soul rejoice,
To give the simple light.

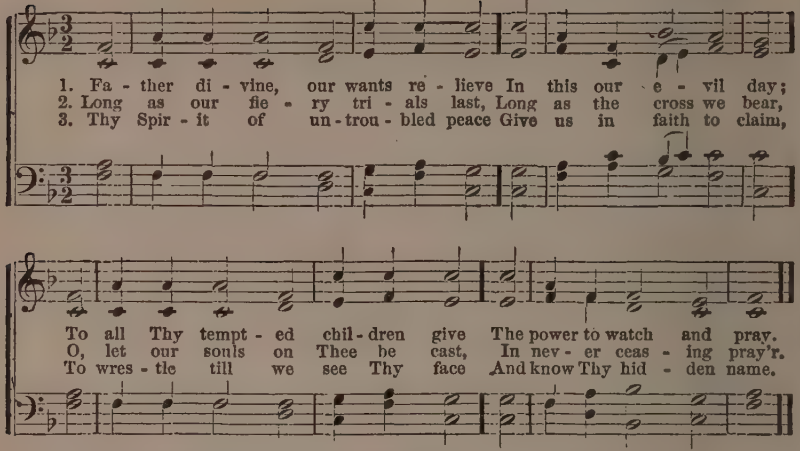
4 And still, to all that seek Thy way,
This magic power is given:
E'en while their footsteps press the clay,
Their souls ascend to heaven.

GOODWIN. Concluded.



199. MARLOW. C. M.

ARRANGED BY DR. MASON.


1. Fa - ther di - vine, our wants re - lieve In this our e - vil day;
2. Long as our fie - ry tri - als last, Long as the cross we bear,
3. Thy Spir - it of un - trou - bled peace Give us in faith to claim,
To all Thy tempt - ed chil - dren give The power to watch and pray.
O, let our souls on Thee be cast, In nev - er ceas - ing pray'r.
To wres - tle till we see Thy face And know Thy hid - den name.

4 Then let us, on the mountain-top,
Behold Thine unveiled face,
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

200.

The ways of Wisdom.

1 Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.

2 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left the prize of fame
And honor bright appears.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

201.

Come boldly to the Throne.

1 We stand unto our God how near!
Nor priest, nor veil, between;
Lord, full unto Thine own appear!
We cast away each screen.

2 Thy truth is waiting to be seized,
And Thou hast bidden us dare:
We look, we seek,—and Thou art pleased
To meet us everywhere.

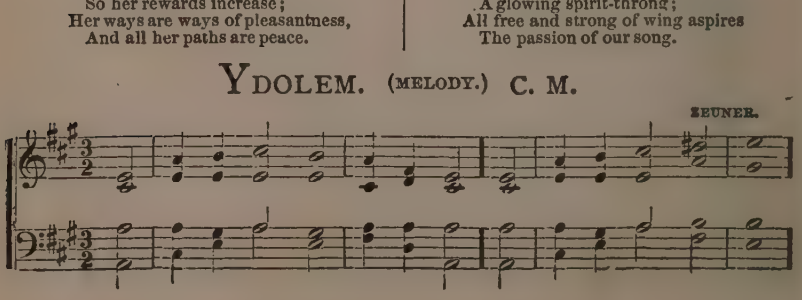
3 The Spirit's fulness we embrace;
Away with man's poor dole!
The sweetest visit of Thy grace
Asks but an open soul.

4 Full feels our solemn privacy,
The calm, celestial air;
In humble joy we lay on Thee
The loving clasp of prayer.

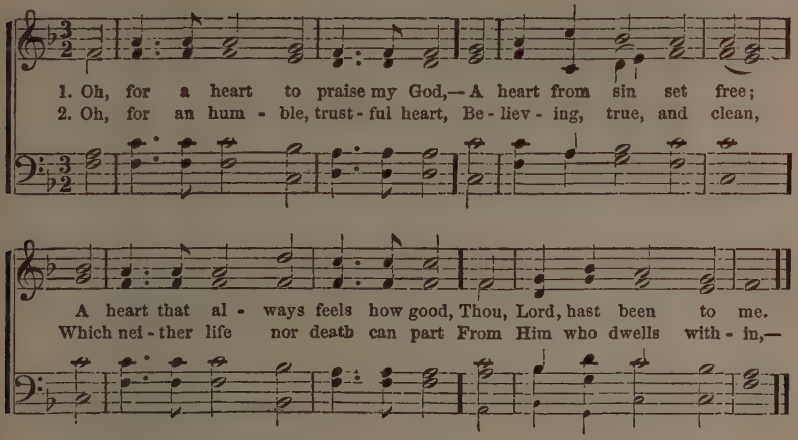
5 We mingle now our inmost fires,
A glowing spirit-throng;
All free and strong of wing aspires
The passion of our song.

YDOLEM. (MELODY.) C. M.

ZEUNER.



THOS. A. ARNE.


1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God,—A heart from sin set free;
2. Oh, for an hum - ble, trust - ful heart, Be - liev - ing, true, and clean,
A heart that al - ways feels how good, Thou, Lord, hast been to me.
Which nei - ther life nor death can part From Him who dwells with - in,—

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right and pure and good,
Conformed, O Lord! to Thine!

203. *From everlasting to everlasting.*

1 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,—

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,—
To endless years the same.

3 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy children dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

4 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

204. *Him only shalt thou worship.*

1 O God, our strength! to Thee the song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To Thee, and Thee alone, belong
Our worship, love, and praise.

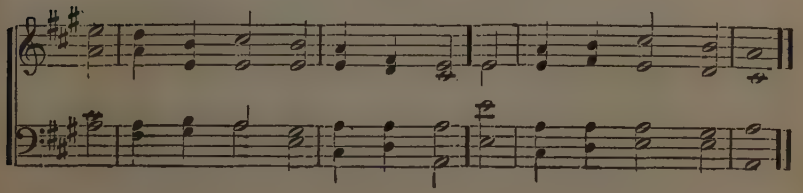
2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour
Thine ear hath heard our prayer,
And graciously Thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

3 And Thou, O ever-gracious Lord!
Dost keep Thy promise still,
If, truly hearkening to Thy word,
We seek to do Thy will.

4 Led by the light Thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols that our wayward hearts
Set up instead of Thee;

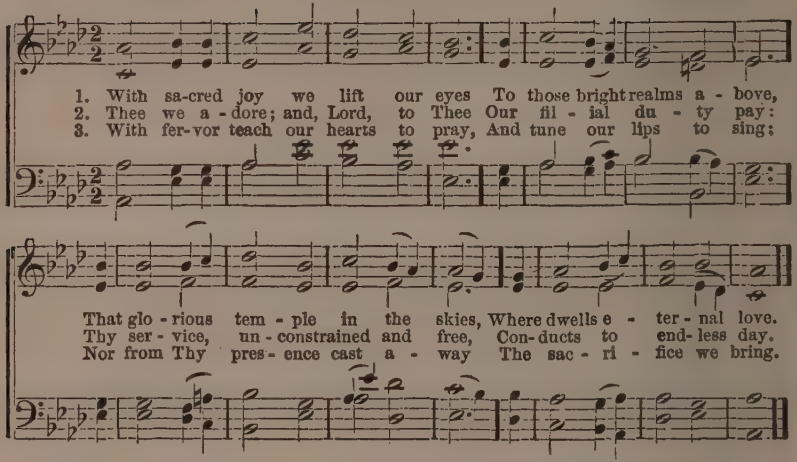
5 But to the living God alone
Our highest homage pay;
Him in our grateful hearts enthrone,
And filially obey.

YDOLEM. Concluded.



205. DEDHAM. C. M.

WM. GARDINER.


1. With sa-cred joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms a - bove,
2. Thee we a - dore; and, Lord, to Thee Our fil - ial du - ty pay:
3. With fer-vor teach our hearts to pray, And tune our lips to sing;
That glo - rious tem - ple in the skies, Where dwells e - ter - nal love.
Thy ser - vice, un - constrained and free, Con-ducts to end- less day.
Nor from Thy pres - ence cast a - way The sac - ri - fice we bring.

206. *The Father's Care.*

1 My God, my Father!—blissful name!
O, may I call Thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er Thy holy will denies
I calmly would resign;
For Thou art good, and just, and wise;
O, bend my will to Thine!

4 Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O, give me strength to bear;
Let me but know my Father reigns,
I'll trust His tender care.

207. a *The manifold Grace of God.*

1 Thou Grace Divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O Love of God most free!—

2 When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,—
O Love of God most wise!

3 And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,—
O Love of God most strong!

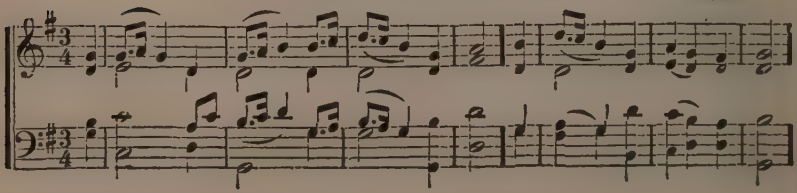
4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,—
O Love of God most kind!

5 But not alone Thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win;
We know Thee by a dearer name,—
O Love of God within!

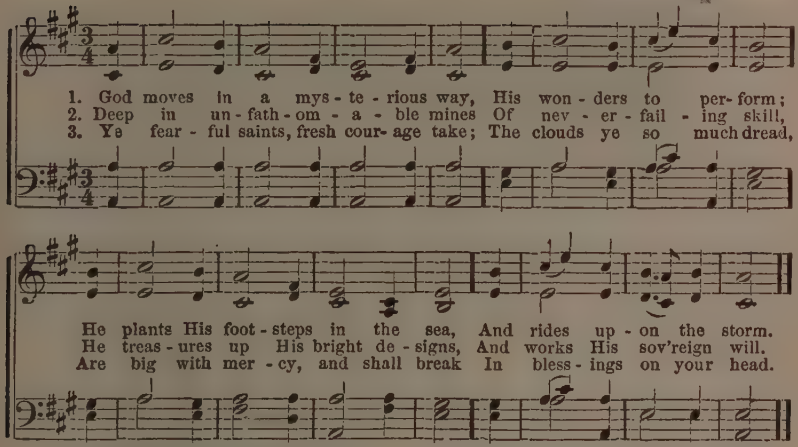
6 And, fill'd and quicken'd by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,—
O Love of God, to Thee!

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

TANSUR.



SCOTTISH MELODY.


1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way, His won - ders to per- form;
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill,
3. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh cour- age take; The clouds ye so much dread,
He plants His foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
He treas - ures up His bright de - signs, And works His sov'reign will.
Are big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless - ings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His works in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

208. *Renewed in His image.*

1 I praise and bless Thee, O my God,
My Father kind and true!
For all the old things passed away,
For all Thou hast made new.

2 And yet how much must be destroyed,
How much renewed must be,
Ere I can fully stand complete
In likeness, Lord, to Thee!

3 O God! work out Thy heavenly plan;
Within my soul unfold
The stature of the perfect man,
And Thine own image mould.

209. *The Peace of God.*

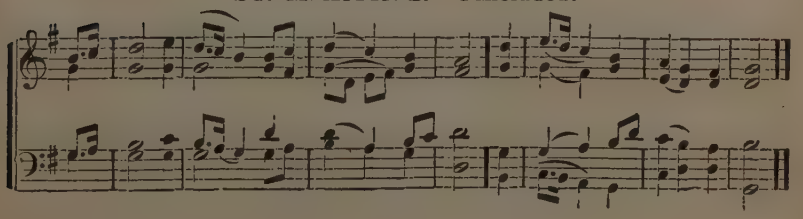
1 We ask not, Father, the repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast;—

2 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee;—

3 That peace which through the billows' [moan,
And angry tempests' roar,
Sends forth its calm, unfaltering tone
Of joy forevermore;—

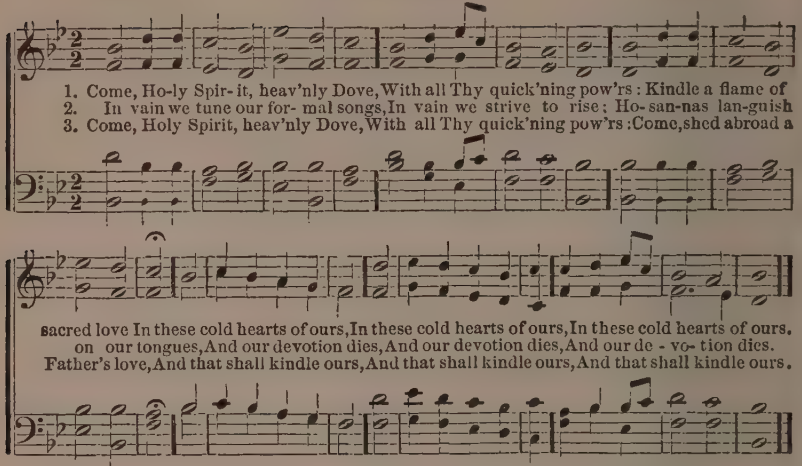
4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep;
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

ST. MARTIN'S. Concluded.



210. CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

DR. JOHN RANDALL.


1. Come, Ho-ly Spir- it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs : Kindle a flame of
2. In vain we tune our for- mal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho- san-nas lan-guish
3. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs : Come, shed abroad a
sacred love In these cold hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of ours.
on our tongues, And our devotion dies, And our devotion dies, And our de - vo- tion dies.
Father's love, And that shall kindle ours, And that shall kindle ours, And that shall kindle ours.

211. *The Heavens declare the Glory of God.*

1 Father, how wide Thy glory shines,
How high Thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power;
Their motions speak Thy skill:
And, on the wings of every hour
We read Thy patience still.

3 Oh, may I bear some humble part
In the immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

212. *Early will I seek Thee.*

1 Early, my God! without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without Thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink or die.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

213. *Te Deum.*

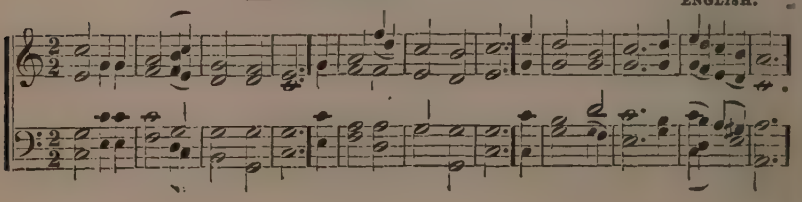
1 O God! we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou, the only Lord
And everlasting Father, art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry.

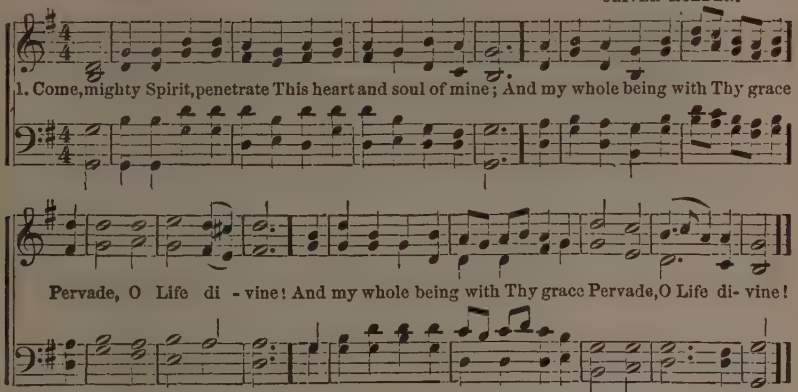
3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway.

LANESBORO'. C. M.

ENGLISH.



OLIVER HOLDEN.


1. Come, mighty Spirit, penetrate This heart and soul of mine; And my whole being with Thy grace
Pervade, O Life di - vine! And my whole being with Thy grace Pervade, O Life di- vine!

2 As the clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul.

3 As, from the clouds, drops down in love
The precious summer rain,
So, from Thyself, pour down the flood
That freshens all again.

4 Thus life within our lifeless hearts
Shall make its glad abode:
And we shall shine in beauteous light,
Filled with the light of God.

215. *For Perfect Holiness.*

1 Father, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 I hold Thee with a trembling hand;
I will not let Thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all Thy goodness know.

3 When shall I see the welcome hour
When God shall reign in me,—
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty?

4 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

216. *The call to Duty.*

1 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

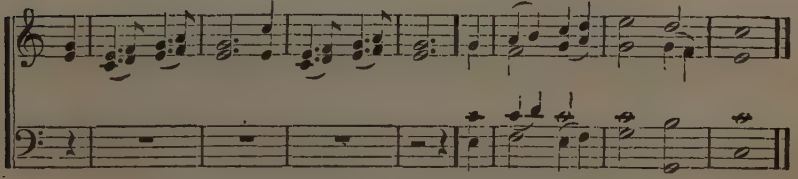
2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Shall sloth and faintness win Thy peace,
O Thou, the martyr's God?

3 The fearless heart Thou wilt sustain,
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

4 The saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

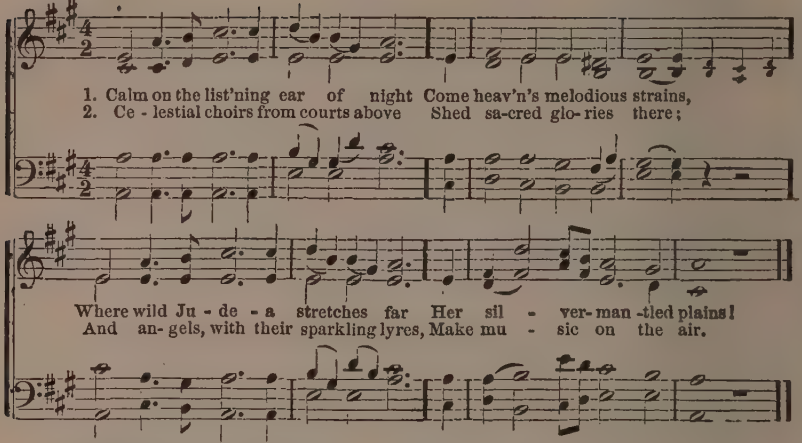
5 When Thy illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

LANESBORO'. Concluded.



217. GOULD. C. M.

"MODERN HARP."


1. Calm on the list'ning ear of night Come heav'n's melodious strains,
2. Ce - lestial choirs from courts above Shed sa-cred glo-ries there;
Where wild Ju - de - a stretches far Her sil - ver-man -tled plains!
And an- gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee,
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's Eternal King!"

218. *The Hour of Prayer.*

1 Thou Lord of life! whose tender care
Hath led us on till now,
We in this quiet hour of prayer
Before Thy presence bow.

2 Thou, blessed God! hast been our Guide,
Through life our Guard and Friend;
O, still, on life's uncertain tide,
Preserve us to the end!

3 To Thee our grateful praise we bring,
For mercies day by day:
Lord, teach our hearts Thy praise to sing,
Lord, teach us how to pray!

219. *All my springs are in Thee.*

1 My heart is resting, O my God!
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the sacred Source
Of every precious thing.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

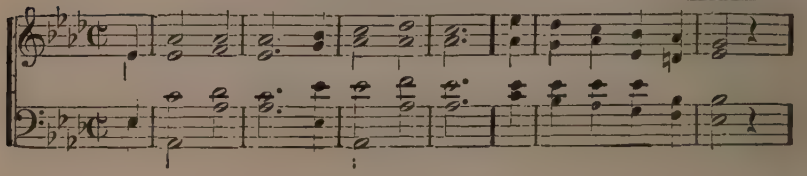
3 Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,—
The fear that sends me to Thy breast
For what is most mine own.

4 Mine be the reverent listening love
That waits all day on Thee;
The service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see;

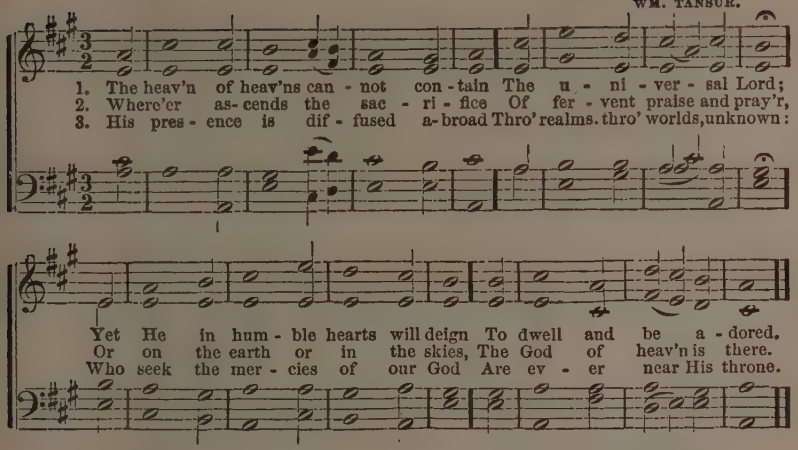
5 The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

6 My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and praise
Resounding everywhere.

HUMMEL. C. M.



WM. TANSUR.


1. The heav'n of heav'ns can - not con - tain The u - ni - ver - sal Lord;
2. Where'er as- cends the sac - ri - fice Of fer - vent praise and pray'r,
3. His pres - ence is dif - fused a- broad Thro' realms. thro' worlds, unknown:
Yet He in hum - ble hearts will deign To dwell and be a - dored.
Or on the earth or in the skies, The God of heav'n is there.
Who seek the mer - cies of our God Are ev - er near His throne.

221. *He knoweth what we have need of.*

1 Author of good, we rest on Thee;
Thine ever-watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 In Thine all-gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide;
O, let Thy power be our defence,
Thy love our footsteps guide!

3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill,—

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Thy mercy still supply!
The good unasked, O Father, grant;
The ill, though asked, deny!

222. *The Soul longing for Home.*

1 O Father! fix this wavering will,
That wanders far and wide,
And teach me that true peace is found
In staying at Thy side.

2 O Father! fix this restless heart
That still abroad will roam;
I long to rest my weary feet,
I long to find my home.

223. *The Heavenly Guide.*

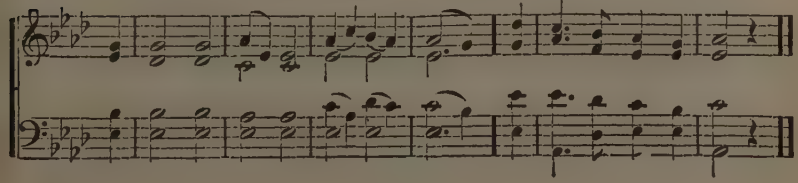
1 When thirst for power or for gold
Hath led our souls astray; [told,
When, blind, by blinder guides we're
"Lo, here thou'lt find the way;"

2 Look down, O Father, from above;
Set us from error free;
Teach us to serve Thee here in love,
And find our home in Thee.

3 When faith Thy guidance humbly takes,
And seeks Thy will to do,
Clear light upon our pathway breaks,
The world to guide us through.

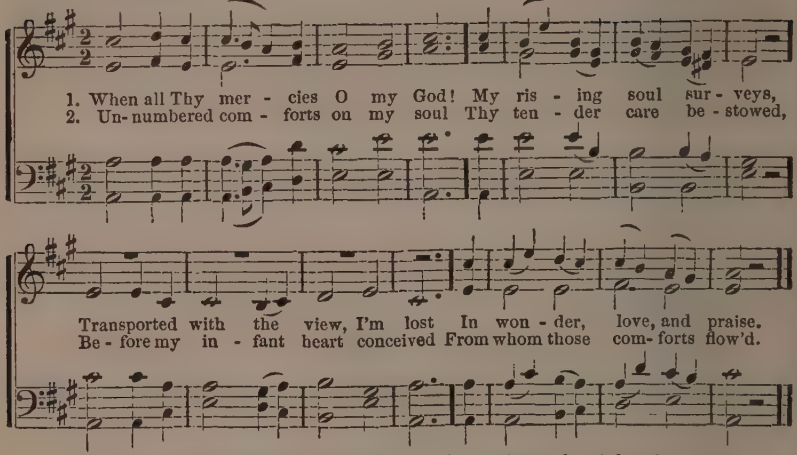
4 Thy Spirit send, our souls to keep;
Thy wisdom make our own; [deep,
And though our way leads through the
We wander not alone.

HUMMEL. Concluded.



224. NICHOLS. C. M.

FROM "MODERN HARP." G. HEWS.


1. When all Thy mer - cies O my God! My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
2. Un-numbered com - forts on my soul Thy ten - der care be - stowed,
Transported with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.
Be - fore my in - fant heart conceived From whom those com- forts flow'd.

3 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ:
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

225. *Prayer for Wisdom.*

1 Father of light! conduct our feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Us nearer to our God.

2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be our guide;
And when we go astray,
Recall our feet from folly's paths
To wisdom's better way.

3 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate each heart;

4 Till it shall lead us to Thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love!
And all our darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

226. *Prayer for Faith.*

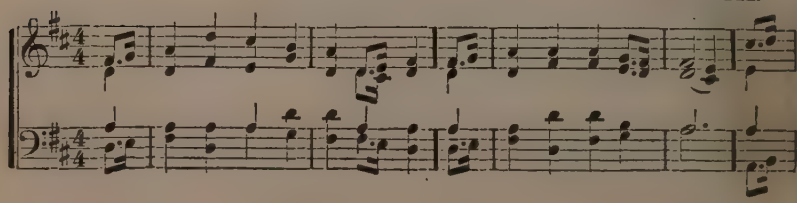
1 O, for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without:
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

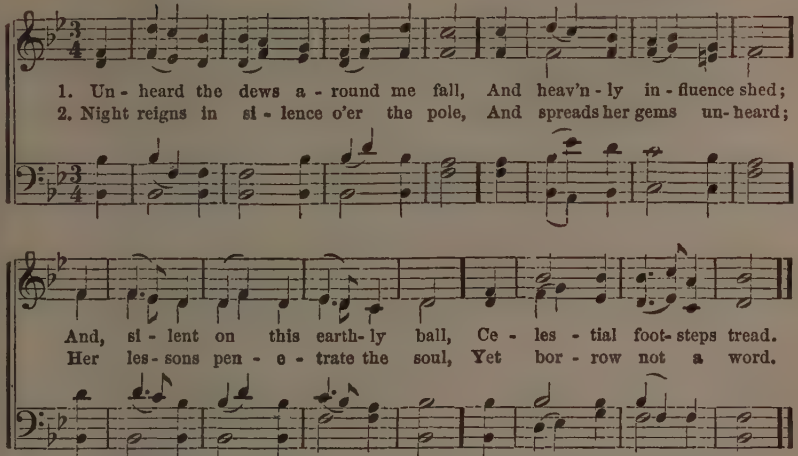
3 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

ARR. FROM HANDEL.



FROM "MODERN HARP."


1. Un - heard the dews a - round me fall, And heav'n - ly in - fluence shed;
2. Night reigns in si - lence o'er the pole, And spreads her gems un - heard;
And, si - lent on this earth - ly ball, Ce - les - tial foot - steps tread.
Her les - sons pen - e - trate the soul, Yet bor - row not a word.

3 Noiseless the sun emits his fire,
And pours his golden streams;
And silently the shades retire
Before his rising beams.

4 O! grant my soul an ear to hear
Thy deep and silent voice;
To bend in lowly, filial fear,
And in Thy love rejoice.

228. *The will of God.*

1 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost,
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

2 Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His dear will.

3 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

4 I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

229. *The Call.*

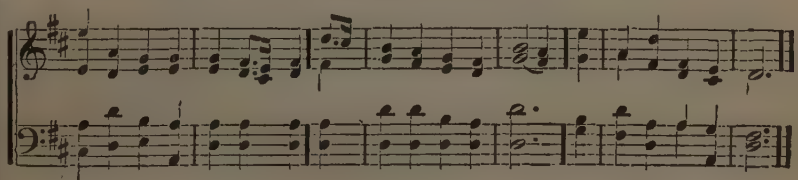
1 O, not alone with outward sign
Of fear, or voice from heaven,
The message of a truth divine,
The call of God is given;

2 Awakening in the human heart
Love for the True and Right,
Zeal for the spirit's better part,
Strength for the moral fight.

3 Though heralded by naught of fear,
Or outward sign, or show;
Though only to the inward ear
It whisper soft and low;

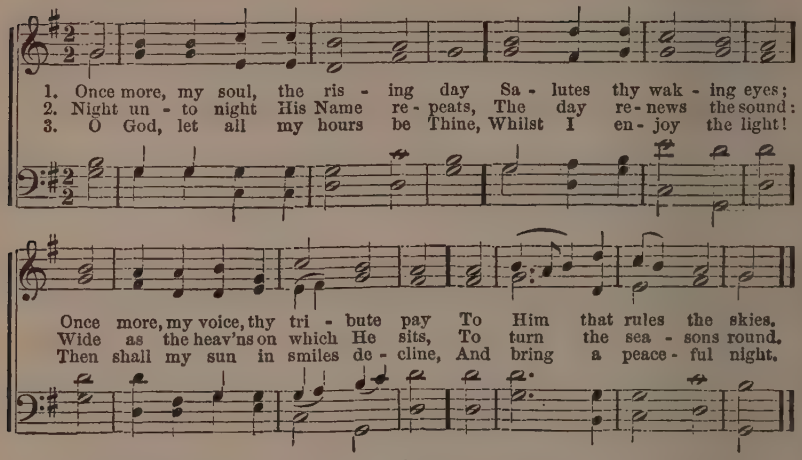
4 Though dropping as the sunbeams fall,
Unseen, yet from above,
Holy and gentle, heed the call,—
The Father's call of Love.

CHRISTMAS. Concluded.



230. PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

R. HARRISON.


1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes;
2. Night un - to night His Name re - peats, The day re - news the sound:
3. O God, let all my hours be Thine, Whilst I en - joy the light!
Once more, my voice, thy tri - bute pay To Him that rules the skies.
Wide as the heav'ns on which He sits, To turn the sea - sons round.
Then shall my sun in smiles de - cline, And bring a peace - ful night.

231. *I will sing of Thy power and Thy mercy.*

1 Our Father, God! Thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to Thee!

2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean depths,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of heaven we see;
And all the blessings we receive
Proceed, O God! from Thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On Thee our hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father, and our Friend!

232. *The Divine Spirit.*

1 Spirit divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power;
Come, holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light; to waiting minds
That long the truth to know,
Reveal the narrow path of right,
The way of duty show.

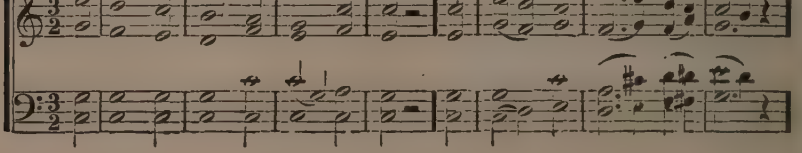
3 Come as the fire; enkindle now
The sacrificial flame,
Till our whole souls an offering be,
In love's redeeming name.

4 Come as the dew; on hearts that pine
Descend in this still hour,
Till every barren place shall own
With joy Thy quickening power.

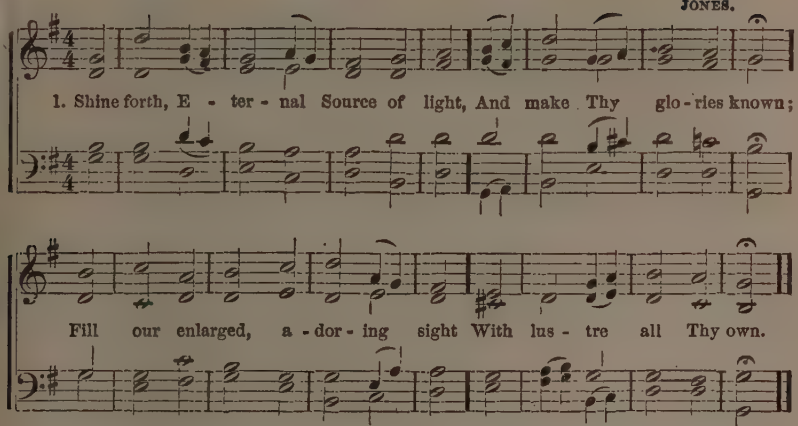
5 Come as the wind; sweep clean away
What dead within us lies,
And search and freshen all our souls
With living energies.

BEMERTON. C. M.

GREATOREX COLL.



JONES.



2 Vain are the charms and faint the rays
The brightest creatures boast;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Is in Thy presence lost.

3 To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill:
True science is to read Thy name;
True life, to obey Thy will.

4 For this I long, for this I pray,
And, following on, pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

234. *The Day.*

1 Thou art my morning, God of light;
Thy day-spring wakes my soul;
Thy radiant smile subdues the night,
And shall the day control.

2 And Thou my noon, O Father! art;
Thy central warmth I own:
The glowing fulness of my heart
Pulses from Thee alone.

3 And Thou my evening: let me rest,
When life declines, in Thee;
As sinks the sun into the west,
Thou wilt my guardian be.

4 A brighter morning round Thy Throne
Shall dawn with light more fair:
Father, I trust in Thee alone;
Thou wilt awake me there.

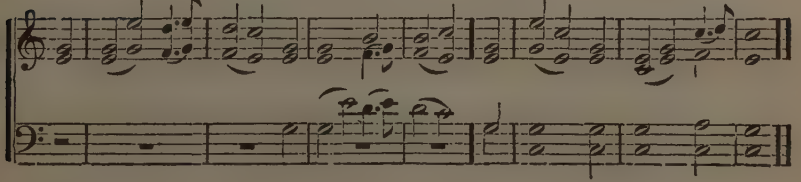
235. *God is Love.*

1 Come, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your soul above:
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that God is love.

2 Behold! His loving kindness waits
For those who from Him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them God is love.

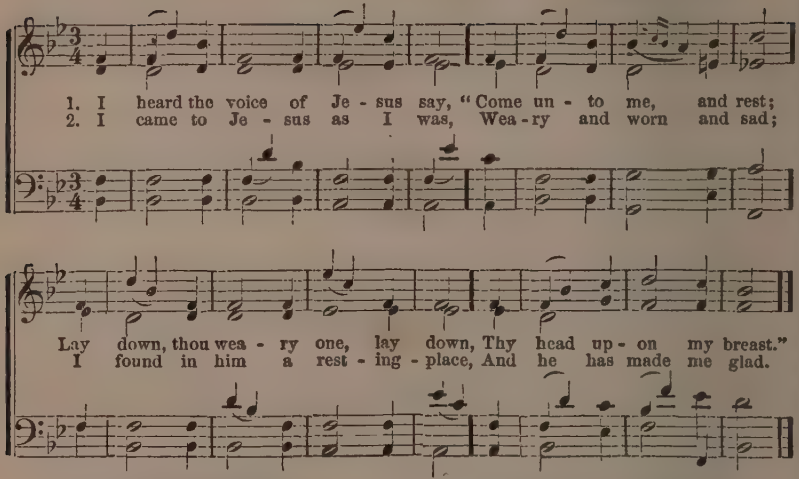
3 Oh may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove,
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that God is love!

BEMERTON. Concluded.



236. GEER. C. M.

GREATOREX'S COL.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me, and rest;
2. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down, Thy head up - on my breast."
I found in him a rest - ing - place, And he has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold! I freely give
The living water: thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live!"

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream: [revived,
My thirst was quenched, my soul
And now I live in him.

237. *We lift up our Hearts unto the Lord.*

1 Being of beings, God of love!
To Thee our hearts we raise;
Thine all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing Thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly Thine, we long to be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by Thee,
To Thee ourselves we give.

3 As heavenward every wish aspires
For all Thy mercy's store,
The sole return Thy love requires
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask, we open now
Our hearts to embrace Thy will;
Into our spirits, Spirit! flow;
With all Thy fulness fill!

238. *For the Divine Presence.*

1 Speak with us, Lord; Thyself reveal,
While here on earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of Thy love.

2 With Thee conversing, we forget
All toil and time and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou art present there.

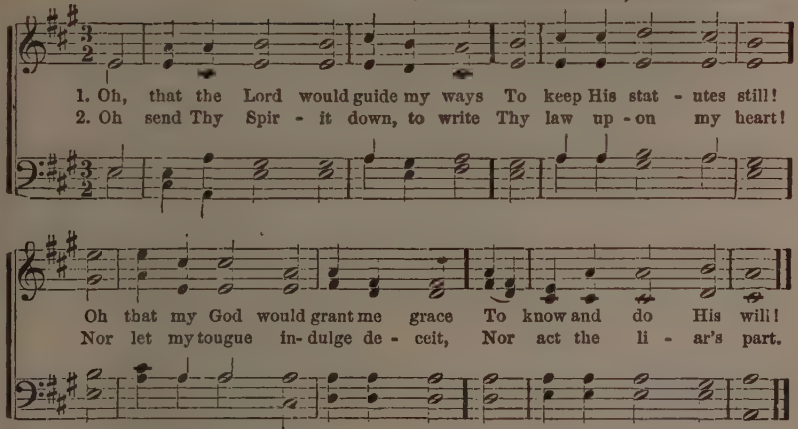
3 Here then, our God, be pleased to stay,
And bid our hearts rejoice;
Our bounding hearts shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.

4 Thou callest us to seek Thy face;
Thy face, O God, we seek,
Attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

MANOAH. C. M.

GREATOREX'S COL.

ARRANGED FROM GLASER, BY DR. MASON.


1. Oh, that the Lord would guide my ways To keep His stat - utes still!
2. Oh send Thy Spir - it down, to write Thy law up - on my heart!
Oh that my God would grant me grace To know and do His will!
Nor let my tongue in- dulge de - ceit, Nor act the li - ar's part.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

240. *For inward Peace.*

1 O for a heart of calm repose
Amid the world's loud roar,
A life that like a river flows
Along a peaceful shore!

2 Come, Holy Spirit, still my heart
With gentleness divine;
Indwelling peace Thou canst impart,
O, make that blessing mine!

3 Above these scenes of storm and strife
There spreads a region fair;
Give me to live that higher life,
And breathe that heavenly air!

4 Come, Holy Spirit, breathe that peace!
That victory make me win!
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
And find a heaven within.

241. *The Wanderer's Return.*

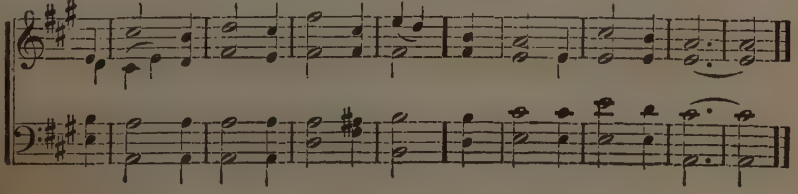
1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek Thy Father's face;
These new desires which in thee burn,
Were kindled by His grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears Thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Repentant wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear;
Take up thy cross, and grateful learn
How soon He can forbear.

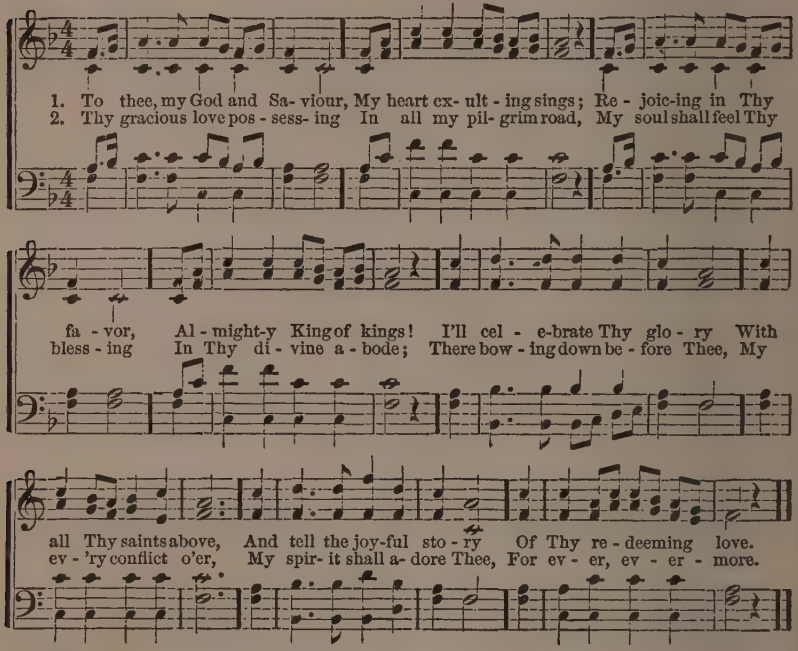
4 Repentant wanderer, return,
And wipe thy falling tear:
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near!

MANOAH. Concluded.



242. GERMANTOWN. 7s & 6s.

DR. L. MASON.


1. To thee, my God and Sa- viour, My heart ex- ult - ing sings; Re - joic-ing in Thy
2. Thy gracious love pos - sess- ing In all my pil- grim road, My soul shall feel Thy
fa - vor, Al - might-y King of kings! I'll cel - e-brate Thy glo - ry With
bless - ing In Thy di - vine a - bode; There bow - ing down be - fore Thee, My
all Thy saints above, And tell the joy-ful sto - ry Of Thy re - deeming love.
ev - 'ry conflict o'er, My spir- it shall a- dore Thee, For ev - er, ev - er - more.

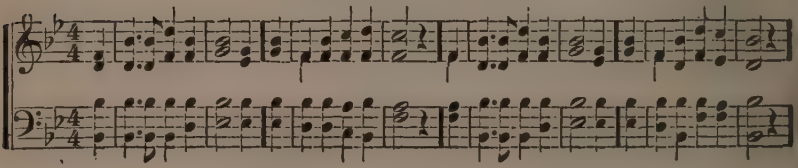
243. *Teach us to number our Days.*

1 O God, the Rock of ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene;
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting Thou!

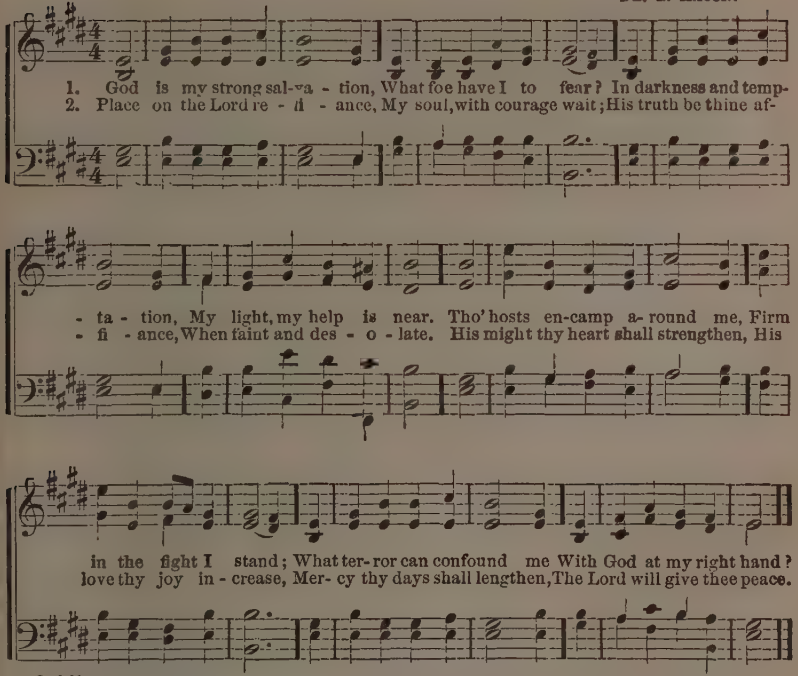
2 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy spirit brighten
The heart Thyself hast blest.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

G. J. WEBB.



DR. L. MASON.

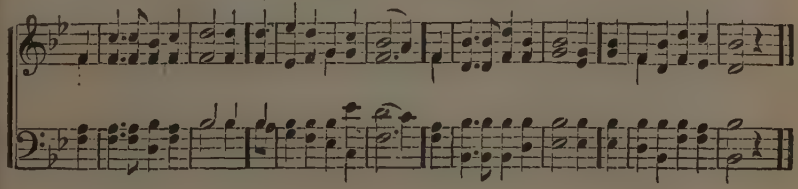

1. God is my strong sal-va - tion, What foe have I to fear? In darkness and temp-
2. Place on the Lord re - li - ance, My soul, with courage wait; His truth be thine af-
- ta - tion, My light, my help is near. Tho' hosts en-camp a-round me, Firm
- li - ance, When faint and des - o - late. His might thy heart shall strengthen, His
in the fight I stand; What ter-ror can confound me With God at my right hand?
love thy joy in - crease, Mer- cy thy days shall lengthen, The Lord will give thee peace.

245.

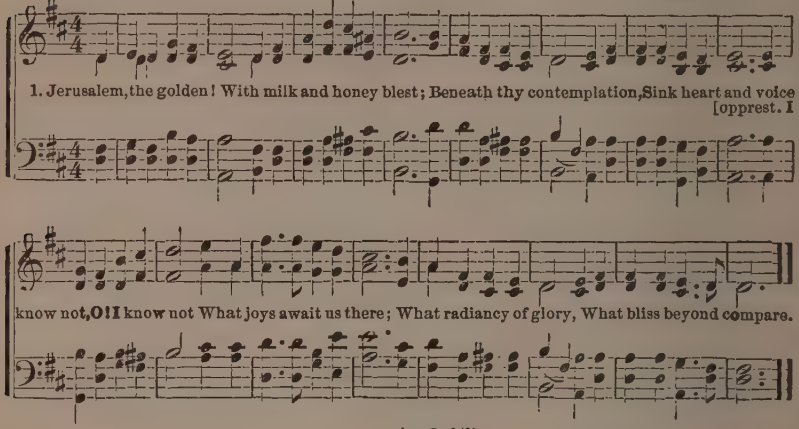
Light for all.

1 The light pours down from heaven,
And enters where it may;
The eyes of all earth's children
Are cheered with one bright day.
So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill men's waiting spirits,
As waters fill the sea.

2 Then let each human spirit
Enjoy the vision bright;
The truth which comes from heaven
Shall spread like heaven's own light;
Till earth becomes God's temple;
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

WEBB. Concluded.

246. Jerusalem the Golden. 7s & 6s.

ENGLISH HYMN.


1. Jerusalem, the golden! With milk and honey blest; Beneath thy contemplation, Sink heart and voice oppress. I
know not, O I know not What joys await us there; What radiancy of glory, What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever near them,
The daylight is serene:
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

247.

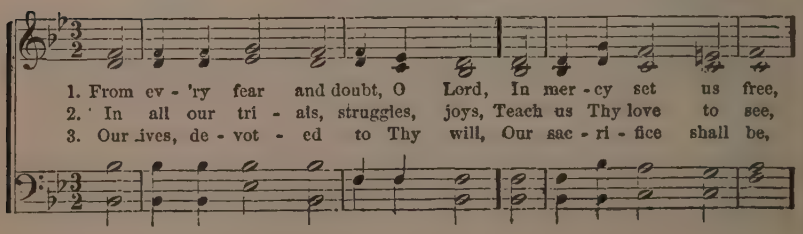
God's Love.

1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storms may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

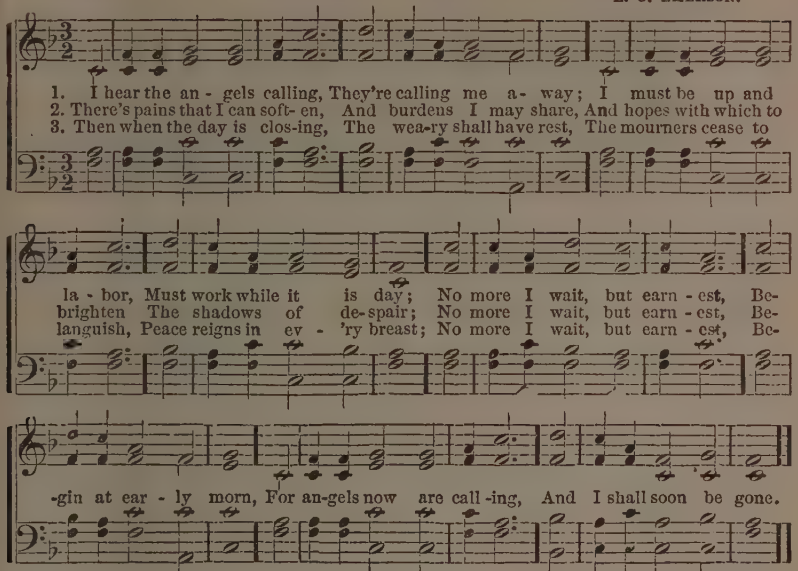
2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
The Father is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

248. Peace. C. M.

L. O. EMERSON.


1. From ev - 'ry fear and doubt, O Lord, In mer - cy set us free,
2. In all our tri - als, struggles, joys, Teach us Thy love to see,
3. Our lives, de - vot - ed to Thy will, Our sac - ri - fice shall be,

L. O. EMERSON.


1. I hear the an - gels calling, They're calling me a- way; I must be up and
2. There's pains that I can soft- en, And burdens I may share, And hopes with which to
3. Then when the day is clos-ing, The wea-ry shall have rest, The mourners cease to
la - bor, Must work while it is day; No more I wait, but earn - est, Be-
brighten The shadows of de-spair; No more I wait, but earn - est, Be-
languish, Peace reigns in ev - 'ry breast; No more I wait, but earn - est, Be-
-gin at ear - ly morn, For an-gels now are call -ing, And I shall soon be gone.

250. *Ever with me.*

1 Thou'rt with me, O my Father,
At early dawn of day:
It is Thy glory bright'neth
The upward-streaming ray:
It calls me by its beauty
To rise and worship Thee:
I feel Thy glorious presence,
Thy face I may not see.

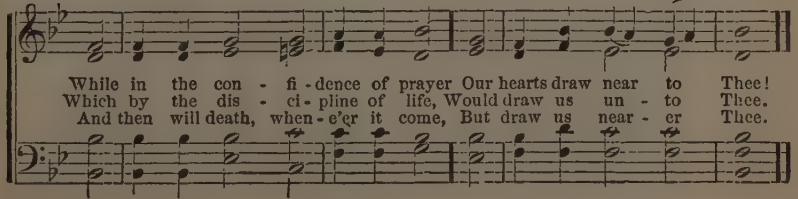
2 Thou'rt with me, O my Father,
In changing scenes of life,
In loneliness of spirit,
In weariness of strife;
My sufferings, my comforts,
Alternate at Thy will:
I trust Thee, O my Father;
I trust Thee, and am still.

3 Thou'rt with me, O my Father,
In evening's darkening gloom:
When earth in night is shrouded,
Thy presence fills my room.
The little stars bring tidings
Of kindness from above:
I love Thee, O my Father,
And feel that Thou art love.

251. *Thine is the Glory forever.*

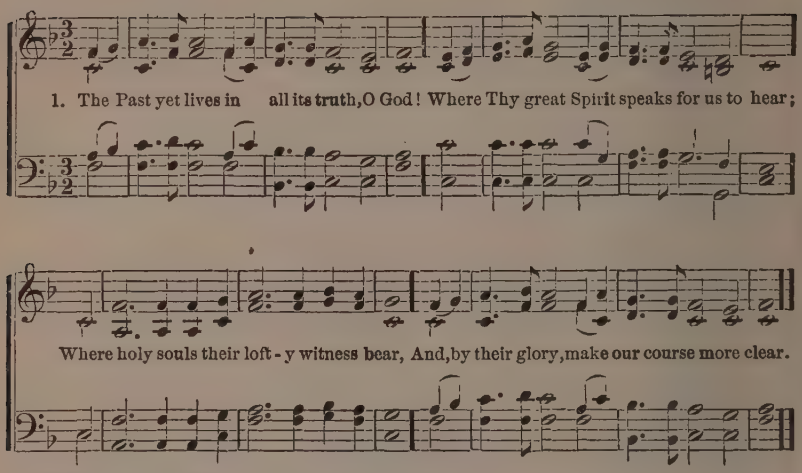
1 To Thee, the Lord almighty,
Our noblest praise we give,
Who all things hast created,
And blessest all that live;
Whose goodness, never-failing
Through countless ages gone,
Forever and forever
Shall still keep shining on.

PEACE. Concluded.


While in the con - fi - dence of prayer Our hearts draw near to Thee!
Which by the dis - ci - pline of life, Would draw us un - to Thee.
And then will death, when - e'er it come, But draw us near - er Thee.

252. MELTON. IOS.

DR. LOWELL MASON.


1. The Past yet lives in all its truth, O God! Where Thy great Spirit speaks for us to hear;
Where holy souls their loft-y witness bear, And, by their glory, make our course more clear.

2 That such as these have trod the world's steep path,
Wresting from sin its strength, from wrong its throne,
In every age and clime the leaders true
By whom the way of life to man is shown,—

3 We, with our spirits waked to higher aims,
Would thank Thee, holy Father of our souls,
Taking to heart the prophecy of might,
That from their burning deeds forever rolls.

4 We too, like them, O God! would work with Thee,
And consecrate our lives to guard the right;
For thus alone can we, Thy children, be
Worthy this priceless heritage of light.

5 O, lead us, Father! break all bonds that keep
Our souls from heeding Thee, and only Thee;
Teach us, that they who serve the living Truth
Hallow all time, and move eternity.

253.

God is Spirit.

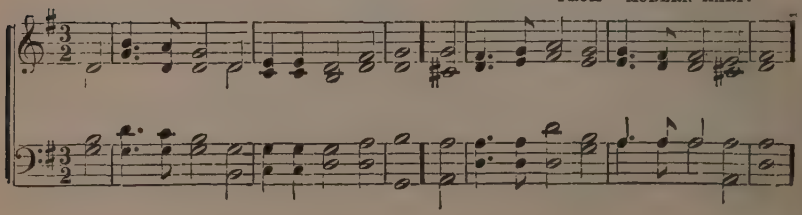
1 O God, O Spirit, Light of all that live!
Who dost on them that sit in darkness shine,
The darkness ever with the light doth strive,
Yet pour on us again Thy beams divine.

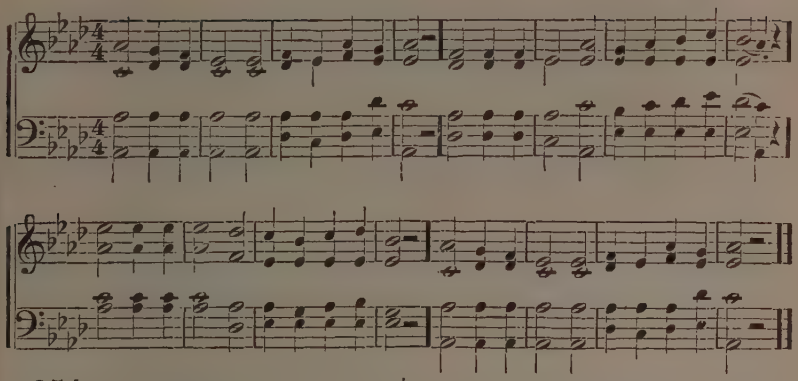
2 O Breath from out the Eternal Silence! blow
Softly upon our spirits' barren ground;
The precious fulness of our God bestow,
That fruits of faith, love, reverence may abound.

3 O Fountain! that dost unexhausted flow
To quench the thirst that seeks Thy waters clear,
O God, O Spirit, Life of life! flow now
Into the quiet hearts which seek Thee here.

ISTRIA. IOS.

FROM "MODERN HARP."





254. *My Heaven in Thee.*

1 Father divine, this deadening power control,
Which to the senses binds the immortal soul;
O break this bondage, Lord! I would be free,
And in my soul would find my heaven in Thee.

2 My heaven in Thee! O God, no other heaven
To the immortal soul can e'er be given;
O, let Thy kingdom now within me come,
And as above, so here, Thy will be done!

3 My heaven in Thee! O Father, let me find—
My heaven in Thee, within a heart resigned;
No more, of heaven and bliss, my soul, despair,
For where my God is found, my heaven is there.

255. *One God and Father of all.*

1 O Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
Unchang'd thro' time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God! there is no God beside.

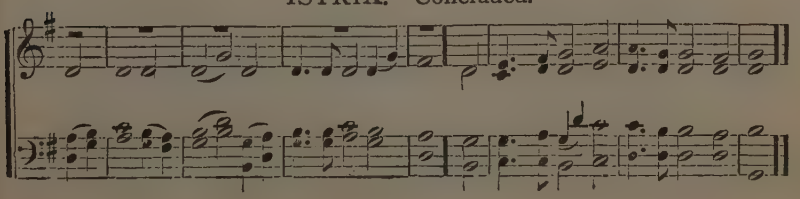
2 Being above all beings, Mighty One,
Whom none can comprehend and none explore,
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone,
Being whom we call God, and know no more!

3 Thy laws the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath;
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life with death.

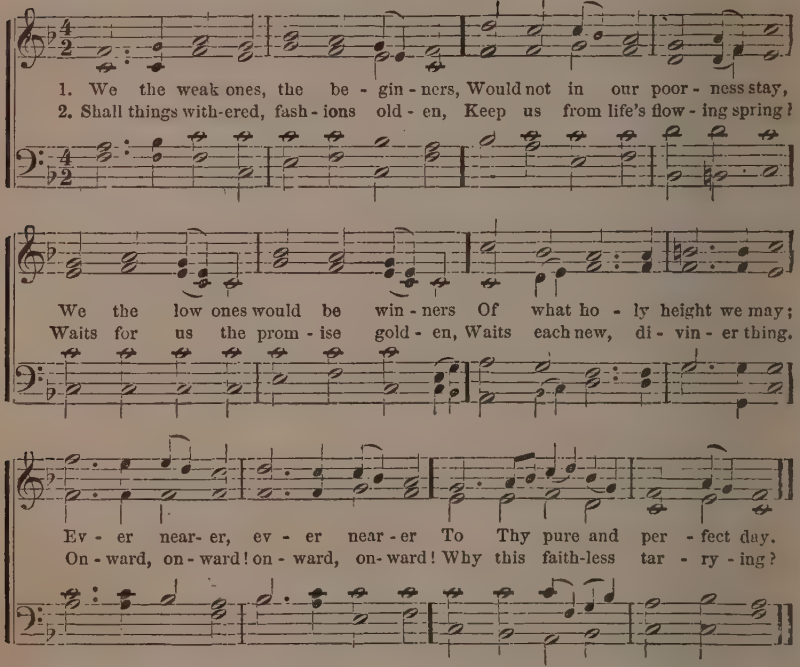
4 Father! the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes; in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.

5 O thought ineffable! O vision blest!
Though poor be our conceptions all, of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to the Deity.

ISTRIA. Concluded.



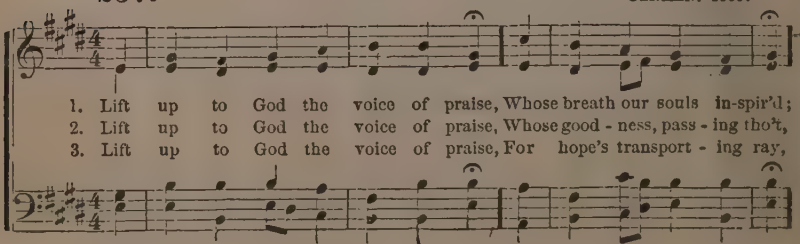
256. Haydn's Hymn. 8s, 7s & 4. FROM J. HAYDN.

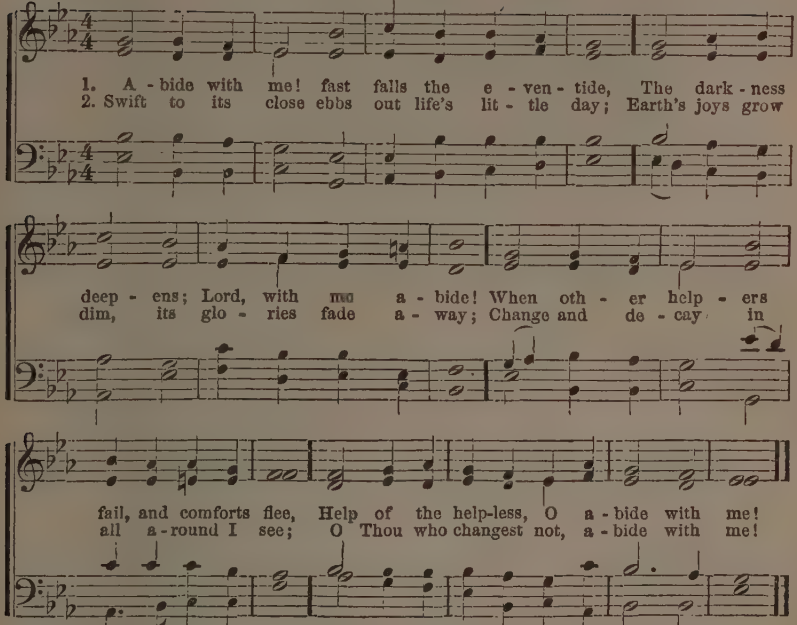

1. We the weak ones, the be - gin - ners, Would not in our poor - ness stay,
2. Shall things with-ered, fash - ions old - en, Keep us from life's flow - ing spring?
We the low ones would be win - ners Of what ho - ly height we may;
Waits for us the prom - ise gold - en, Waits each new, di - vin - er thing.
Ev - er near - er, ev - er near - er To Thy pure and per - fect day.
On - ward, on - ward! on - ward, on - ward! Why this faith-less tar - ry - ing?

3 By each saving word unspoken,
By Thy truth, as yet half won,
By each idol yet unbroken,
By Thy will, yet poorly done,
Hear us, hear us,
Thou Almighty, help us on!

4 Nearer to Thee would we venture,
Of Thy truth more largely take,
Upon life diviner enter,
Into day more glorious break,
To the ages,
Fair bequests and costly make.

257. Praise to God. GERMAN. 1609.


1. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls in-spir'd;
2. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose good - ness, pass - ing tho't,
3. Lift up to God the voice of praise, For hope's transport - ing ray,


1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries fade a - way; Change and de - cay in
fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
On to the close, O Lord! abide with me!

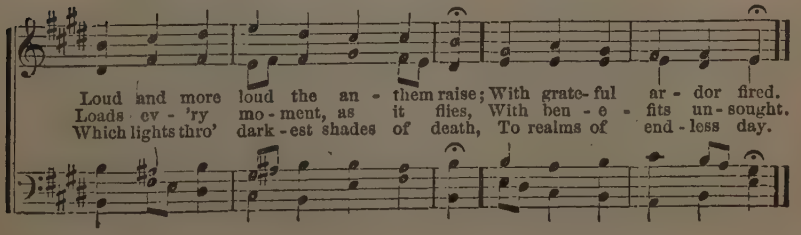
259. *The Father of Spirits.*

1 O Father-eye, that hath so truly watched!
O Father-hand, that hath so gently led!
O Father-heart, that by our prayers is touched,
That loves us even when we are cold and dead!

2 O Father Spirit, who with gentlest breath
Dost calm and teach, dost comfort or reprove,
Who givest us all joy and hope and faith,
Through whom we live at peace with all in love!

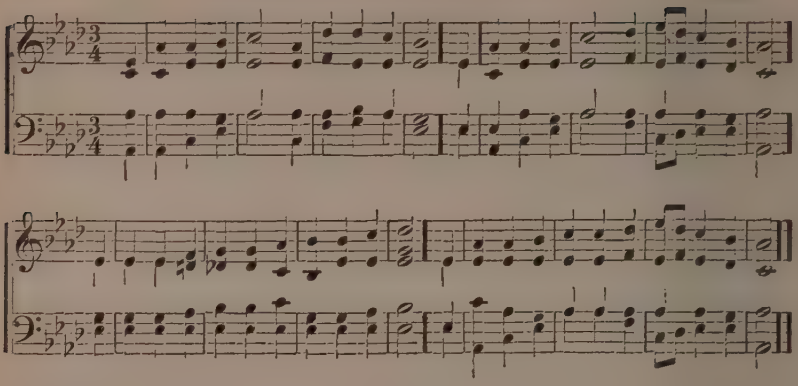
3 Now shed Thy mighty influence abroad
On souls that would their Father's image bear;
Make us as holy temples of our God,
Where dwells forever calm, adoring prayer.

PRAISE TO GOD. Concluded.


Loud and more loud the an - them raise; With grate- ful ar - dor fired.
Loads ev - 'ry mo - ment, as it flies, With ben - e - fits un - sought.
Which lights thro' dark - est shades of death, To realms of end - less day.

LYONS. IOS & I IS.

HAYDN.



260.

1 O worship the King, all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 His bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends on the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

3 O Loving and Just! we, feeble and frail,
In Thee put our trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end;
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

261. *I will extol Thee, O God!*

1 Yea, I will extol Thee,
Lord of Life and light!
For Thine arm upheld me,
Turned my foes to flight.

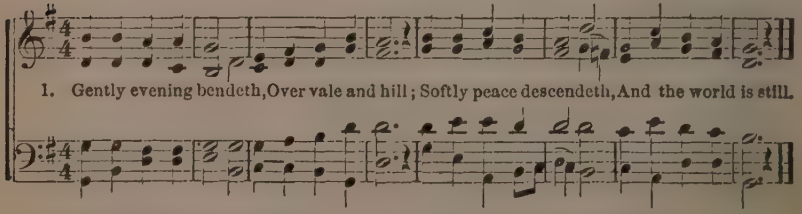
2 Grief may, like the pilgrim,
Through the night sojourn,
Yet shall joy, to-morrow,
With the sun return.

3 Thou hast turned my mourning
Into minstrelsy;
Girded me with gladness,
Set from thraldom free.

4 Thee my ransomed powers
Henceforth shall adore;
Thee, my great Deliverer
Bless forevermore!

262. REPOSE.

C. H. RINCK.

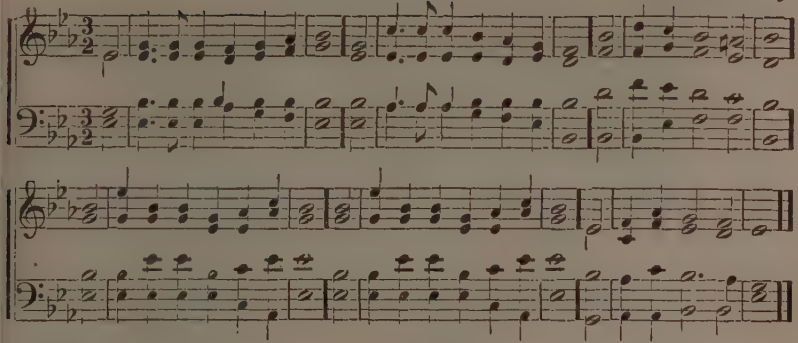


1. Gently evening bendeth, Over vale and hill; Softly peace descendeth, And the world is still.

2 Save the wood-brook's gushing,
All things silent rest;
Hear its restless rushing,
On, tow'rds ocean's breast.

3 And no evening bringeth,
To its life, release;
And no sweet bell ringeth
O'er its wavelets, peace.

4 Restless, thus life floweth,
Striveth in my breast;
God alone bestoweth
Tranquil evening rest.



263. *Self-Renunciation.*

1 O Lord! how happy should we be,
If we could leave our cares to Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

2 For when we kneel and cast our care
Upon our God in humble prayer,
With strengthened souls we rise;
Sure that our Father, who is nigh
To hear the ravens when they cry,
Will hear His children's cries.

3 O, may these trustless hearts of ours
The lesson learn from birds and flow'rs,
And learn from self to cease,—
Leave all things to our Father's will,
And, on His mercy, leaning still,
Find, in each trial, peace!

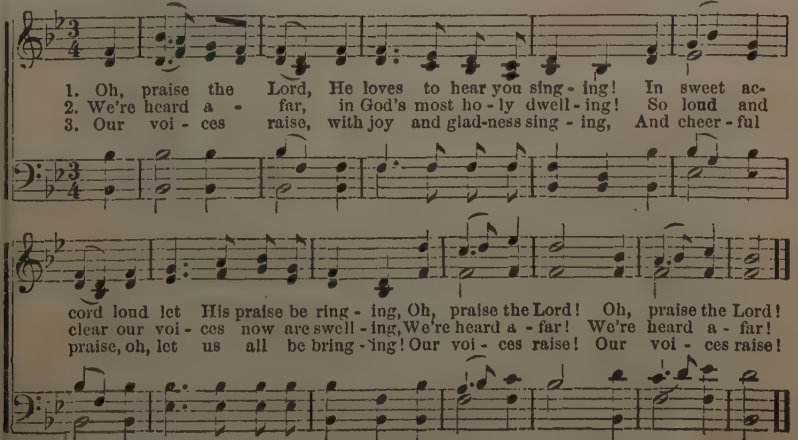
264. *Praise for God's Love.*

1 My God, Thy boundless love I praise:
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from Thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 But in Thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven; [way
There Faith, bright cherub, points the
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

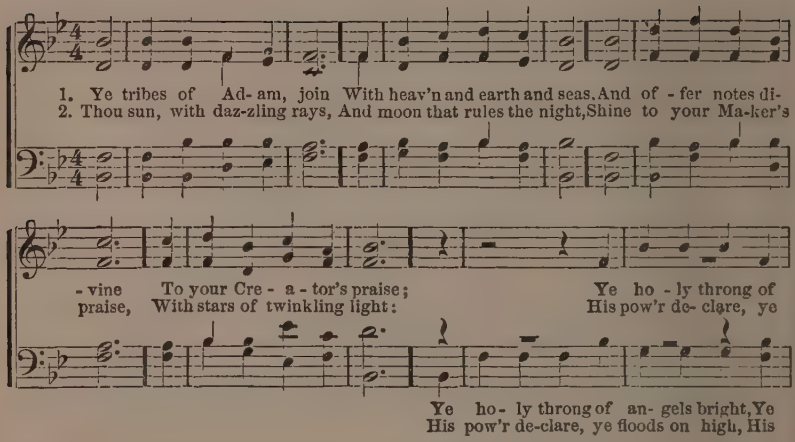
3 Then let the love that makes me blessed
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To Thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

265. PRAISE. FROM THE GERMAN.


1. Oh, praise the Lord, He loves to hear you sing - ing! In sweet ac-
2. We're heard a - far, in God's most ho - ly dwell - ing! So loud and
3. Our voi - ces raise, with joy and glad-ness sing - ing, And cheer - ful
cord loud let His praise be ring - ing, Oh, praise the Lord! Oh, praise the Lord!
clear our voi - ces now are swell - ing, We're heard a - far! We're heard a - far!
praise, oh, let us all be bring - ing! Our voi - ces raise! Our voi - ces raise!

266. LENOX. H. M.

EDSON

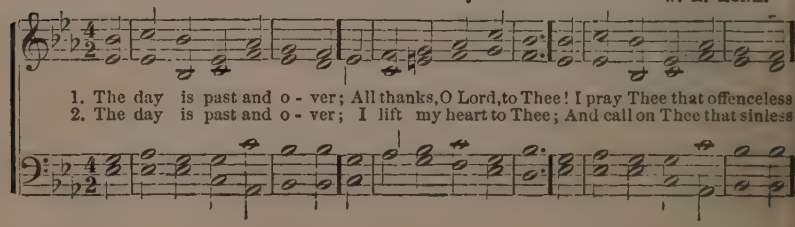

1. Ye tribes of Ad- am, join With heav'n and earth and seas. And of - fer notes di-
2. Thou sun, with daz-zling rays, And moon that rules the night, Shine to your Ma-ker's
- vine To your Cre - a - tor's praise; Ye ho - ly throng of
praise, With stars of twinkling light: His pow'r de- clare, ye
Ye ho- ly throng of an- gels bright, Ye
His pow'r de-clare, ye floods on high, His
an - gels bright, Ye ho - ly throng of an - gels bright, In worlds of light be- gin the song.
floods on high, His pow'r declare, ye floods on high, And clouds that fly in emp - ty air.
ho - ly throng of an- gels bright, In worlds of light be -gin the song.
pow'r de- clare, ye floods on high, And clouds that fly in emp - ty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By His supreme command:
He spake the word, and all their frame
From chaos came, to praise the Lord.

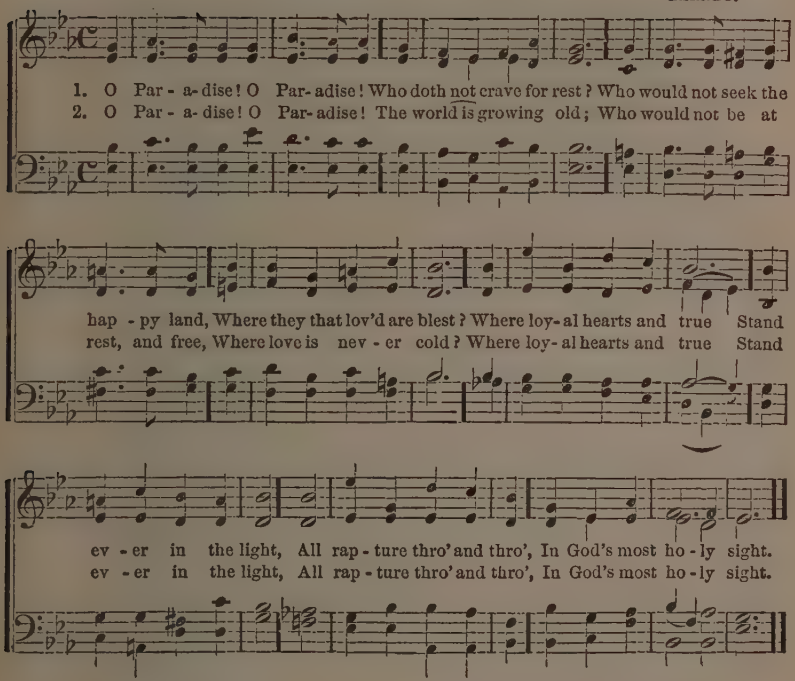
4 Let all the nations fear
The God who rules above;
He brings His people near,
And makes them taste His love:
While earth and sky attempt His praise,
His saints shall raise His honors high.

267. ST. ANATOLIUS. 7s, 6s & 8s.

W. H. MONK.


1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee! I pray Thee that offenceless
2. The day is past and o - ver; I lift my heart to Thee; And call on Thee that sinless

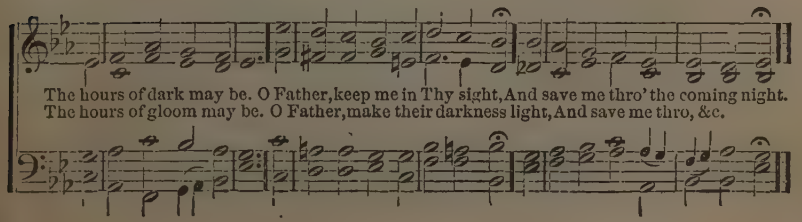
BARNBY.


1. O Par - a-dise! O Par- adise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the
2. O Par - a-dise! O Par- adise! The world is growing old; Who would not be at
hap - py land, Where they that lov'd are blest? Where loy- al hearts and true Stand
rest, and free, Where love is nev - er cold? Where loy- al hearts and true Stand
ev - er in the light, All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.
ev - er in the light, All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
Wherefore doth death delay?
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

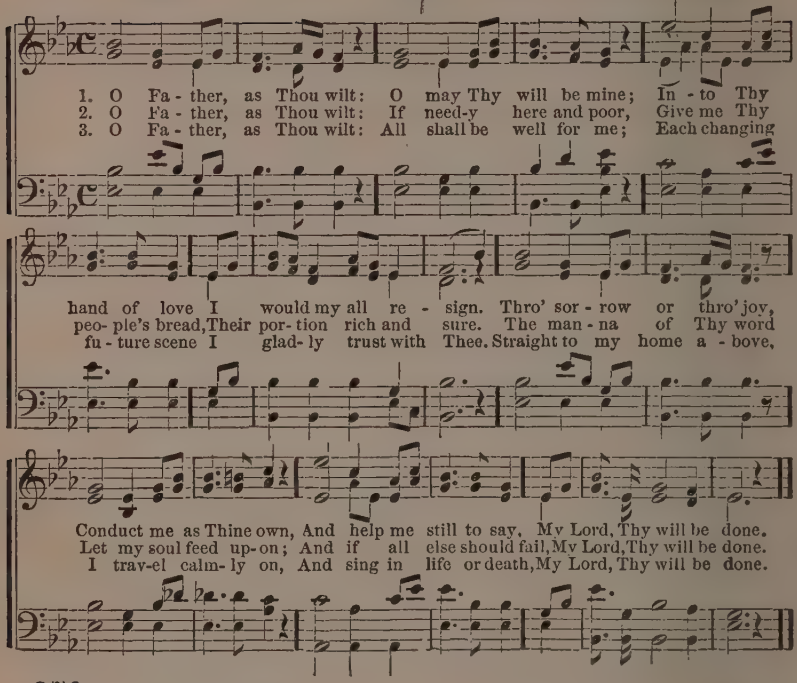
4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

ST. ANATOLIUS. Concluded.


The hours of dark may be. O Father, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the coming night.
The hours of gloom may be. O Father, make their darkness light, And save me thro, &c.

269. St. Jude. 6s.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

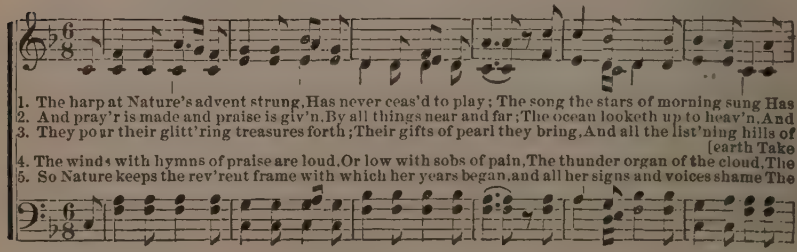

1. O Fa - ther, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
2. O Fa - ther, as Thou wilt: If need-y here and poor, Give me Thy
3. O Fa - ther, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing
hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,
peo- ple's bread, Their por- tion rich and sure. The man - na of Thy word
fu - ture scene I glad- ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove,
Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
Let my soul feed up- on; And if all else should fail, My Lord, Thy will be done.
I trav-el calm- ly on, And sing in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done.

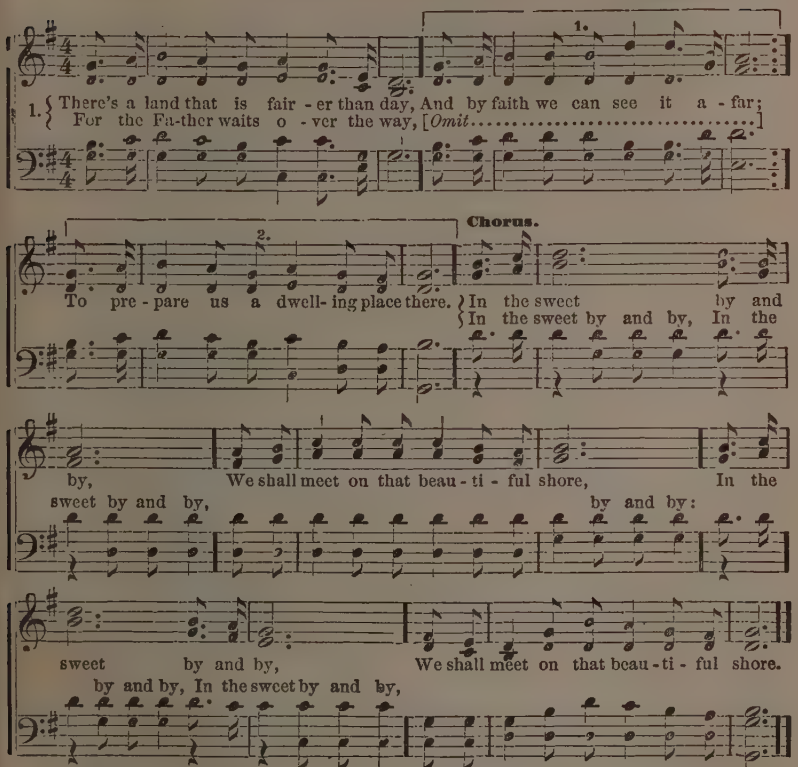
270. *Thy Way, not mine.*

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine: so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

271. The Morning Stars sang together.

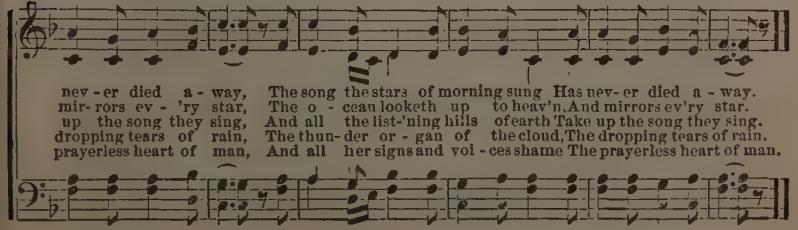

1. The harp at Nature's advent strung, Has never ceas'd to play; The song the stars of morning sung Has
2. And pray'r is made and praise is giv'n, By all things near and far; The ocean looketh up to heav'n, And
3. They pour their glitt'ring treasures forth; Their gifts of pearl they bring, And all the list'ning hills of
earth Take
4. The winds with hymns of praise are loud, Or low with sobs of pain, The thunder organ of the cloud, The
5. So Nature keeps the rev'rent frame with which her years began, and all her signs and voices shame The


1.
1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far;
For the Fa-ther waits o - ver the way, [Omit.....]
2.
Chorus.
To pre - pare us a dwell- ing place there. In the sweet by and
In the sweet by and by, In the
by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the
sweet by and by, by and by:
sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
by and by, In the sweet by and by,

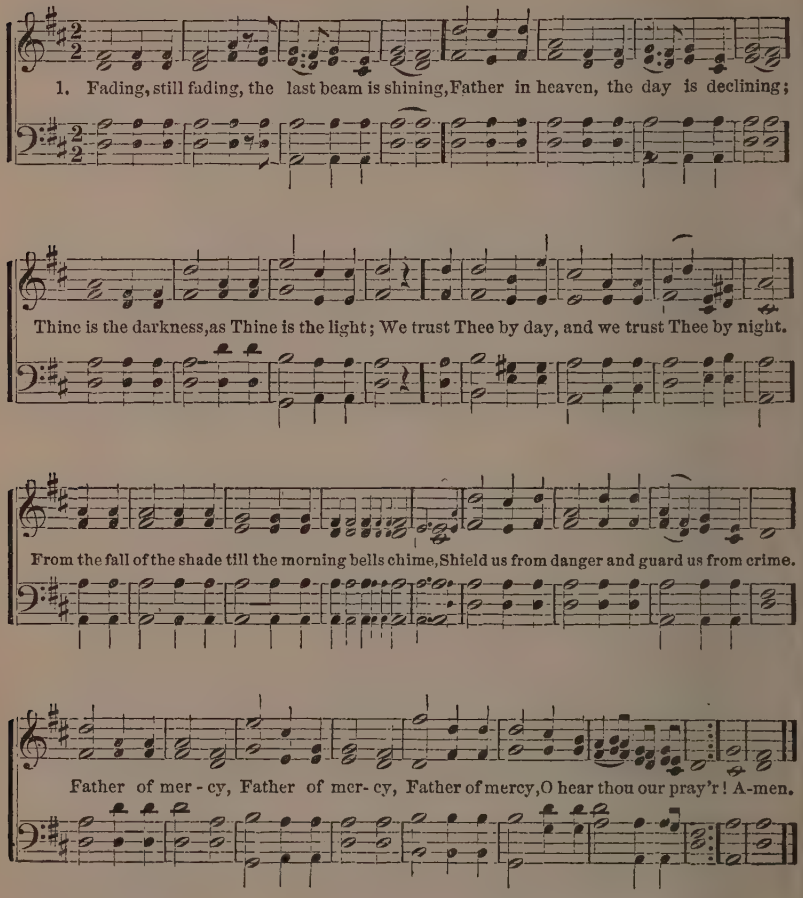
2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest. CHO.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love, [CHO.
And the blessings that hallow our days.

THE MORNING STARS SANG TOGETHER. Concluded.


nev - er died a - way, The song the stars of morning sung Has nev- er died a - way.
mir- rors ev - 'ry star, The o - cean looketh up to heav'n, And mirrors ev'ry star.
up the song they sing, And all the list-'ning hills of earth Take up the song they sing.
dropping tears of rain, The thun- der or - gan of the cloud, The dropping tears of rain.
prayerless heart of man, And all her signs and voi - ces shame The prayerless heart of man.

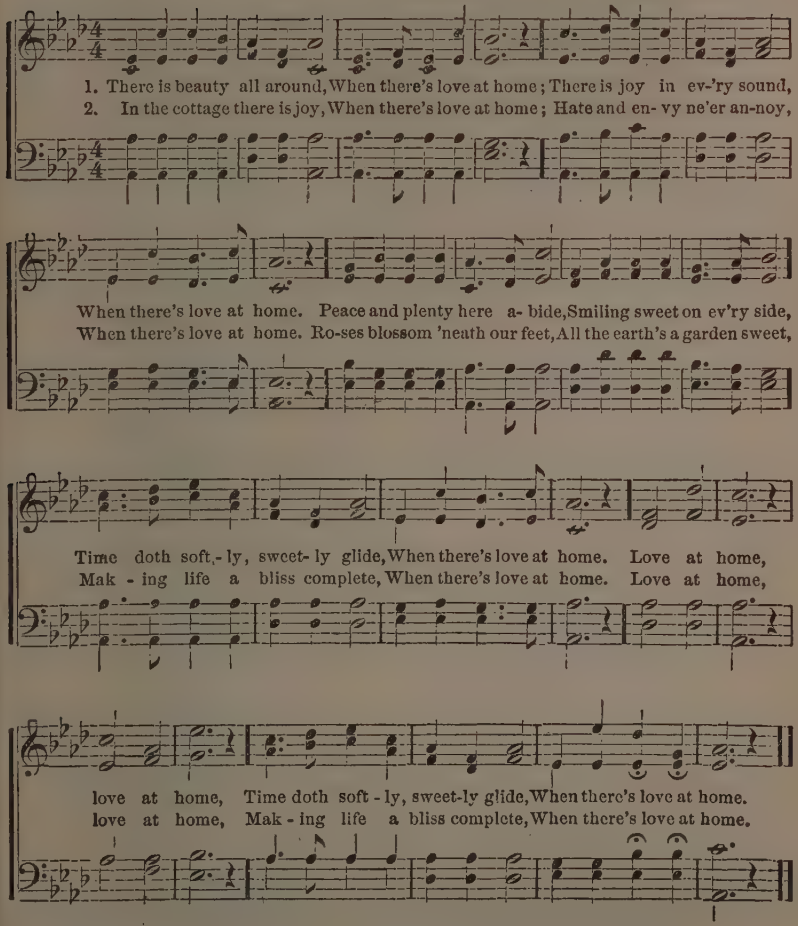
273. "FADING, STILL FADING."


1. Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining, Father in heaven, the day is declining;
Thine is the darkness, as Thine is the light; We trust Thee by day, and we trust Thee by night.
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield us from danger and guard us from crime.
Father of mer - cy, Father of mer - cy, Father of mercy, O hear thou our pray'r! A-men.

2.

Father in heaven! O, hear when we call,
Thou the Protector and Saviour of all!
Fainting and feeble, we trust in Thy might;
In doubting and darkness, Thy love be our light!
Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night taper burns,
And wake in Thine arms when the morning returns.
Father of mercy, O hear Thou our prayer!

WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. H. MCNAUGHTON.

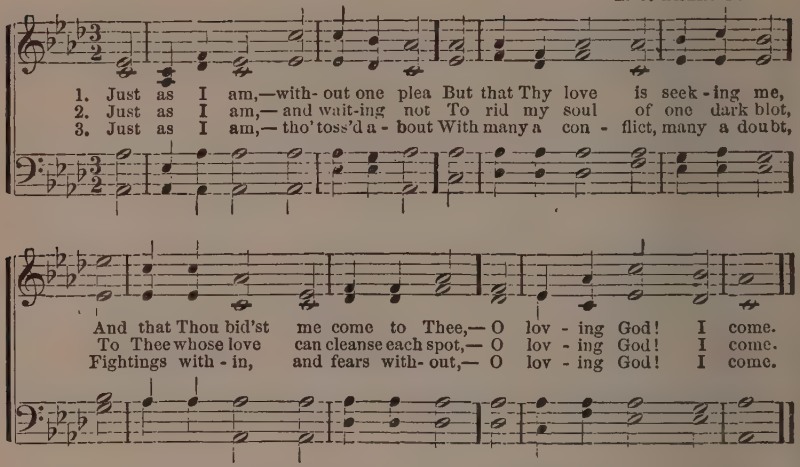

1. There is beauty all around, When there's love at home; There is joy in ev-'ry sound,
2. In the cottage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and en- vy ne'er an-noy,
When there's love at home. Peace and plenty here a- bide, Smiling sweet on ev'ry side,
When there's love at home. Ro-ses blossom 'neath our feet, All the earth's a garden sweet,
Time doth soft,- ly, sweet- ly glide, When there's love at home. Love at home,
Mak - ing life a bliss complete, When there's love at home. Love at home,
love at home, Time doth soft - ly, sweet-ly glide, When there's love at home.
love at home, Mak - ing life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.

3 Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high,
When there's love at home.

4 Father, show Thy mercy mine,
Then there's love at home;
Sweetly whisper, I am Thine,
Then there's love at home.
Source of love, Thy cheering light
Far exceeds the sun so bright—
Can dispel the gloom of night;
Then there's love at home.

275. Consolation. 8s & 6s.

L. O. EMERSON.


1. Just as I am,—with- out one plea But that Thy love is seek - ing me,
2. Just as I am,— and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am,— tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,— O lov - ing God! I come.
To Thee whose love can cleanse each spot,— O lov - ing God! I come.
Fightings with - in, and fears with- out,— O lov - ing God! I come.

4 Just as I am;—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, heal, relieve.
Because Thy promise I believe,—
O loving God! I come.

276. *Thy Will be done.*

1 My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will, my God, be done!"

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will, my God, be done!"

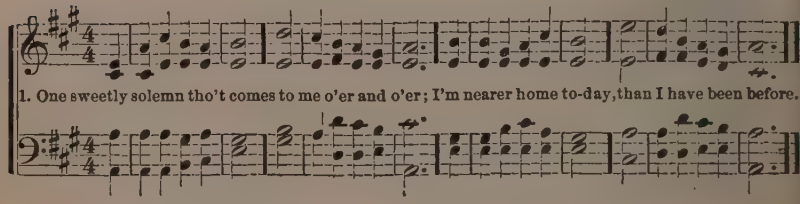
3 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine,—
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will, my God, be done!"

4 If but my fainting heart be blest,
With Thy sweet spirit for its guest,
O God! to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will, my God, be done!"

5 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will, my God, be done!"

277. Adoration. 6s.

L. O. EMERSON.



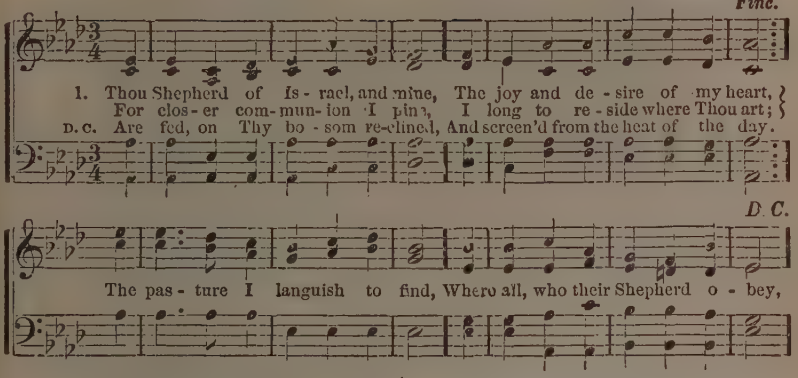
2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Father, confirm my trust;
Strengthen the hand of faith
To feel Thee, when I stand
Upon the shore of death.

4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home,
Perhaps, than now I think.

278. ISRAEL. 8s. Double.

L. O. EMERSON.


Fine.
1. Thou Shepherd of Is - rael, and mine, The joy and de - sire of my heart,
For clos - er com-mun-ion I pine, I long to re - side where Thou art;
D. C. Are fed, on Thy bo - som re-clined, And screen'd from the heat of the day.
D. C.
The pas - ture I languish to find, Where all, who their Shepherd o - bey,

2 'Tis there, with the lambs of Thy flock
There only, I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,—
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,
Eternally held in Thy heart.

If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

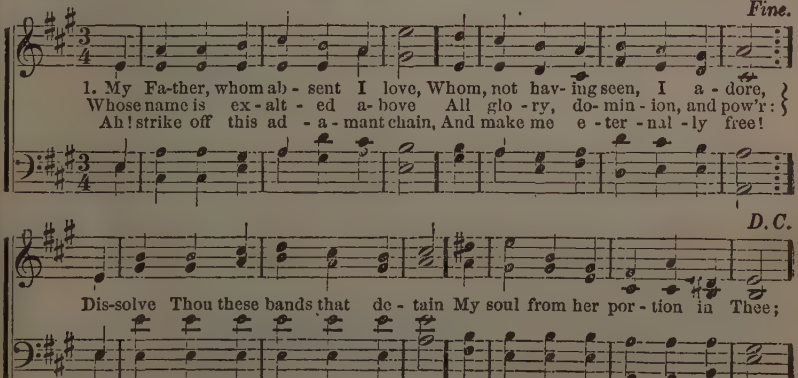
279. *God a Protector.*

1 Inspirer and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 A sov'reign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
His smiles and His comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend,
And walls of salvation surround,
The soul He delights to defend.

280. ANSEL. 8s. Double.

"WHITE'S MELODIST."

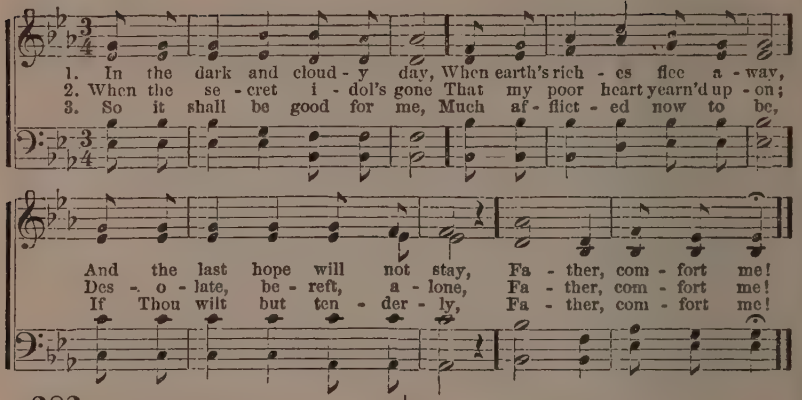

Fine.
1. My Fa-ther, whom ab - sent I love, Whom, not hav-ing seen, I a - dore,
Whose name is ex-alt - ed a-bove All glo - ry, do-min - ion, and pow'r:
Ah! strike off this ad - a - mant chain, And make me e - ter - nal - ly free!
D. C.
Dis-solve Thou these bands that de - tain My soul from her por - tion in Thee;

2 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in Thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,—

Oh! then shall the vail be removed,
And round me Thy brightness be pour'd!
I shall meet Him, whom absent, I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.

281. COMFORT ME. 7s & 5s.

L. O. EMERSON.


1. In the dark and cloud - y day, When earth's rich - es flee a - way,
2. When the se - cret i - dol's gone That my poor heart yearn'd up - on;
3. So it shall be good for me, Much af - flict - ed now to be,
And the last hope will not stay, Fa - ther, com - fort me!
Des - o - late, be - reft, a - lone, Fa - ther, com - fort me!
If Thou wilt but ten - der - ly, Fa - ther, com - fort me!

282.

The Comforter.

1 Holy Spirit, Infinite!
Shine upon our spirits' night
With Thy blessed inward light,
Comforter Divine!

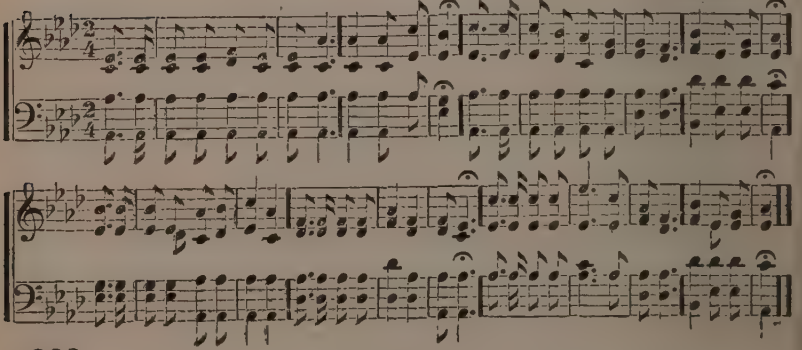
2 Like the dew, Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue, our wayward will;
Things of God, revealing still,
Comforter Divine!

3 In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless yearnings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine!

4 Search with us the depths of God,
Bear us up the starry road
To the heights of Thine abode,
Comforter Divine!

DALE. 8s & 4s.

L. O. EMERSON.



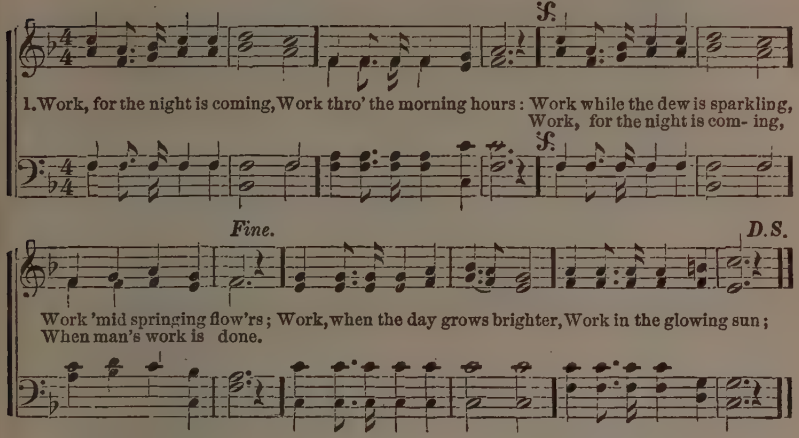
283.

1 Through the love of God, our Father,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favor;
All, all is well:
Precious is the love that healed us;
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well:
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Him abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

284. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

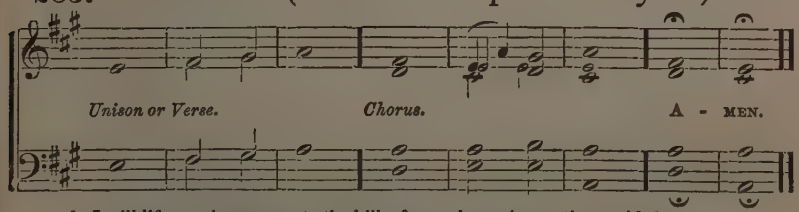

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours: Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work, for the night is com- ing,
Fine.
D.S.
Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun;
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,—
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies;
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

4 Work, for the night is coming,
Work, while the fields are white;
Work, for thy sands are running,
Work, while hopes are bright;
Gather thy sheaves at morning;
Rest not thy hand at noon;
Labor and strive till evening;
Rest when daylight's gone.

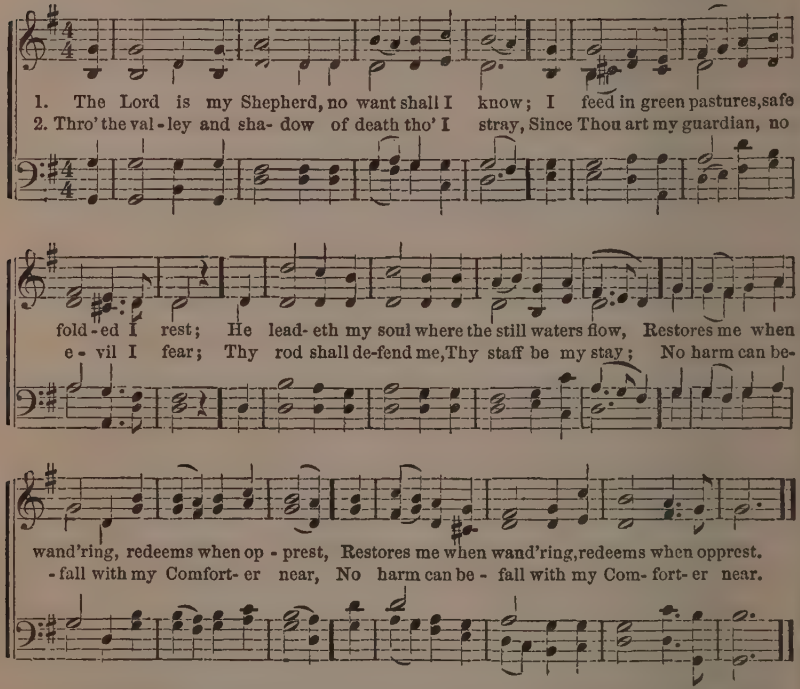
285. CHANT. (I will lift up mine eyes.)



1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh · my | help.
2. My help cometh from the Lord, which made | heaven · and | earth.
3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
4. Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall not | slumber · nor | sleep.
5. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy | right— | hand.
6. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon by | night.
7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for- | ev-er- | more.

286. Portuguese Hymn. 11s.

JOHN READI

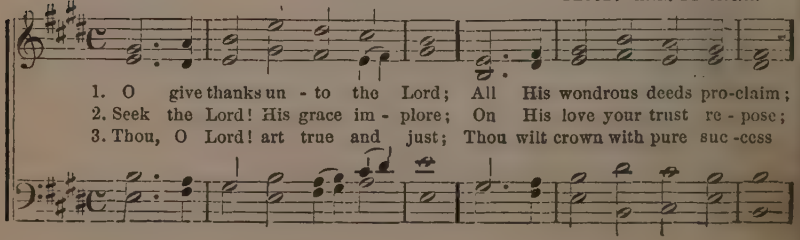

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe
2. Thro' the val-ley and sha-dow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my guardian, no
fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still waters flow, Restores me when
e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-
wand'ring, redeems when op-prest, Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when opprest.
-fall with my Comfort-er near, No harm can be-fall with my Com-fort-er near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasur'd my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O, what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

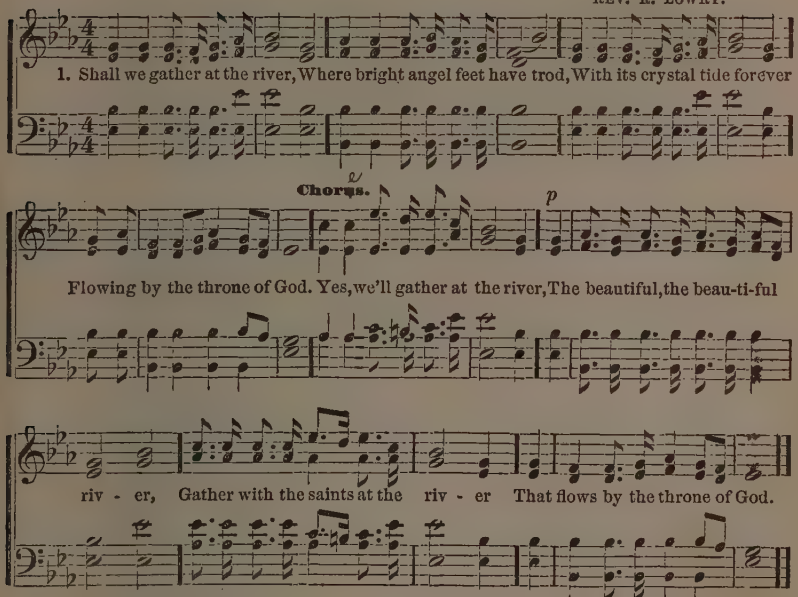
4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

286. a Innocents.

FLOOD. ARR. BY MONK.


1. O give thanks un-to the Lord; All His wondrous deeds pro-claim;
2. Seek the Lord! His grace im-plore; On His love your trust re-pose;
3. Thou, O Lord! art true and just; Thou wilt crown with pure suc-cess

REV. R. LOWRY.

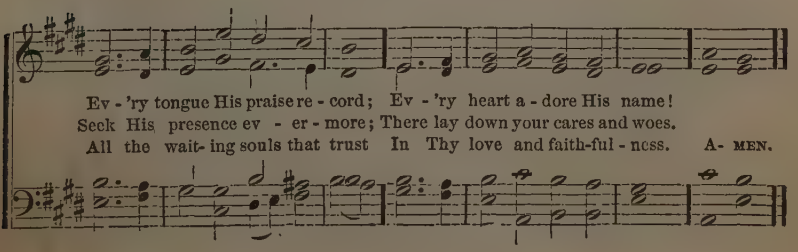

1. Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel feet have trod, With its crystal tide forever
Chorus.
Flowing by the throne of God. Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beau-ti-ful
riv - er, Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

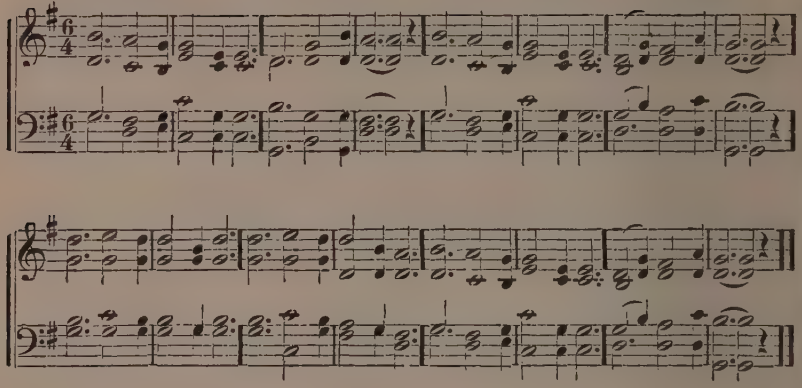
4 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

INNOCENTS. Concluded.


Ev - 'ry tongue His praise re - cord; Ev - 'ry heart a - dore His name!
Seek His presence ev - er - more; There lay down your cares and woes.
All the wait- ing souls that trust In Thy love and faith-ful - ness. A- MEN.

288. Bethany. 6s & 4s.

L. MASON.



1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

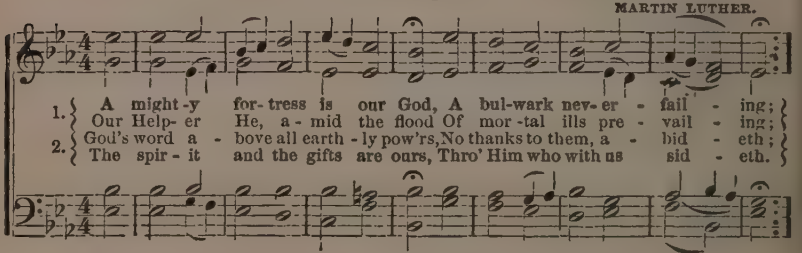
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

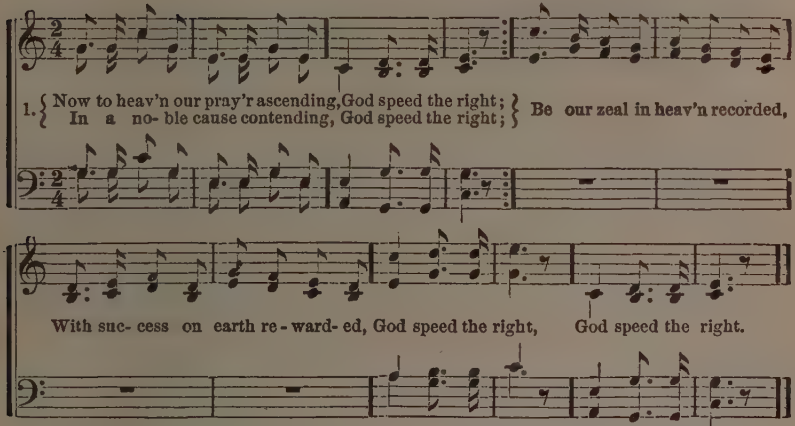
5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,—
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

289. Choral. A Mighty Fortress.

MARTIN LUTHER.


1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er - fail - ing;
Our Help- er He, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing;
2. God's word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth;
The spir - it and the gifts are ours, Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.

ARR. BY DR. L. MASON.

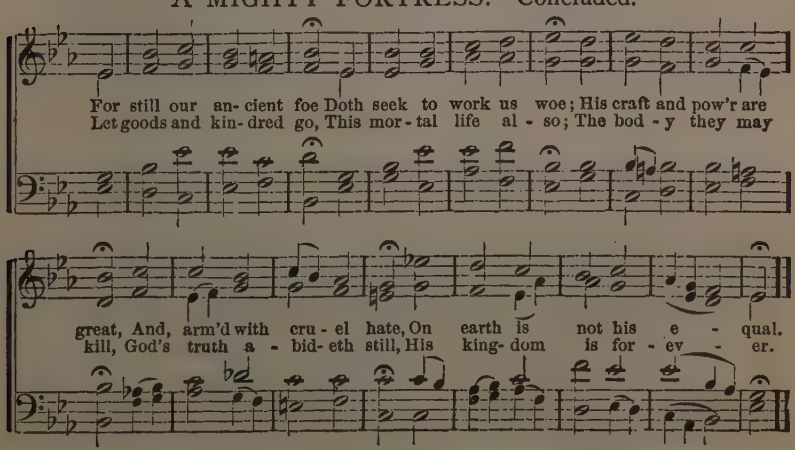

1. { Now to heav'n our pray'r ascending, God speed the right; } Be our zeal in heav'n recorded,
{ In a no- ble cause contending, God speed the right; }
With suc- cess on earth re - ward- ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.

2 Be that prayer again repeated,—
God speed the right;
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right.
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory:
God speed the right.

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er the event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.
Pains nor toils nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's time succeeding,—
God speed the right.

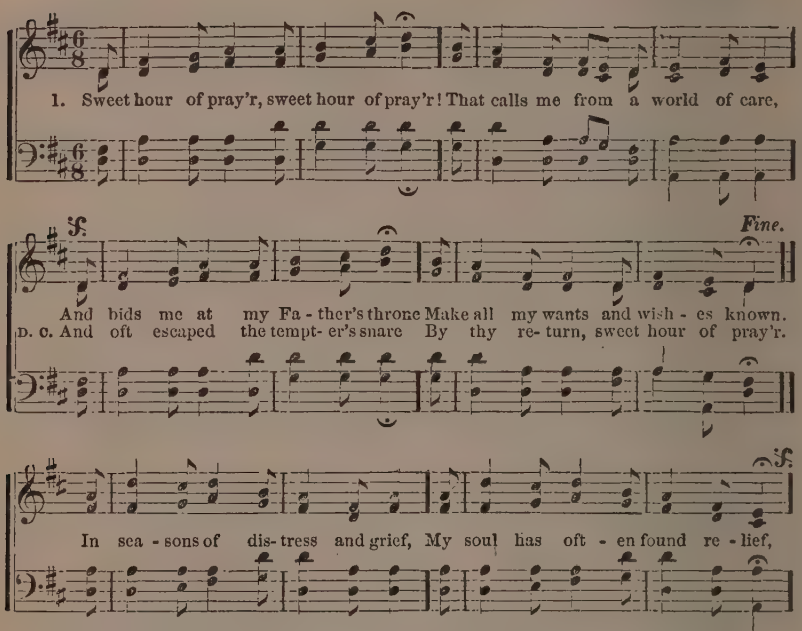
4 Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right;
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right.
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it:
God speed the right.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS. Concluded.


For still our an- cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
Let goods and kin- dred go, This mor- tal life al - so; The bod - y they may
great, And, arm'd with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
kill, God's truth a - bid- eth still, His king- dom is for - ev - er.

291. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

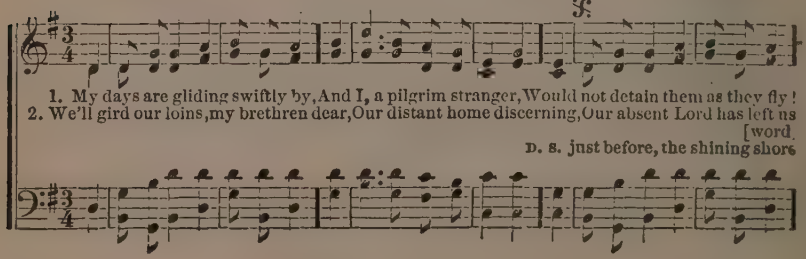

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known.
D. C. And oft escaped the tempt- er's snare By thy re- turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
Fine.
In sea - sons of dis- tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

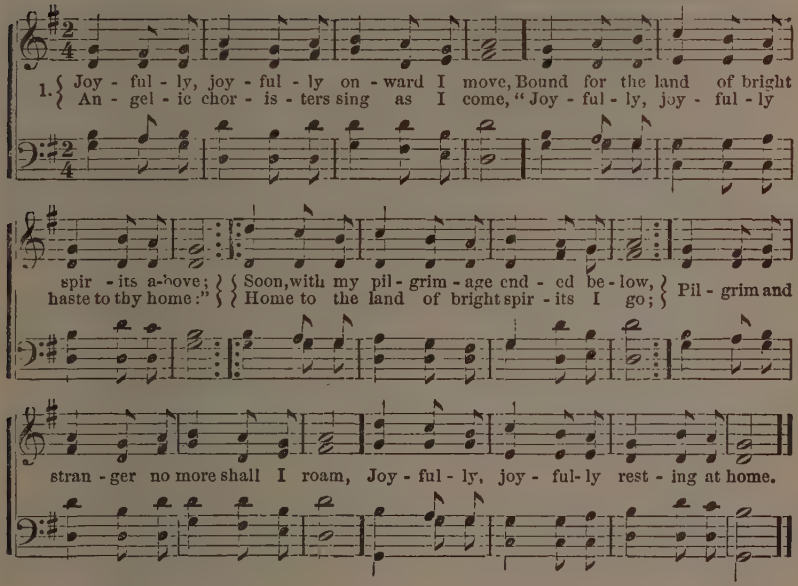
3 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

292. Shining Shore.

G. F. ROOT.

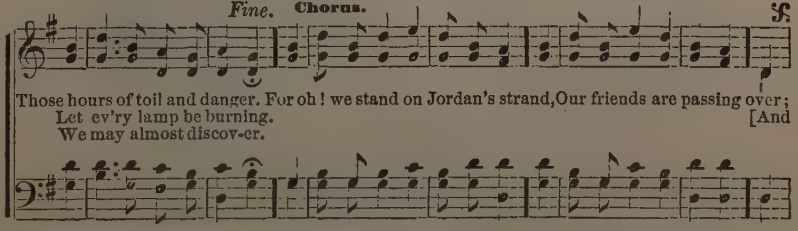

1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly!
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our distant home discerning, Our absent Lord has left us word,
D. S. just before, the shining shore

ARR. FROM REV. A. D. MERRILL.


1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly on - ward I move, Bound for the land of bright
An - gel - ic chor - is - ters sing as I come, "Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly
spir - its a-bove; Soon, with my pil - grim - age end - ed be - low,
haste to thy home:" Home to the land of bright spir - its I go;
Pil - grim and
stran - ger no more shall I roam, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.

2 Friends fondly cherished have passed on before,—
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,—
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."

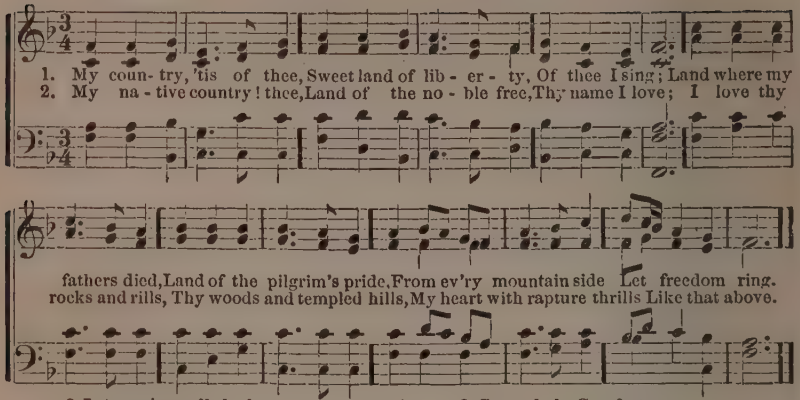
THE SHINING SHORE. Concluded.


Fine.
Chorus.
Those hours of toil and danger. For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over;
Let ev'ry lamp be burning.
We may almost discov-er.
[And

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh! we stand, etc.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home
Forever, oh! forever!
For oh! we stand, etc

294. AMERICA. 6s & 4s.


1. My coun- try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive country! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break;
The sound prolong!

4 Our father's God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

295. *Invocation.*

1 Come, Thou almighty King!
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, Thou eternal Word,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!
Come and this people bless;
Give to Thy truth success;
Spirit of Holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour!
Thou who almighty art,
Rule now in every heart,
Never from us depart,
Spirit of Power!

296. *Strength, Love, and Light*

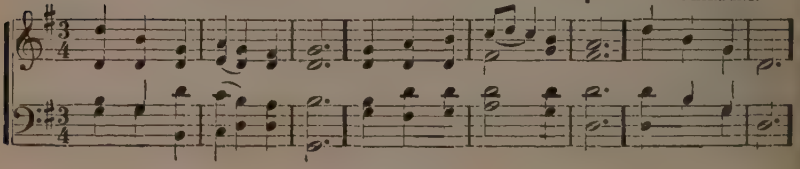
1 Come, Thou almighty Will!
Our fainting bosoms fill
With Thy great power:
Strength of our good intents,
Our tempted hour's defence,
Calm of faith's confidence,
Come, in this hour!

2 Come, Thou most tender Love!
Within our spirits move,
Their sweetest guest:
Extinguish passion's fire,
Exalt each low desire,
To deeds of love inspire,
Quickener and Rest!

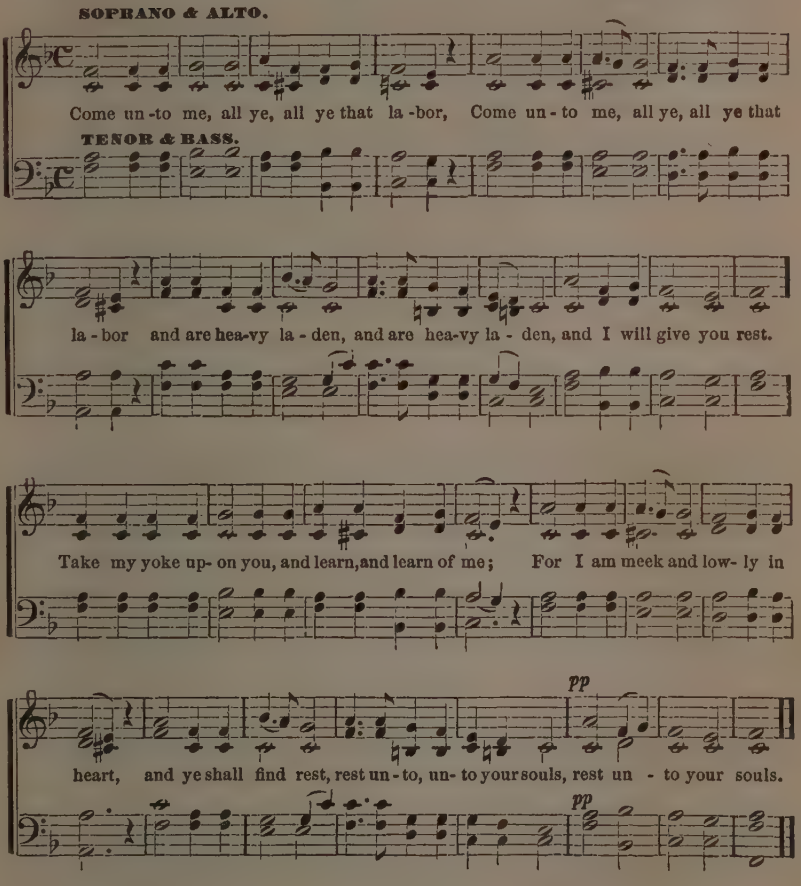
3 Come, Light serene and still!
Our darkened spirits fill
With Thy clear day;
Guide of the feeble sight,
Star of grief's darkest night,
Reveal the path of right,
Show us Thy way!

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

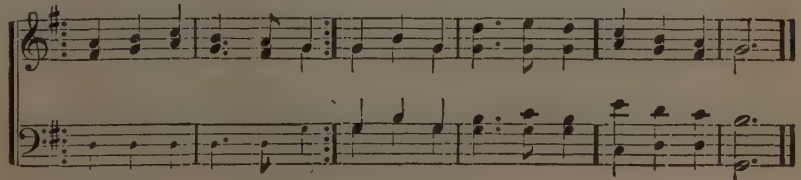
GIARDINI.



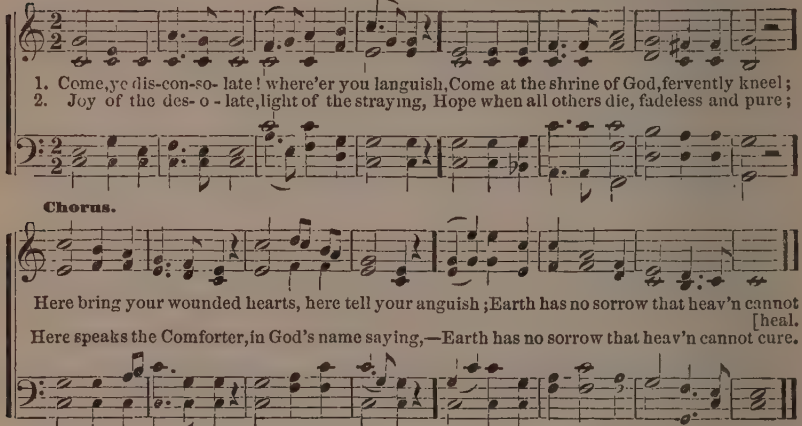
"INTEGER VITÆ."


SOPRANO & ALTO.
Come un-to me, all ye, all ye that la-bor, Come un-to me, all ye, all ye that
TENOR & BASS.
la-bor and are hea-vy la-den, and are hea-vy la-den, and I will give you rest.
Take my yoke up-on you, and learn, and learn of me; For I am meek and low-ly in
pp
heart, and ye shall find rest, rest un-to, un-to your souls, rest un-to your souls.
pp

ITALIAN HYMN. Concluded.



SAMUEL WEBBE.


1. Come, ye dis-con-so- late! where'er you languish, Come at the shrine of God, fervently kneel;
2. Joy of the des- o - late, light of the straying, Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure;
Chorus.
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,—Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.

299. *Who by searching can find out God?*

1 I cannot find Thee! still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where Thou dost dwell;
I wander lost thro' all Thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath Thy Light ineffable.

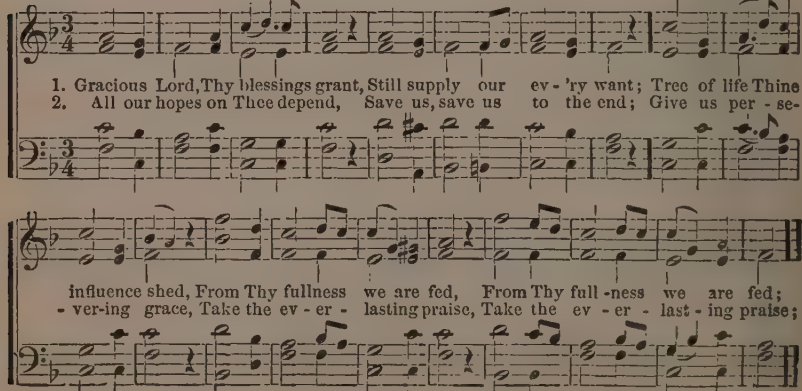
2 I cannot find Thee! even when most adoring
Before Thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer;
Beyond these bounds of tho't, my tho't upsoaring,
From furthest quest comes back; Thou art not there.

3 Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth; there, O God! Thou art.

4 I cannot lose Thee! still in Thee abiding
The End is clear, how wide soe'er I roam;
The Law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in Thee, my home.

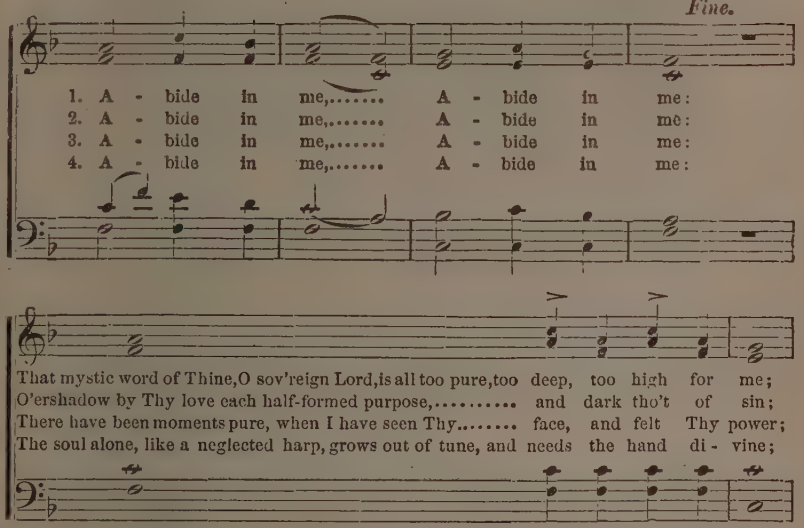
300. CHANNING. 7S.

KUCKEN.

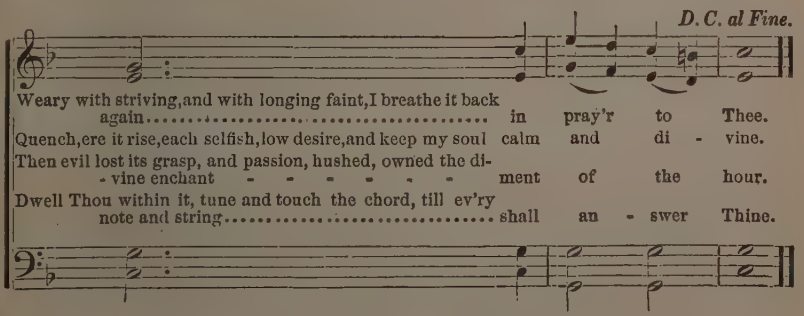

1. Gracious Lord, Thy blessings grant, Still supply our ev - 'ry want; Tree of life Thine
2. All our hopes on Thee depend, Save us, save us to the end; Give us per - se-
influence shed, From Thy fullness we are fed, From Thy full -ness we are fed;
- ver-ing grace, Take the ev - er - lasting praise, Take the ev - er - last - ing praise;

DR. WM. H. W.

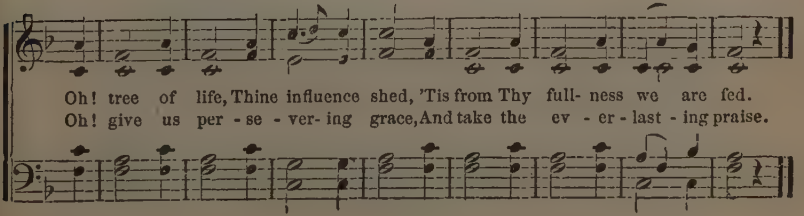
Fine.


1. A - bide in me,..... A - bide in me:
2. A - bide in me,..... A - bide in me:
3. A - bide in me,..... A - bide in me:
4. A - bide in me,..... A - bide in me:
That mystic word of Thine, O sov'reign Lord, is all too pure, too deep, too high for me;
O'ershadow by Thy love each half-formed purpose,..... and dark tho't of sin;
There have been moments pure, when I have seen Thy..... face, and felt Thy power;
The soul alone, like a neglected harp, grows out of tune, and needs the hand di - vine;

D. C. al Fine.

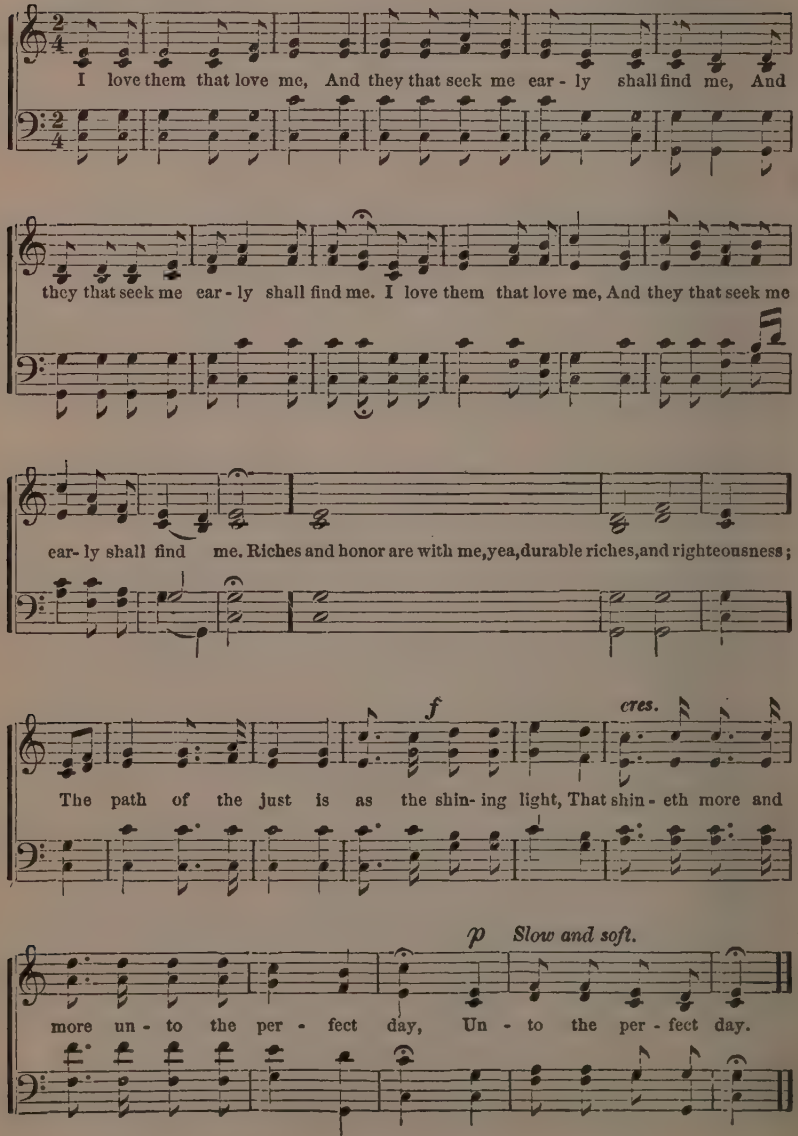

Weary with striving, and with longing faint, I breathe it back
again..... in pray'r to Thee.
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire, and keep my soul calm and di - vine.
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed, owned the di-
- vine enchant - - - - - - ment of the hour.
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the chord, till ev'ry
note and string..... shall an - swer Thine.

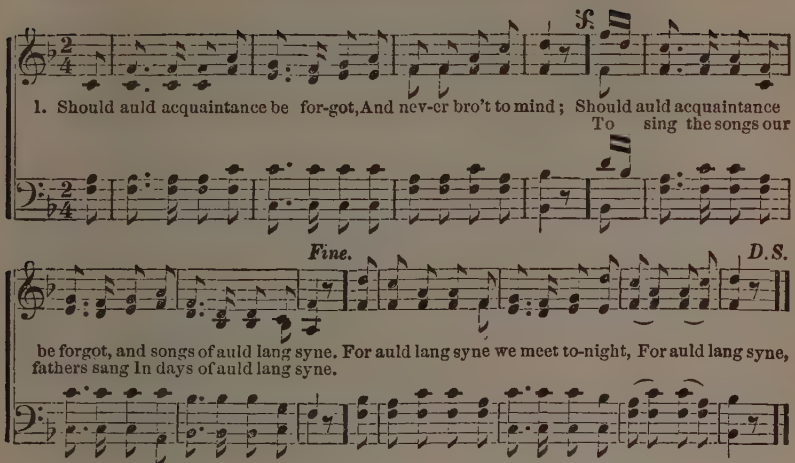
CHANNING. Concluded.


Oh! tree of life, Thine influence shed, 'Tis from Thy full- ness we are fed.
Oh! give us per - se - ver- ing grace, And take the ev - er - last - ing praise.

302. I LOVE THEM THAT LOVE ME.

FROM "HARP OF JUDAH." L. O. EMERSON.


I love them that love me, And they that seek me ear - ly shall find me, And
they that seek me ear - ly shall find me. I love them that love me, And they that seek me
ear- ly shall find me. Riches and honor are with me, yea, durable riches, and righteousness;
f
cres.
The path of the just is as the shin- ing light, That shin - eth more and
p Slow and soft.
more un - to the per - fect day, Un - to the per - fect day.


1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er bro't to mind; Should auld acquaintance
To sing the songs our
Fine.
D.S.
be forgot, and songs of auld lang syne. For auld lang syne we meet to-night, For auld lang syne,
fathers sang In days of auld lang syne.

2 We've passed through many varied scenes,
Since youth's unclouded day;
And friends, and hopes, and happy dreams
Time's hand hath swept away;
And voices that once joined with ours,
In days of auld lang syne,
Are silent now, and blend no more
In songs of auld lang syne.

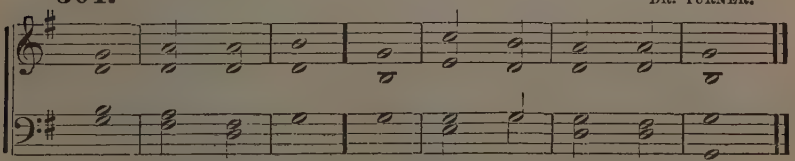
3 Yet ever has the light of song
Illumed our darkest hours;
And cheered us on life's toilsome way,
And gemmed our path with flowers:
The sacred songs our fathers sang,
Dear songs of auld lang syne;
The hallowed songs our fathers sang
In days of auld lang syne.

4 Here we have met, here we may part,
To meet on earth no more;
And we may never sing again
The cherished songs of yore;
The sacred songs our fathers sang,
In days of auld lang syne;
We may not meet to sing again
The songs of auld lang syne.

5 But when we've crossed the sea of life,
And reached the heavenly shore,
We'll sing the songs our fathers sing,
Transcending those of yore:
We'll meet to sing diviner strains
Than those of auld lang syne;
Immortal songs of praise, unknown
In days of auld lang syne.

304. CHANT. God be merciful.

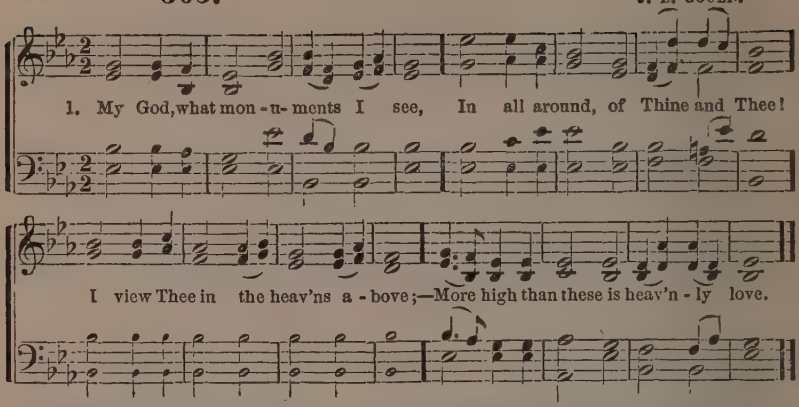
DR. TURNER.



1 God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; || And cause His | face to | shine upon | us.
2 That Thy way may be | known up-on | earth, || Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
3 Let the people praise | Thee, O | God; || Let | all the | people | praise Thee.
4 Oh, let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy: || For Thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.
5 Let the people praise | Thee, O | God; || Let | all the | people | praise Thee.
6 Then shall the earth | yield her | increase; || And God, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.
7 God | shall— | bless us; || And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear— | Him.

305. BERA. L. M.

J. E. GOULD.


1. My God, what mon - u- ments I see, In all around, of Thine and Thee!
I view Thee in the heav'ns a - bove;—More high than these is heav'n - ly love.

2 I mark the strong, eternal hill,—
Thy faithfulness is stronger still!
I gaze on ocean deep and broad,—
More deep Thy counsels are, O God!

3 Oh, give me 'neath Thy wings to rest,
To lean on Thy parental breast;
To feed on Thee, the living Bread,
And drink at mercy's fountain head.

4 The springs of life are all Thy own;
They flow from Thy eternal throne:
Light in Thy light alone we see:
O save us! for we rest in Thee!

306. *Followers of God as dear children.*

1 We follow, Lord, where Thou dost lead,
And, quickened, would ascend to Thee,
Redeemed from sin, set free indeed.
Into Thy glorious liberty.

2 We cast behind fear, sin and death;
With Thee we seek the things above;
Our inmost souls Thy spirit breathe,
Of power, of calmness, and of love.

3 The power, 'mid worldliness and sin,
To do, in all, the Father's will;
Like Thee the victory to win,
And bid each tempting voice be still.

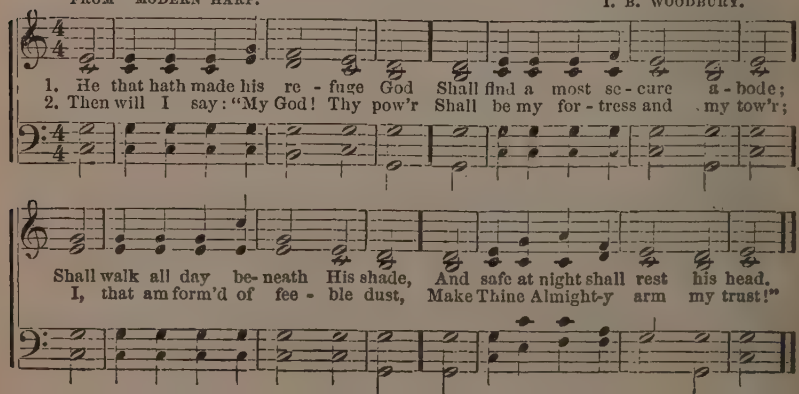
4 The calmness perfect faith inspires,
Which waiteth patiently and long;
The love which faileth not, nor tires,
Triumphant over every wrong.

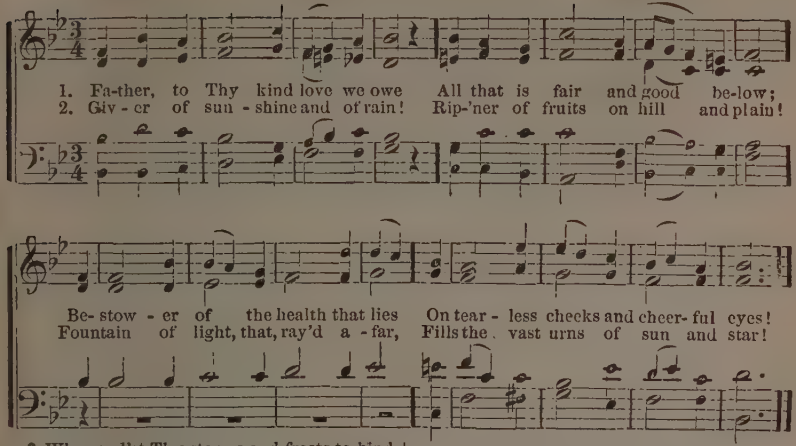
5 Thus thro' Thy quick'ning spirit, Lord,
Thy perfect life in us reveal,
And help us, as we live to God,
Still more and more with man to feel.

307. RELIANCE. L. M.

FROM "MODERN HARP."

I. B. WOODBURY.


1. He that hath made his re - fuge God Shall find a most se - cure a - bode;
2. Then will I say: "My God! Thy pow'r Shall be my for - tress and my tow'r;
Shall walk all day be- neath His shade, And safe at night shall rest his head.
I, that am form'd of fee - ble dust, Make Thine Almight-y arm my trust!"


1. Fa-ther, to Thy kind love we owe All that is fair and good be-low;
2. Giv-er of sun-shine and of rain! Rip-'ner of fruits on hill and plain!
Be-stow-er of the health that lies On tear-less checks and cheer-ful eyes!
Fountain of light, that, ray'd a-far, Fills the vast urns of sun and star!

3 Who send'st Thy storms and frosts to bind
The plagues that rise to waste mankind;
Then breathest o'er the naked scene,
Spring gales, and life, and tender green.

4 In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay!
Sole trust when life shall pass away!
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb!

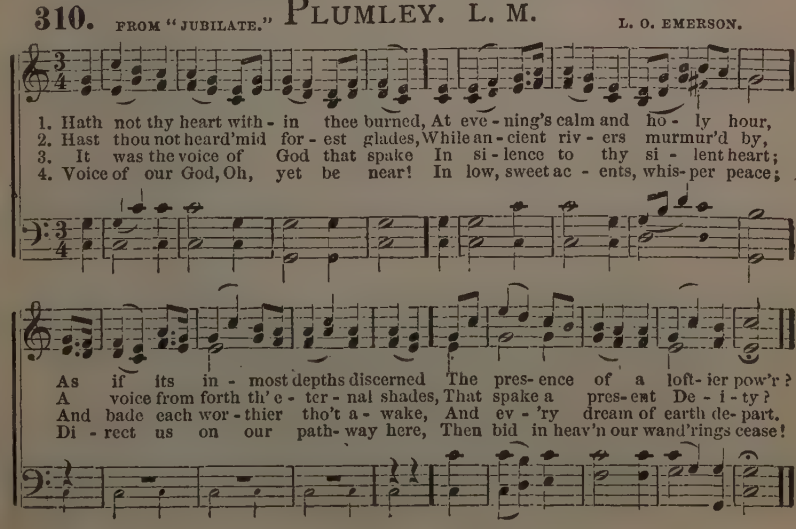
309. *Invocation.*

1 Thou Power and Peace! in whom we find
All holiest strength, all purest love,—
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove,—

2 Forever lend Thy sov'reign aid,
And urge us on, and keep us Thine;
Nor leave the hearts which Thou hast made
Fit temples of Thy grace divine.

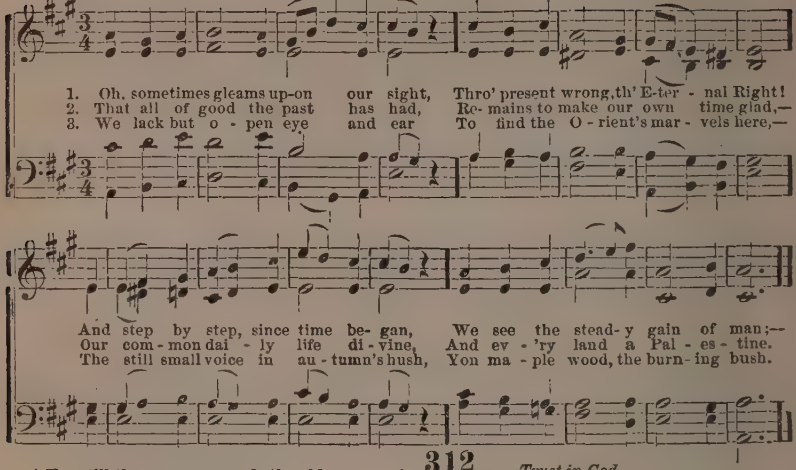
3 Nor let us quench Thy saving light;
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
O Holy Spirit,—Comforter!

310. FROM "JUBILATE." PLUMLEY. L. M. L. O. EMERSON.


1. Hath not thy heart with-in thee burned, At eve-ning's calm and ho-ly hour,
2. Hast thou not heard 'mid for-est glades, While an-cient riv-ers murmur'd by,
3. It was the voice of God that spake In si-lence to thy si-lent heart;
4. Voice of our God, Oh, yet be near! In low, sweet ac-cents, whis-per peace;
As if its in-most depths discerned The pres-ence of a loft-ier pow'r?
A voice from forth th' e-ter-nal shades, That spake a pres-ent De-i-ty?
And bade each wor-thier tho't a-wake, And ev-'ry dream of earth de-part.
Di-rect us on our path-way here, Then bid in heav'n our wand'rings cease!

311. BOWEN. L. M.

HAYDN.


1. Oh, sometimes gleams up-on our sight, Thro' present wrong, th' E-ter - nal Right!
2. That all of good the past has had, Re- mains to make our own time glad,—
3. We lack but o - pen eye and ear To find the O - rient's mar - vels here,—
And step by step, since time be- gan, We see the stead- y gain of man;—
Our com - mon dai - ly life di- vine, And ev - 'ry land a Pal - es - tine.
The still small voice in au - tumn's hush, Yon ma - ple wood, the burn- ing bush.

4 For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

5 Through the harsh voices of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

6 Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

312

Trust in God.

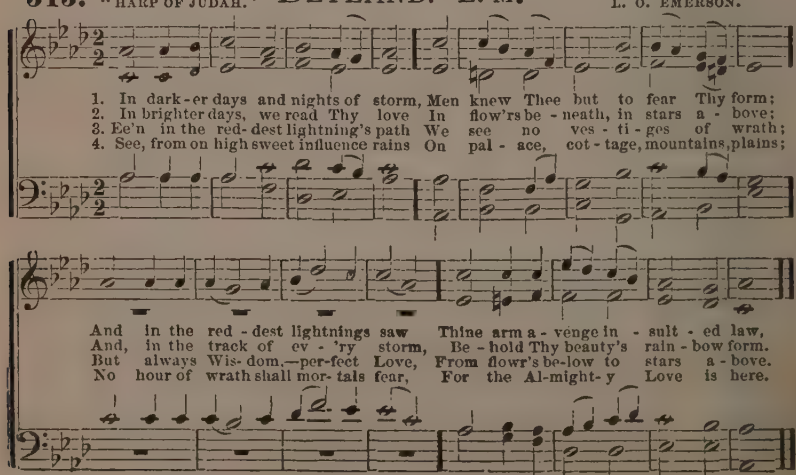
1 Be still, my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict His gracious word.

2 Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if He provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

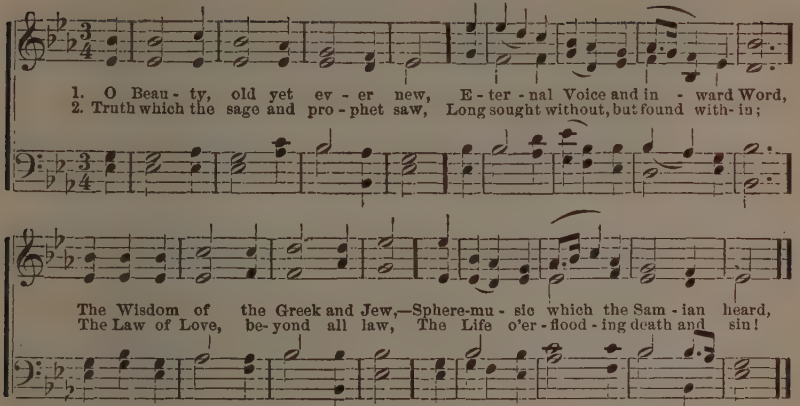
3 He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New trophies to His endless praise.

313. "HARP OF JUDAH." BEYLAND. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.


1. In dark- er days and nights of storm, Men knew Thee but to fear Thy form;
2. In brighter days, we read Thy love In flow'rs be - neath, in stars a - bove;
3. Ee'n in the red- dest lightning's path We see no ves - ti - ges of wrath;
4. See, from on high sweet influence rains On pal - ace, cot - tage, mountains, plains;
And in the red - dest lightnings saw Thine arm a - venge in - sult - ed law,
And, in the track of ev - 'ry storm, Be - hold Thy beauty's rain - bow form.
But always Wis- dom,—per- fect Love, From flow'r's be- low to stars a - bove.
No hour of wrath shall mor- tals fear, For the Al- might- y Love is here.

314. LUTON. L. M.


1. O Beau - ty, old yet ev - er new, E - ter - nal Voice and in - ward Word,
2. Truth which the sage and pro - phet saw, Long sought without, but found with- in;
The Wisdom of the Greek and Jew,—Sphere-mu - sic which the Sam - ian heard,
The Law of Love, be- yond all law, The Life o'er - flood - ing death and sin!

3 O Love Divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from Thee!

4 All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer, by Thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

5 Nor bounds nor clime nor creed Thou know'st,
Wide as our need Thy favors fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop unseen o'er the heads of all.

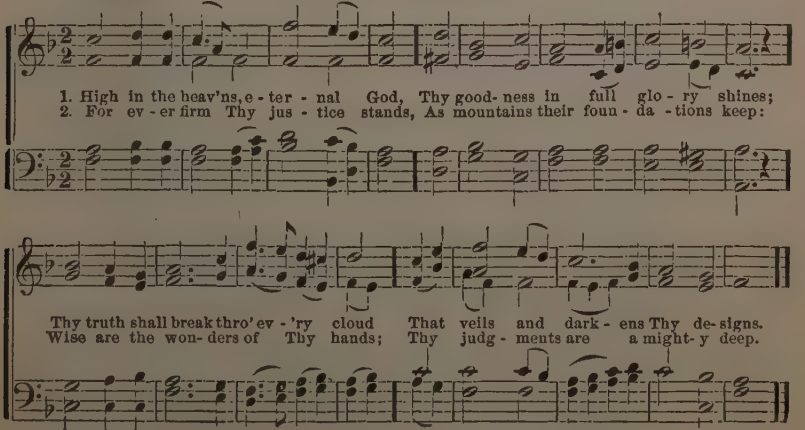
315. *The world is full of God.*

1 All that in this wide world we see,
Almighty Father, speaks of Thee;
And in the darkness of the day,
Thy monitors surround the way.

2 The winds, the lightnings of the sky,
The maladies by which we die,
The pangs that make the guilty groan,
Are angels from Thy awful throne.

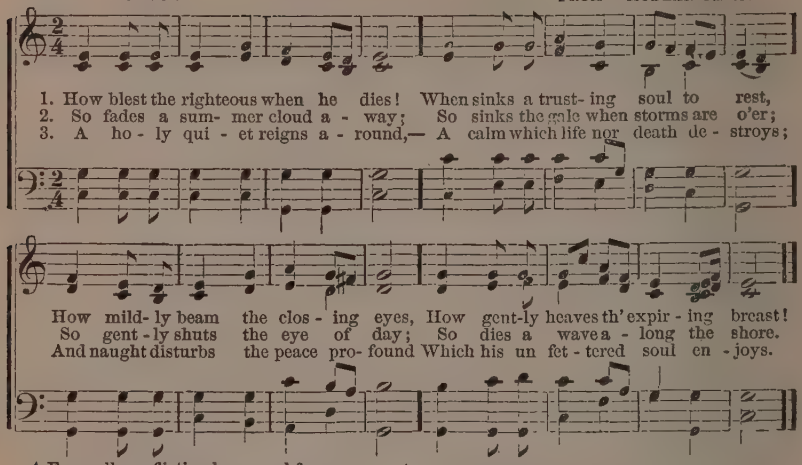
3 Each mercy sent when sorrows lower,
Each blessing of the winged hour,—
All we enjoy, and all we love,
Bring with them blessings from above.

316. RUSSIAN HYMN. L. M.


1. High in the heav'ns, e - ter - nal God, Thy good- ness in full glo - ry shines;
2. For ev - er firm Thy jus - tice stands, As mountains their foun - da - tions keep:
Thy truth shall break thro' ev - 'ry cloud That veils and dark - ens Thy de- signs.
Wise are the won- ders of Thy hands; Thy judg - ments are a might- y deep.

317. BRISTOL. L. M.

FROM "MODERN HARP."


1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a trust- ing soul to rest,
2. So fades a sum- mer cloud a - way; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
3. A ho - ly qui - et reigns a - round,— A calm which life nor death de - stroys;
How mild- ly beam the clos - ing eyes, How gent-ly heaves th' expir - ing breast!
So gent - ly shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave a - long the shore.
And naught disturbs the peace pro- found Which his un fet - tered soul en - joys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While guardian angels gently say:
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

318. *The Lord is my Shepherd.*

1 The Lord of all my Shepherd is;
What can I want, while I am His?
In greenest fields my soul He feeds,
My steps by stillest waters leads.

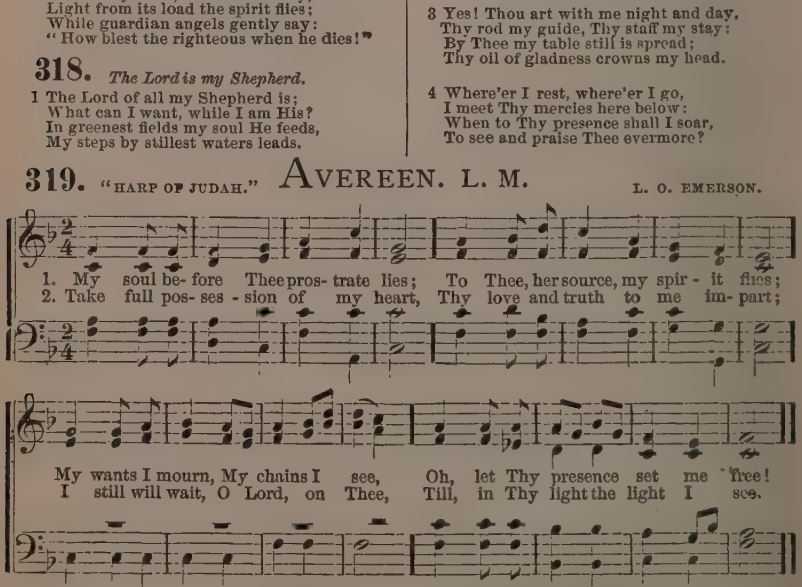
2 He guides me in His holy way,
He brings me back, where'er I stray:
The vale of death without a fear
I walk,—for He is kind and near.

3 Yes! Thou art with me night and day,
Thy rod my guide, Thy staff my stay:
By Thee my table still is spread;
Thy oil of gladness crowns my head.

4 Where'er I rest, where'er I go,
I meet Thy mercies here below:
When to Thy presence shall I soar,
To see and praise Thee evermore?

319. "HARP OF JUDAH." AVEREEN. L. M.

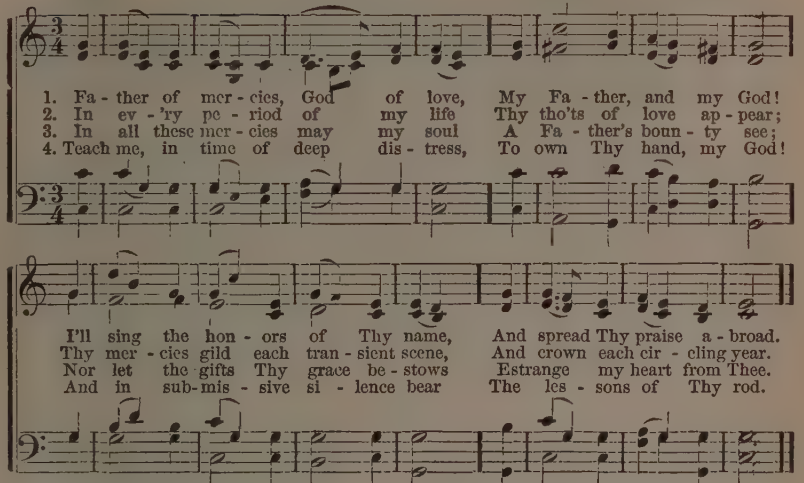
L. O. EMERSON.


1. My soul be- fore Thee pros- trate lies; To Thee, her source, my spir - it flies;
2. Take full pos- ses - sion of my heart, Thy love and truth to me im- part;
My wants I mourn, My chains I see, Oh, let Thy presence set me free!
I still will wait, O Lord, on Thee, Till, in Thy light the light I see.

3 In life's short day, let me yet more
Of Thy enliv'ning power implore:
My mind must deeper sink in Thee,
My feet stand firm,—from wandering free.

4 One only care my soul should know,
Father, all Thy commands to do;
Ah! deep engrave it on my breast,
That I in Thee alone am blest.

320. MOZART. C. M. FROM "MODERN HARP."


1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, God of love, My Fa - ther, and my God!
2. In ev - 'ry pe - riod of my life Thy tho'ts of love ap - pear;
3. In all these mer - cies may my soul A Fa - ther's boun - ty see;
4. Teach me, in time of deep dis - tress, To own Thy hand, my God!
I'll sing the hon - ors of Thy name, And spread Thy praise a - broad.
Thy mer - cies gild each tran - sient scene, And crown each cir - cling year.
Nor let the gifts Thy grace be - stows Estrange my heart from Thee.
And in sub-mis - sive si - lence bear The les - sons of Thy rod.

5 In every varying mortal state,
Each bright, each gloomy scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.

6 Then shall I close mine eyes in death,
Without one anxious fear;
For death itself is life, my God,
If Thou art with me there.

321. *For Guidance and Protection.*

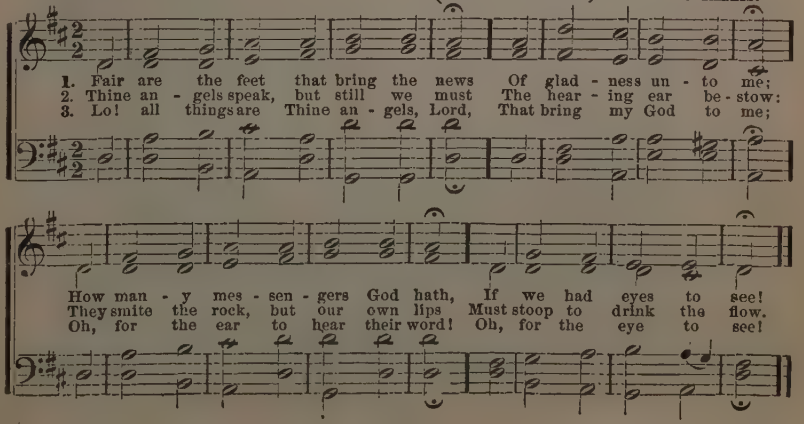
1 God of our fathers! by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.

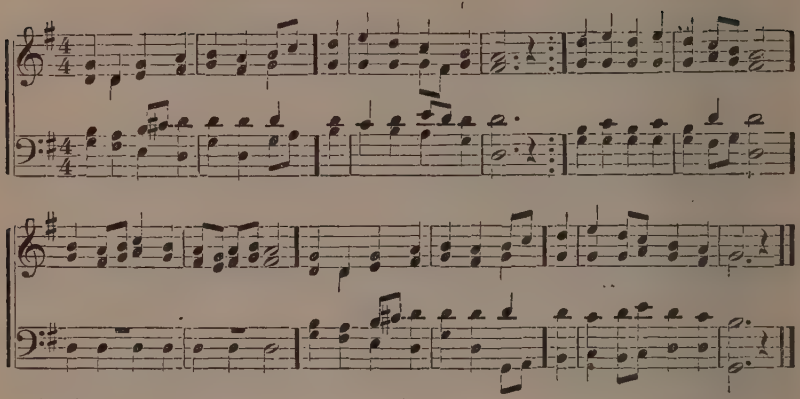
2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

3 Oh, spread Thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

4 To Thee, our Father and our God,
We our whole souls resign;
And thankful own, that all we are
And all we have is Thine.

322. TALLIS. C. M. (Ordinal.) THOMAS TALLIS.


1. Fair are the feet that bring the news Of glad - ness un - to me;
2. Thine an - gels speak, but still we must The hear - ing ear be - stow:
3. Lo! all things are Thine an - gels, Lord, That bring my God to me;
How man - y mes - sen - gers God hath, If we had eyes to see!
They smite the rock, but our own lips Must stoop to drink the flow.
Oh, for the ear to hear their word! Oh, for the eye to see!



323. *Rise, my Soul.*

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,—
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,—
Both speed them to their source:
So the spirit, born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

324. *Quiet Religion.*

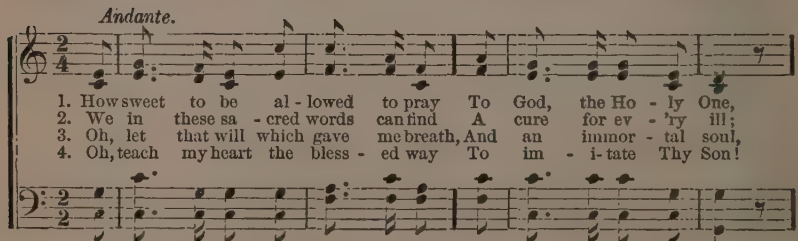
1 Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
The comfort of Thy voice:
Never in the whirlwind found, [place,—
Or where the earthquakes rock the
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of Thy grace.

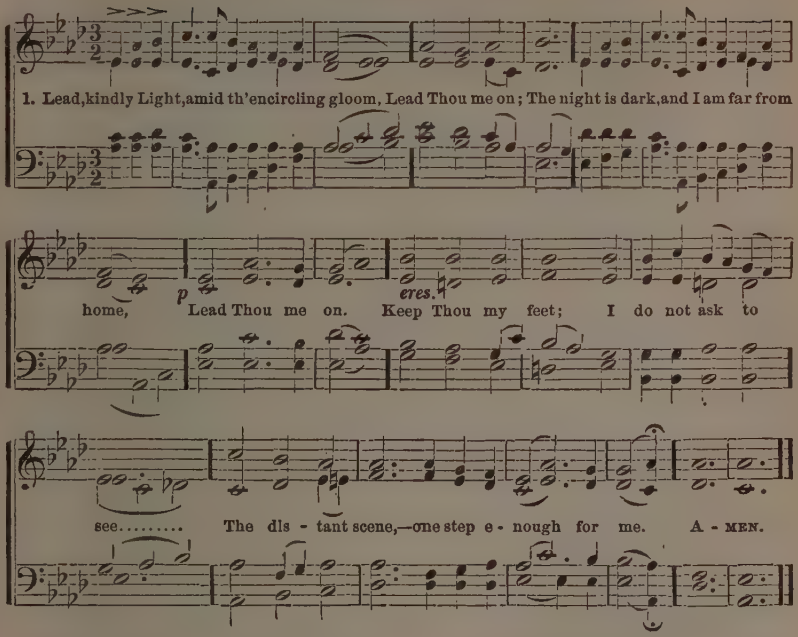
2 From the world of sin and noise
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe:
Silent I am now and still,
Will not in Thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of Thy love.

325. *He Careth for thee.*

God shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin:
Lean upon Thy Father's breast;
It is He thy spirit keeps:
Rest in Him, securely rest,—
Thy Guardian never sleeps.

326. HOW SWEET TO BE ALLOWED, C. M.

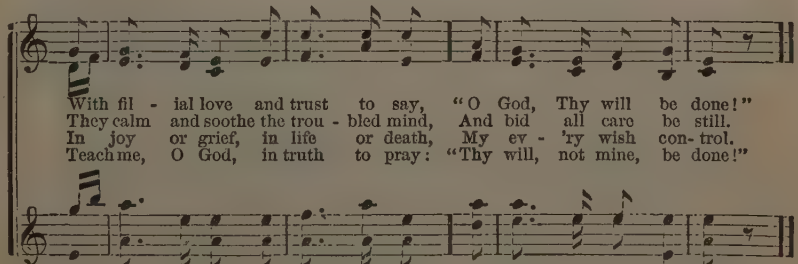

Andante.
1. How sweet to be al - lowed to pray To God, the Ho - ly One,
2. We in these sa - cred words can find A cure for ev - 'ry ill;
3. Oh, let that will which gave me breath, And an immor - tal soul,
4. Oh, teach my heart the bless - ed way To im - i - tate Thy Son!


1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from
home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
see..... The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me. A - MEN.

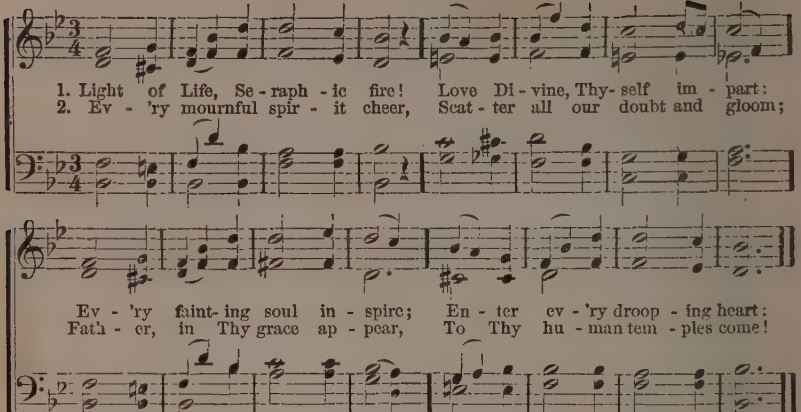
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on. [fears,
I loved day's dazzling light; and, spite of
Pride rul'd my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, surely still
'Twill lead me on [till
Thro' dreary doubt, thro' pain and sorrow,
The night is gone,
And, with the morn, these angel faces smile,
Which I have lov'd long since, and lost awhile.

HOW SWEET TO BE ALLOWED. Concluded.


With fil - ial love and trust to say, "O God, Thy will be done!"
They calm and soothe the trou - bled mind, And bid all care be still.
In joy or grief, in life or death, My ev - 'ry wish con- trol.
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray: "Thy will, not mine, be done!"

328. GOTTSCHALK. 7s.


1. Light of Life, Se - raph - ic fire! Love Di - vine, Thy- self im - part:
2. Ev - 'ry mourn ful spir - it cheer, Scat - ter all our doubt and gloom;
Ev - 'ry faint- ing soul in - spire; En - ter ev - 'ry droop - ing heart:
Fath - er, in Thy grace ap - pear, To Thy hu - man tem - ples come!

3 Come in this accepted hour,
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with Thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:

4 Nothing more can we require,
We can rest in nothing less:
Be Thou all our hearts' desire,
All our joy and all our peace.

329.

The Soul.

1 What is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,—
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest?

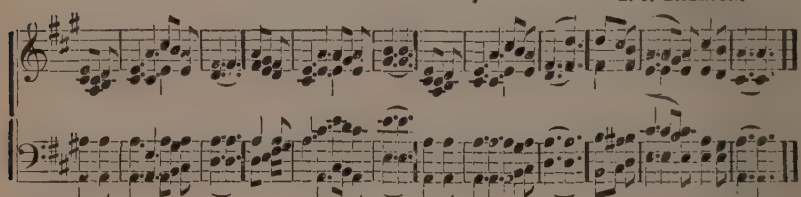
2 What is it? and whither, whence,
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good?

3 'Tis the soul,—mysterious name,—
Him it seeks from whom it came:
While I muse, I feel the fire
Burning on, and mounting higher

4 Onward, upward, to Thy throne,
O Thou Infinite! Unknown!
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in Thee.

EMERSON. 7s.

L. O. EMERSON.



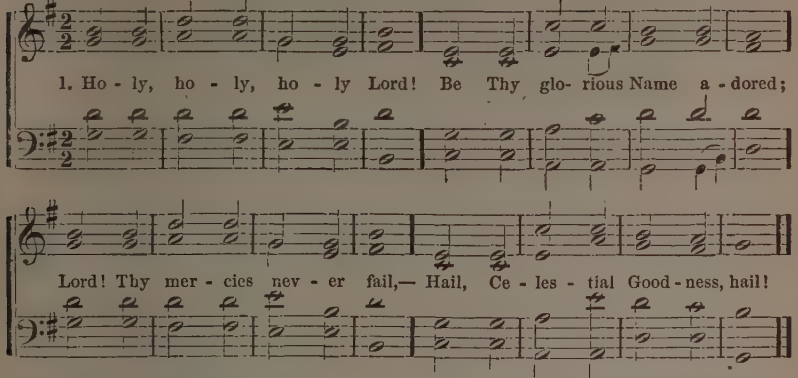
330.

1 Faint the earth, and parched with drought;
Make the waters, Lord, gush out;
Streams of love our thirst to bless,
Starting in the wilderness.

2 Long we wait Thy peace to know;
Father bid the waters flow;
Make the thirsty land a pool,
Make man's suffering spirit whole.

3 Hark! the wastes have found a voice,
Loneliest deserts now rejoice;
When the Lord His presence shows,
Lo, they blossom like the rose!

4 See! this barren earth of ours
Buds and puts forth fruits and flowers,
Flowers of Eden, fruits of peace,
Love and Joy and Righteousness!



2 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in Thy way;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.

4 Lord! Thy mercies never fail!
Hail, Celestial Goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be Thy glorious Name adored.

332. *The Lord is my Shepherd.*

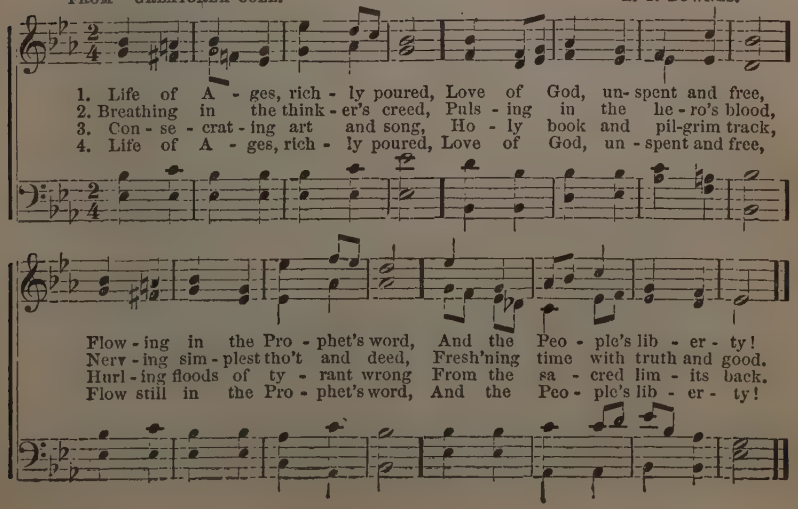
1 As His flock the shepherd leads
Gently through the flow'ry meads,
Where, 'mid verdant landscapes, flow
Peaceful rivers, soft and slow;

2 So doth God conduct my feet
Where the tranquil waters meet;
Streams of life, that never fail,
Winding silent through the vale.

3 Heavenly Shepherd! lead me still
Upwards to Thy holy hill;
Where untainted breezes blow,
Where unwith'ring pastures grow.

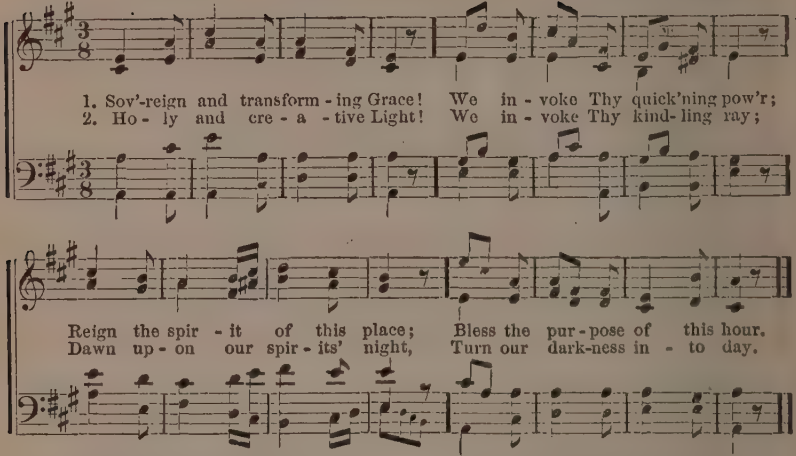
333. SOLITUDE. 7S.

FROM "GREATOREX COLL." L. T. DOWNES.


1. Life of A - ges, rich - ly poured, Love of God, un- spent and free,
2. Breathing in the think - er's creed, Puls - ing in the he - ro's blood,
3. Con - se - crat - ing art and song, Ho - ly book and pil-grim track,
4. Life of A - ges, rich - ly poured, Love of God, un - spent and free,
Flow - ing in the Pro - phet's word, And the Peo - ple's lib - er - ty!
Nerv - ing sim - plest tho't and deed, Fresh'ning time with truth and good.
Hurl - ing floods of ty - rant wrong From the sa - cred lim - its back.
Flow still in the Pro - phet's word, And the Peo - ple's lib - er - ty!

334. HORTON. 7s.

ARR. BY DR. MASON.


1. Sov'-reign and transform - ing Grace! We in - voke Thy quick'ning pow'r;
2. Ho - ly and cre - a - tive Light! We in - voke Thy kind- ling ray;
Reign the spir - it of this place; Bless the pur - pose of this hour.
Dawn up - on our spir - its' night, Turn our dark-ness in - to day.

3 To the anxious soul impart
Hope, all other hopes above;
Stir the dull and hardened heart
With a longing and a love.

4 Work in all; in all renew,
Day by day, the life divine;
All our wills to Thee subdue,
All our hearts to Thee incline!

335. *Father, I have sinned.*

1 Love for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
I, who strayed so long ago,—
Strayed so far, and fell so low!

2 I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild;
I, who left the Father's home
In forbidden ways to roam!

3 I, who spurned His loving hold;
I, who would not be controlled;
I, who would not hear His call;
I, the wilful prodigal!

4 To my Father can I go?—
At His feet myself I'll throw:
In His house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

5 See, my Father waiting stands;
See, He reaches out His hands;
God is love! I know, I see
There is love for me—even me!

336 *Craving a Blessing.*

1 Suppliant, lo! Thy children bend,
Father, for Thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;—
We are weak, almighty Thou.

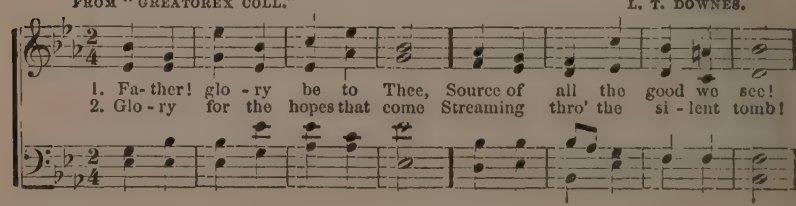
2 With the peace Thy truth imparts
Be thy children ever blest;
In their lives and in their hearts,
Father, be Thy laws impressed.

3 Pour into each longing mind
Light and knowledge from above;
Charity for all mankind,—
Trusting faith, enduring love.

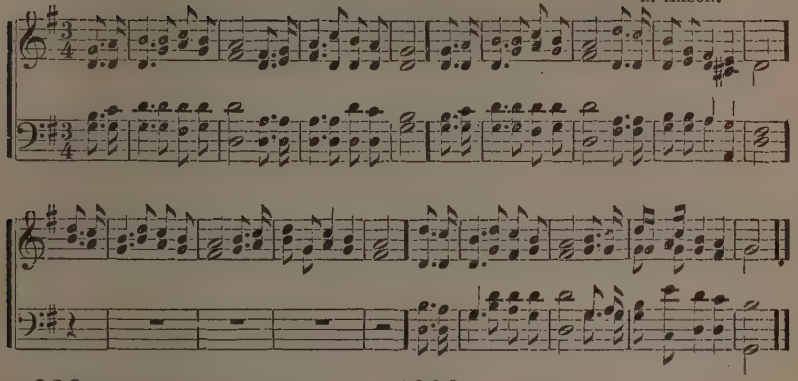
337. DOWNES. 7s.

FROM "GREATOREX COLL."

L. T. DOWNES.



L. MASON.



338. *The Spirit of God invoked.*

1 Source of good, whose power controls
Every movement of our souls;
Wind that quickens where it blows;
Comforter of human woes;
Flame of pure and holy love;
Strength of all that live and move;
Come! Thy gifts and fire impart;
Make me love Thee from the heart!

2 As the hart, with longing, looks
For refreshing water brooks,
Heated in the burning chase,
So my soul desires Thy grace;
So my heavy-laden breast,
By the cares of life oppressed,
Longs thy cooling streams to taste
In this dry and barren waste.

3 Mighty Spirit! by whose aid
Man a living soul was made;
Everlasting God! whose fire
Kindles chaste and pure desire;
Grant, in every grief and loss,
I may calmly bear the cross,
And surrender all to Thee,—
Comforting and strengthening me!

339. *Rest in God.*

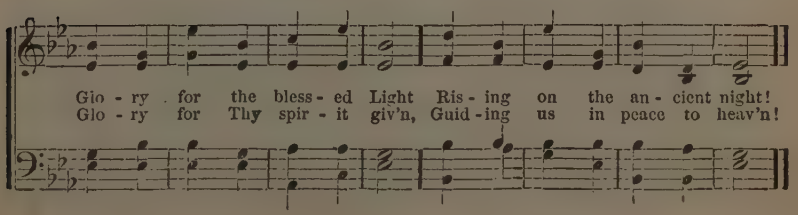
1 Oh, how safe, how happy he,
Lord of Hosts, who dwells with Thee!
Sheltered 'neath Almighty wings,
Guarded by the Kings of kings!
How to him should evil come
Who has found in Thee a home?
In the refuge of Thy breast
Give me, Lord, eternal rest!

Hark! the voice of love divine:—
"Fear not, trembler,—thou art Mine!
Fear not! I am at thy side,
Strong to suffer, sure to guide:
Call on Me in want and woe;
I will keep thee here below;
And, thy day of conflict past,
Bear thee to Myself at last."

340 *The Everlasting Arms.*

Everlasting arms of Love
Are beneath, around, above;
God it is who bears us on,
His the arm we lean upon:
He, our ever-present Guide,
Faithful is, whate'er betide;
Gladly, then, we journey on,
With His arm to lean upon.

DOWNES. Concluded.



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